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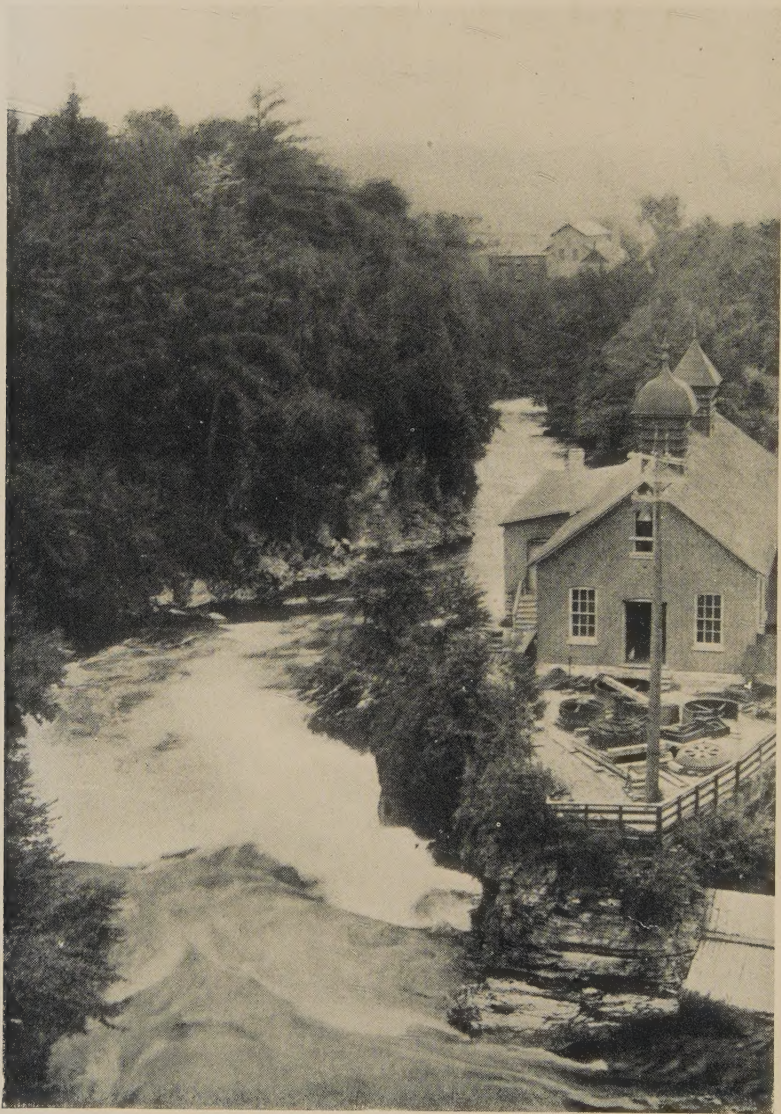
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QUEBEC:
THE LAURENTIAN PROVINCE



A MILL ON THE MAGOG RIVER, SHERBROOKE

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1912

QUEBEC:

THE LAURENTIAN PROVINCE

BY

Henry

BECKLES WILLSON

AUTHOR OF

"THE GREAT FUR COMPANY," "THE ROMANCE OF CANADA,"
"NOVA SCOTIA," ETC.

*Un Canadien errant
Banni de ses foyers,
Va, dis à mes amis
Que je me souviens d'eux.*

GÉRIN LAJOIE

FULLY ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY

PREFACE

THE subjects dealt with in the following pages are various, yet the reader will probably be quick to note an important omission. I have, generally speaking, avoided politics; the present state of parties and political opinion in Quebec has been purposely left outside my scope. For nothing, it seems to me, has served more to give other communities an erroneous notion of this Province than the occasional vehemence of local party feeling and the perversities of certain politicians.

I recall a distinguished compatriot, Sir Adolphe Routhier, saying, many years ago, "*L'amour exagéré de la politique est un défaut Québécois.*" And it is precisely because, in my opinion, this passion is rapidly yielding to the consciousness of nobler aptitudes, that I hesitate to record any fleeting phases of political feeling which an outsider might so easily misinterpret.

Rouge and *Bleu* no longer have any significance, and Liberal, Conservative and Nationalist often cover the same general sentiment and aspiration. The truth is, the Québécois are becoming engrossed in other things than

politics. Their ideals may not have changed, but their pre-occupations are elsewhere. To-day those are held to be the true leaders and benefactors of their race who are engaged in upbuilding the State—those practical spirits who are clearing and tilling the wilderness, who are founding towns, establishing industries, opening schools, building roads, and spreading enlightenment and prosperity. They are the men to whom the people will give their suffrages, whatever party label they bear.

I have ventured to employ the term “Quebecquer” in referring to the English-speaking and “Quebecquois” to the French-speaking element in the Province. These terms seem to offer rather less confusion than “English” and “French” when treating of a people who, save in respect of language, are to-day properly neither the one nor the other.

QUEBEC HOUSE,

WESTERHAM,

September 13th, 1912.

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QUEBEC

CHAPTER I

ON THE THRESHOLD

“It is now fitting to give a description of the extent, situation and peculiarities of this country, of the nature of its people, of their manners, mode of life and customs, relying on . . . our own notes and observations made during the period which we passed there.”

LESCARBOT, *History of New France*, 1618.

FOR those disposed to consider the provinces of Canada as somewhat analogous to English counties or, it may be, to the States of the American Union, a word of explanation is needful with regard to the Province of Quebec. In area larger than France and Germany combined, it has to-day the individuality, the religion, the language, the traditions and the resources of a nation.

Nor need the term nation any longer excite apprehensions. It is not to-day considered part of the beneficent mission of the British Empire to suppress the national characteristics of the peoples dwelling loyally under our flag and owing fealty to a common sovereign. It is even beginning to be doubted whether racial, social and lingual assimilation to one standard is wholly the boon it was deemed to be by the founders of the American Republic.

Local pride, local patriotism, local institutions are again becoming forces in modern civilisation, and there is no reason why the nine separate countries which make up the Dominion or even, if you choose, the Empire—of Canada—should not each develop its moral and material destiny on its own plan—each endeavouring to emulate the other in the virtues of civilisation and citizenship. As to the political status of Quebec—that, like Manitoba or Nova Scotia, is now fixed and, notwithstanding the speeches of irresponsible demagogues, and as far as human intelligence can foresee, immutable.

It is from this standpoint, then, that the present volume is written. I propose to take the reader through all parts of this vast Province of Quebec, through the heart of which courses one of the mightiest rivers in the world, from the Strait of Belle Isle to Temiscaming, and from Rupert River to the borders of Vermont. I shall endeavour to show him what manner of country this is in the second decade of the twentieth century, its natural features, its cities, towns, and villages; its institutions, its commerce and industries, and the character and peculiarities of its people. Quebec's past and Quebec's present, notable as both are, are yet, I am convinced, only processes in a development which will make and keep this one of the most illustrious and affluent of all the British States in the Western World.

It is noteworthy that the names Canada and Canadian, borne by the land and the people of the Confederation from Halifax to the far Klondike, were originally confined

to the district now known as the Province of Quebec. Even to-day many Quebecquois regard themselves as the true Canadians and their country the true Canada. The name Quebec, whose use by Europeans dates from Champlain's visit in 1608, was first given to the settlement known as Stadacona, then to a district, and finally to an entire Province.¹

In extent Quebec, excluding the newly added territory of Ungava, is as large as the British Isles, France and Belgium united, 346,875 square miles ; comprising Ungava, it is the largest province in the Dominion of Canada. It lies on both banks of the River St. Lawrence, and its length is just one thousand miles from its eastern extremity on the edge of Labrador to Lake Abitibi on the west.

A century and a half has elapsed since the Conquest and the territory which in the course of its history has been known successively as New France, as Canada, as Lower Canada, and now as the Province of Quebec, has largely preserved the racial and religious character imparted to it by its founders. Just as the ancestors of those founders, in conquering England, failed to make it Norman in speech and institutions, so have the English failed to make Quebec English and Protestant. But at the era of the Norman Conquest there was no difference of religion to prevent a fusion ; gradually the two races blended, as Briton and

¹ It is undoubtedly derived from an Algonquin word Kebek, meaning a strait, the narrows. It is certainly not derived, as is often absurdly stated, from *Que bec* ! (what a beak !) Nevertheless, one wonders that so plausible an etymology as *Quai bec* has not been proffered by the ingenious. *Bec* is of frequent occurrence in Canadian nomenclature : e.g. L'Orembec.

Saxon had previously blended. No such fusion has as yet taken place in Quebec, which is to-day, as far as its tongue, its traits, and its mode of faith are concerned, a Gallic country.

According to the latest estimates (1911) there dwelt in this Province—

Of French origin	.	.	.	1,600,000
Of English	„	.	.	180,000
Of Irish	„	.	.	120,000
Of Scotch	„	.	.	85,000
Of various other origins	.	.	.	40,000
A total of				2,025,000

If we consider religion we shall find the Roman Catholic Church claiming of this total no fewer than 1,705,000 adherents, or the bulk of the French and Irish population.

In the Canadian Parliament the Province is represented by twenty-four members of the Senate and sixty-five of the House of Commons. Quebec constitutes a sort of *étalon* for Federal representation. Since Confederation, in 1867, Quebec enjoys the right perpetually of sending sixty-five members to the Dominion House of Commons. At each census the number of the representatives of the other provinces is adjusted according to the augmentation or diminution of the Quebec population. Differing from the rule in Ontario, these members need not be residents in the constituency they are chosen to represent, a circumstance which gives the electorate a far wider scope to secure political ability.

The Provincial Government consists of a Lieutenant-

Governor appointed by the Governor-General for a term of five years, and of two Houses, the Legislative Council of twenty-four members appointed by the Crown for life, and the Legislative Assembly elected by the people for a term of five years. The system resembles that of the Dominion at Ottawa, and an Executive Council of the Ministry is responsible to the legislature. This Cabinet has nine members.

The Provincial Legislature possesses jurisdiction over direct taxation, provincial officers, the management of provincial lands, prisons, hospitals, and asylums ; municipal institutions, local improvements, education, and matters affecting property and civil rights. For the administration of justice, the Governor-General appoints the judges of the superior, district, and county courts, their salaries being fixed and paid by the Dominion Government. The judges of the Court of Quebec must, nevertheless, be selected from the bar of the Province. The administration of justice, regarding the constitution, maintenance, and organisation of provincial courts, both civil and criminal, is left to the Province, and there are also county courts of limited jurisdiction. Police magistrates and justices are appointed by the Provincial Government. The distinction between barristers and solicitors does not exist in Quebec, both practising under the common title of advocate. In Parliament and law, the use of the dual languages is permitted ; in the Courts particularly, French is more generally employed. Admission to practise rests entirely in the hands of the General Council of the Bar of the Province of Quebec, and all applicants, including even those

already possessing a degree, must serve a term articulated to a practising advocate. So much, in broad outlines, for the Provincial system.

If we sail up the River St. Lawrence we approach this great country as its discoverer, Jacques Cartier, the St. Malo mariner, approached it in his voyage of 1535. At present there is no port at which we disembark until almost the very heart of the Province has been reached. Even Rimouski is midway between east and west.

The first impression of Canada of thousands upon thousands of visitors and immigrants are the villages on the banks of the St. Lawrence—which, even seen from afar, are so unlike other villages on this continent and so wonderfully alike to each other. They are commonly built on a small promontory, but are as often slightly in the rear of the river, and partly obscured by trees. Their first distinguishing characteristic is the parish church, with its spire covered with tin, which glitters in the sunlight; then the whiteness of the cottages, whether due to paint or whitewash, and the green jalousies of many, so reminiscent of rural France. Scores of these settlements pass in moving panorama before the eye—their unity of character is arresting. Between these villages lie long narrow strips of tilled ground—sown with barley, with oats, with *patates* (they are not *pommes de terre* in Quebec Province), turnips or cabbages—or simply grazing land, the farms of the habitants. At intervals there are clumps of spruce, birch, and maple, and cascades of water leaping from the high ground into the river.

These narrow farms, or *terres* as they are called, which

are such a feature of the landscape, were originally 3 arpents wide by 30 deep. The lineal arpent being 191 English feet, these early farms were thus about 200 yards wide to over a mile long, back from the river. According to the *coutume de Paris* property is shared equally by the children; these narrow strips became still narrower by subdivision, each heir desiring to get river frontage and also a share of marsh-land, arable land, pasture, and bush or woodland. The dwellings were then built along the high road, which ran parallel to the river and in front of the farms. Naturally there were no or but few intervals of uncultivation, or of undivided property, and so all French Canada came to present the aspect of two continuous villages along both banks of the St. Lawrence.

But back of these ranges or concessions, which with the common land added extend inland from two to ten miles, is a second range of settlements, often Irish and Scotch, and beyond these again are the *colons* or pioneers, whom continued subdivision has squeezed out of the old patrimonial farms, and who have carved out new ones far back in the wilderness.

What other races have achieved by the sword or by commercial enterprise, the French-Canadians have reached by sheer fecundity. In 1763 they numbered 69,000 souls. Considering the circumstances in which they were placed, it would not have been astonishing if their numbers had been but slightly augmented or even had diminished. History is full of instances of isolated peoples gradually declining. But what has happened here? The 69,000 have attained to over a million and a half in this Province alone,

nearly a million in the adjoining republic, while, having invaded Ontario, the increase of population shown by the census in that province is chiefly due to the French-Canadians.¹

Many anecdotes—some of them doubtless apocryphal—are related of this fecundity of the Quebec race. But it is on record that in 1904 a mother of Ste. Famille d'Amoud gave birth to her twenty-ninth infant. Albeit, of this number, only fourteen survived. Families of twenty are common enough. I met a couple at St. Hyacinthe who, although both well under forty, had been blessed with twenty-one olive branches. The present Bishop of Quebec, Mgr Roy, is one of a family of twenty. One of the notable beneficiaries of the Mercier law for the encouragement of fecundity, a Mme Sylvain, of Beauce, has given birth to twenty-three without losing one! By this piece of paternal (or should one say maternal?) legislation the Government granted until lately a hundred acres of land to each father or mother of twelve living children.²

As he pursues his way, no traveller can fail to be struck by the significant nomenclature of the Province, or to com-

¹ Both M. Siegfried and M. Lionnet point out that this exceptional birth-rate is counterbalanced by an abnormal infantile mortality. But this, I was glad to observe, is being checked. In 1903 more than a third of the total deaths in the Province (381 per 1000) were of infants under 5 years. In 1911, owing to a propaganda of enlightenment on the part of the doctors and two or three societies, the rate had been greatly reduced.

² See *Liste alphabétique des noms of 3400 familles de douze enfants vivants reconnues officiellement depuis l'origine de la loi Mercier en 1890.*

The lists are never complete, as many Quebecquois dwelling far from the Government free lands, or not desiring the gift, do not make their prowess known.

pare it with the grotesque or meaningless names current to the south of the border. One passes through a succession of villages and hamlets full of the holiest and saintliest associations. Our Lord, the Virgin Mary, the apostles, saints, and martyrs lend a nominal lustre to many bare and lonely spots, whose single sign of grace is the name they bear. And how beautiful these names so often are—L'Ange Gardien, St. Hyacinthe, L'Epiphanie, St. Cécile, St. Célestin, L'Assomption, St. Raphael, Ile Jesus! Yet not the Church alone is laid under contribution—mountains, rivers, lakes, and settlements in all parts of the Province instantly tell their tale of the past—of hero or deed or legend. Pointe aux Trembles, Sault au Récollet, Carillon, Chute au Blondeau, Calumet, Rivière au Chien, Bout de l'Ile, Portage du Fort, Le Tableau. Even in those patronymics of founders which too often, in New England and Ontario, make one shudder, how sonorous are Longueuil and Richelieu, Beauharnois and Contrecoeur, Duvernay and Montmorency!

One more preliminary word before we set foot on the soil of Quebec Province, thus peopled by a race which is to-day proud to call itself British, and yet is not Anglo-Saxon.

Who, precisely, were the ancestors of this numerically predominating population? We know that some thousands of French men and women emigrated from France to Canada in the seventeenth century. What were their status and character? And from what part of France did they come?

If we are to credit La Hontan, that early and not too veracious chronicler, some of the emigrants sent out to

Canada by the French Government belonged to the criminal classes. Such an accusation has been hotly resented and indeed disproved, albeit there is nothing inherently unlikely or prejudicial in the statement. The so-called "criminal classes" of any European country, and particularly of France, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and even in the eighteenth, must have comprised a large element in the population who were struggling bravely but helplessly against the pitiless economic conditions of the time. One thing may be premised, the men and women who came to New France left Old France largely for the reasons which impel the bulk of European immigrants of a later date, and not from those motives which sent forth the Puritans into New England. They did not flee to escape religious persecution, although in the beginning a few Huguenots were amongst their numbers.

Nor was there ever any considerable infusion of the military class, caused by the disbanding of French regiments in the colony. A few discharged soldiers there undoubtedly were, a few discharged prisoners, a few adventurers without calling; but on the whole the early French colonists were industrious peasants, weary of old-world conditions, and hoping to find greater comfort and happiness in the new land across the sea. I dare say the host led by Moses towards the Promised Land was of the same character. People speak of the attractive cajolery of the twentieth-century emigration propaganda as if it were a new thing, but its methods and its literature are as old as emigration itself. The agents of Richelieu and the Company told the wondering peasants of Nor-

mandy, Perche, Maine, Anjou, Touraine, Poitou, Saintonge, Guienne, and Gascony, of the glories and delights of "sunset land," the richness of the soil, and the freer life, much in the same terms that my friend of the Department of the Interior uses to-day in his enticing circulars. But it was the hardy Normans who heeded most, and the prevailing stock of Quebec to-day is Norman. Dieppe and Rouen sent the earliest settlers, and Normandy continued to send out emigrants until 1673, when further emigration from France was forbidden by Royal edict.

Indeed, in this matter of emigration we may regard the fact that a man or woman should emigrate at all as *prima facie* evidence of his possessing greater enterprise and initiative than his neighbours who were content to stay at home and continue the same humdrum traditional round. And there is no doubt that the early French colonists were, on the whole, the equal in energy, sobriety, and industry of any who ever left their native land to found homes overseas. These, too, these Teutonic Normans, were true empire-builders. All that we know of them confirms our belief in their simple, rugged, God-fearing manhood.

True, the pioneers were the victims of a crushing, merciless bureaucracy. Left to themselves, their genius would have asserted itself definitely, and on a large scale. But they soon became, as Parkman says, the product of a paternal Government perpetually regulating, interfering with, and restricting the energies of the unhappy colony. "Volition was enfeebled, self-reliance paralysed." The colonist of French Canada was in the condition of a child

“held always under the rule of a father, in the main well-meaning and kind, sometimes generous, sometimes neglectful, often capricious, and rarely very wise.” The historian of the Old Regime draws an unflattering comparison between the French-Canadian and the sturdy, self-reliant colonist of New England, without, however, doing justice to the actual achievements in discovery, colonisation, and government of the former. It will be found that the men who led successful expeditions into New England, who defeated the Iroquois on their own ground and by their own methods, and who invaded with conspicuous courage and intelligence the wilderness solitudes of west and north, were French-Canadian colonists and the sons of colonists.

From the first their independence was shown in their disavowal of the term *paysan* and their dislike of the term *roturier*. They wished to be known simply as *habitant*, originally applied to those fishermen and fur-hunters who dwelt in the country to distinguish them from the crews who returned each season to France.¹

And habitants the bulk of the rural people continue to be to-day.²

¹ I have elsewhere noted a similar distinction between the *lieviers* (i.e. live-heres) of Labrador and the visiting fishermen.

² The term *habitant* is restricted to the man who has land in the country and cultivates it himself. Artisans and day-labourers living in the country are not habitants.

CHAPTER II

QUEBEC'S CAPITAL

“Blue mountain, far-stretching river, foaming cascade, the white sails of ocean ships, the black trunks of many-sized guns, the pointed roofs, the white village nestling amidst its fields of green, the great isle in mid-channel, the many shades of colour from deep blue pine-wood to yellowing corn-field—in what other spot on earth’s broad bosom lies grouped together in a single glance so many of these?—things of beauty which the eye loves to feast on and to place in memory of joys forever.”

SIR W. F. BUTLER, *The Great Lone Land*.

IT is a spectacle that never fails to thrill—Quebec’s capital city. Planted aloft on its dull-red rock, we confront one of those towns, few in the Old World, unique in the New, whose very aspect seems tinctured and sanctified by history and the legends of heroes.

Yet at first, this huge vague mass uprising Gibraltar-like from the wide river, presents no details that the eye may instantly note. It seems not a city, but one great fortification crowned by battlements. Slowly, with scrutiny, the details emerge, and the various buildings detach themselves from rampart and bastion, as these become separated from the shelving rock of Cape Diamond. There is the shadowy mass of houses, close to the base of the rock, slowly climbing upward, where the rock offers the slope of Mountain Hill, to the level of the Grand Battery and beyond. There is Laval University and the

Seminary, the Governor's garden, the Post Office, the monument to Champlain, the Château Frontenac, the long line of Dufferin Terrace overhanging the cliff, with its kiosks and the Wolfe-Montcalm Monument, and above these the Citadel.

According to the last census (1911) Quebec has a population of over 78,000, an increase in the decade of more than 9000 souls—so that this city, for all its memories and all its aloofness, is being pressed into the movement. One observes, here and there, efforts to assimilate it to other twentieth-century cities on the continent. The chief streets are threaded by electric tram-cars, the hoardings announce "The Merry Widow" at the Academy of Music, played by an American comic opera company; there are "departmental stores," and a throng of women struggling to gain entrance to a "bargain sale." There is an evening newspaper with an assortment of stunning headlines ("scare-heads"), there are ice-cream parlours and the Salvation Army. But Quebec's dignity remains undisturbed; the city refuses to be affected by such trifles. Just as one begins to think its apparent individuality chiefly due to its unique situation, and that it may not be so very different from other cities, that the people may be just like the people of Toronto or Winnipeg, you turn a corner and—*voilà la difference!* A religious procession passes, and priests and acolytes, the crosses and the tapers move before your vision, move in the middle of the street, (suddenly withdrawn from other traffic and so converted into a broad and silent aisle,) while to your right and left men, women, and children are dropping in



QUEBEC FROM LÉVIS

awed genuflexion on the kerb-stone. Or perhaps it is a military cortège, creeping from the Citadel to the Cathedral, the men with downcast eyes and arms reversed, the band droning out the death-march, and the summer sun lighting up the wreaths of roses and lilies on the gun-carriage. Or a double file of students in dark blue tunics and emerald sashes; or a party of Zouaves. And everywhere the frocked priest, conning a breviary as he walks, confident of safety where every stone is known; or the saintly-faced nun absorbed in her mission. As for effigies of dead heroes and reminders of the storied past—where are they so many or so appertinent to the living present as in Quebec? Laval and Champlain and Montcalm tower above you—Frontenac, Wolfe, Dufferin and Durham insistent for your passing tribute, bronze tablets recording men and events spur your memory; before the Parliament House a veritable battalion in bronze—Cartier, Frontenac, Maisonneuve, Lévis, Wolfe, Montcalm, De Salaberry claim your homage. Nowhere, I say, is the life of the living so blended with the glory of the dead. *Je me souviens*, the motto of Quebec, is not alone inscribed on the banners suspended on so many buildings—it is written on the very faces of the people. The rites and ceremonies of an ancient Church intensify the prevailing moral tint, and the Church preaches history. It even looks at the future through the windows of the past. Nor is this spirit—at once passionate and reflective—confined to the French. By it the mentality of the English also is profoundly affected. *Je me souviens* might be the motto of the whole bi-racial group of poets and historians and orators who

have dwelt in the shadow of the Citadel—a literary group, of whom I shall speak hereafter—larger and more prolific than that of any other city of its size in the Western Hemisphere. And always the past is the note which they strike—chronicles, souvenirs, laudations, regrets.

Yet Quebec is not a sad city withal; it only seems, in the very midst of its gaities, preoccupied with visions.

Quebec, cœur libre et fier, cœur sans crainte et sans faute
Parmi tant de combats fidèle aux beaux serments !
Quebec, la ville sainte, où tout monte et s'élève
Où loin des vils calculs et de l'or des pechés
L'Ame du vieux pays vers le Ciel dans un rêve
Suit la flèche de tes clochers !¹

Look out from your window at the Château Frontenac, or take your stand upon the Terrace upon a summer afternoon. Beneath you are clustered the sag-roofed houses of the Lower Town—a veritable bit of Normandy—with quaint dormer windows, wooden bridges from roof to roof, chimneys and coigns hugging the dark rock, and streets of the narrowest. Beyond is the wide splendour of the St. Lawrence, dotted with ships and steamers and red-sailed smaller craft. And then as a background are the populous heights of Lévis, the gentle Isle of Orleans, the villages of the Côte de Beaupré, and ranges of mountains in perspective, wearing their clouds like mantles.

From this vision let us descend to the ceremonial episodes of the streets. Suppose it to be a holy day and the shops shut. One spring morning, all unprepared for such

¹ Gustave Didier.

a spectacle, I found the entire population abroad awaiting reverently the procession of the Fête Dieu.

High pontifical mass has been celebrated in the venerable Basilica. The congregation pours from the doors, which are decorated with evergreens, flags, and emblems. Outside there is an immense gathering of people, young and old, ready to take part in the procession. The springtime is backward and a cold wind makes the chance looker-on shiver ; but no one else appears to heed it.

First come the boys and girls of the various Catholic schools and convents, to the number of over a thousand, the boys nicely dressed and carrying flags, while the girls are attired for the most part in their first communion robes of white, with veils and each a wreath of flowers : these carry bannerets. Interspersed in the line are a large number of brilliantly pictorial banners, borne by young men. Next come the lady members of the Basilica congregation, followed by the male portion. Then march the Hibernian Cadets, pupils of St. Patrick's School, members of the various sodalities and the congregation, all with beads.

A clash of music and the Seminary band appears, followed by the students ; next the male choir of the Basilica, followed by the ecclesiastical students of the Grand Seminary, priests and professors of the Seminary and Laval University in their robes, reciting the Litany. We see the choir-boys of the Basilica, strewing flowers and scattering incense in the path of His Grace Mgr Roy, who bears the Blessed Sacrament under a canopy upheld by the lay members of the church *fabrique*, and at their heels

an immense number of devotees of the various churches of the Upper Town, bareheaded and telling their beads.

One notes that a large number of banners carried in the procession are beautifully embroidered and represent the most fervent sentiments of the Catholic faith. A detachment of the Zouave Independent Corps, in command of a picturesque Chevalier, formerly a Papal Zouave, and several ex-Zouaves, marched in the procession in uniform as a guard of honour to the Blessed Sacrament.

Leaving the Basilica, the procession marches along Buade Street, down to the Ramparts, to St. Patrick's Church, where the Sacrament is placed in the repository and the benediction is solemnised. Afterwards the procession re-forms in the same order and returns to the Basilica by another route.

Remember, this we see is only a single procession. Other congregations are also marching in other parts of the city. The parishes of St. Jean Baptiste, St. Roch, and St. Sauveur, also of Cap Blanc, are marching in similar processions carrying the Blessed Sacrament in great pomp and solemnity through the principal streets.

No wonder the rector, the priests and professors of Laval can point to these frequently recurring popular manifestations of piety as a proof that greater enlightenment has not uprooted the rituals of the people.

A sombre and solid group of buildings, with entrances hidden away mysteriously in side streets, threaded by dark passages and full of bare corridors; grey buildings perched upon the primeval rock, from whose quadrangles and classrooms you catch sounds of student recitations and student



SOUS LE CAP STREET



A QUEBEC CALÈCHE

laughter, or glimpses of boys and youths in long blue frock-coats, with bright green waist-sashes, and clerical masters in black *soutanes*. Such is the historic Seminary of Quebec and the more modern Laval University.

Laval University has been well called the brain of Quebec. Although this institution, with its hundreds of scholars, conserves zealously the native spirit and the ancient traditions, it is yet more closely allied to modern France—lacking its irreverence—more deeply imbued with the spirit of the French race, than any other Quebec institution. Its professors keep in touch with French thought, French belles-lettres. Many of them have lived a year—two—three—in France itself.

The oldest of these buildings dates from 1666 and the newest from yesterday. The Seminary was founded by the grim and masterful François de Montmorency Laval, first Bishop of Quebec, and is divided into the Great Seminary, for the education of priests, and the Minor Seminary (*le Petit Séminaire*) for the general education of boys, of whom some four hundred attend. Out of these twin seminaries, Laval University had its rise in 1852, when it was granted a Royal Charter. A quarter of a century later Pius IX issued a bull in its favour, according the university the patronage of the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, and placing the supervision of doctrine and discipline to a Higher Council composed of the archbishop and bishops of the Province. It possesses Faculties of Arts, Theology, Law, and Medicine, and is attended by between two and three hundred students. Thus Laval University is strictly under the control of the hierarchy, and was at its outset placed

under the "special protection of the Blessed Virgin," and its *fête patronale* is that of the Immaculate Conception. Later, in 1873, it was "consecrated solemnly to the Sacred Heart of Jesus." There is a branch of Laval at Montreal which has now grown into an independent university.

It is impressive—the difference in the spirit of this great college of learning and that of McGill and the other English universities of Canada; yet youth, whether it be taught by priest or layman, whether steeped in theology or surrounded by purely secular influences, is very much the same. The human boy at the Seminary of Quebec is not so very unlike, in high spirits, in his romps and in his malice, his blue-gowned congener of Christ's Hospital. The masters, too, I found charming and companionable, with far more worldliness on the surface than you would expect. But one felt that down in the depths there was passionate zeal and sincerity. You might think that it was difficult, if not impossible, for real broad-mindedness to exist amongst teachers who flout Descartes and Spinoza and most modern philosophers, until we recall that Newman and Manning are not commonly considered men of narrow outlook or exiguous minds.

Even Quebec, like Montreal, cannot resist structural changes. Old buildings—sanctified by time and tradition—disappear, and new ones ascend in their stead. There has been a great deal of building within recent years in Quebec. The splendid Parliament buildings displaced nothing, for they are outside the walls, but the Château Frontenac occupies a historic site, that of the old Château St. Louis; and on the ground where the new City Hall stands was the

old Jesuits' College, built in 1635—the first educational institution of the kind on the continent. Within its walls those valiant martyrs of whom we read in Parkman—Lalemant, Breboeuf, Juguès, Noué, Daniel, and Vimont—held their classes; here Marquette planned his labours on the far Mississippi. When the workmen, with picks and dynamite, razed the venerable building, in the private chapel of the Jesuits were found the decapitated skeleton of Jean Liégeois, who built the college, brutally murdered by the Iroquois, that of Jean de Quen, the discoverer of Lake St. John, and François Perrot. In 1891 these remains were given a public funeral and interred in the chapel of the Ursulines' Convent.

It is strange to think that these men, even in their graves, after two and a half centuries, should still exert a power and bring about the rehabilitation of their order. For the discovery of these remains and the direction of public interest upon their sufferings, their services and their sacrifices, caused such a wave of sympathy in their favour that when the Premier, Mr. Mercier, introduced an Act in the Provincial Legislature to compensate the Jesuits for the loss of this and other property, long since confiscated by the Crown, it was easily passed. In vain the fanatical Protestant party urged Lord Stanley of Preston, then Governor-General, and the Dominion authorities, to veto the measure; they refused to interfere, and the Jesuits received the indemnity.

I went, not without a sinking of the heart, to see the new chapel with which the Ursuline Nuns have replaced the old, which was completed in 1723. It is difficult to say what

spirit moved these holy ladies in their passion for change and improvement. One would have thought that if any spot in Quebec would have remained untouched until it crumbled, it was this chapel, where the brave Montcalm was buried in a grave made by a shell which had burst during the bombardment. When I was last here there seemed no urgent need for its demolition. However, the transformation has been wrought discreetly, and I hope the structure may remain intact for centuries to come. All the ornamentation of the former chapel, in the style of the period (Louis XIV) with its original antique gilding, remains to recall the splendour of the Old Regime. The decorated colonnade, the elaborately carved pulpit, and the bas-reliefs of the panels of the sanctuary doors and on the bases of the columns, were the work of a native Canadian artist, Noël Levasseur. There, at that very altar, on June 18th, 1700, was celebrated for the first time in the New World the feast of the Sacre-Cœur. The words *Demande Moi par le Cœur de Mon Fils*, inscribed in the circular window above the altar and in the marble medallion outside the chapel, form the divine invitation to the founders of the nunnery, Marie Guyart de l'Incarnation, the "St. Theresa of the New World," and Mme de la Peltrie, in 1639. There are a number of large and striking paintings on the wall. One of these—the artist has represented St. Thais under the features of the famous Duchesse de la Vallière—could not have found a more appropriate niche than the chapel of the Old Monastery. During twelve years, the Ursulines of Quebec prayed and did penance for the conversion of that Magdalen, who expiated her sinful life by seventeen long

years of penance under the austere rule of the Carmelite Order. These pictures, which escaped the vandalism of the French Revolution, were purchased in 1822 for the Ursulines by the Abbé Phillippe Desjardins, their former Chaplain, who was then serving as Vicar-General of Paris.

In the chapel, besides the tomb of Montcalm, erected in 1859, the centenary of his death, there are monuments to the memory of several famous pioneers of whom I have already spoken. Might not all the heroes of those early days be sculpturally commemorated either in some holy Valhalla yet to be erected in Quebec or in the Cathedral, where, in all human probability—for the place of his interment is not certainly known—lie the bones of Quebec's founder, Champlain, who died here on Christmas Day, 1635? They deserve all the honour that posterity can pay them.

But the most singular, the strangest and the most gruesome object in either chapel or convent is the skull of Montcalm. Dare I attempt to describe my sensations when I gazed upon it? It was brought to me trippingly by a blithe young girl, enclosed in a glass case; and so it is shown to thousands of visitors. Within that dark recess behind the empty eye-sockets were once the brains and the hopes and fears of New France. It is a fantastic fate—an undeserved fate—for such a soldier.

When one comes to consider Quebec to-day on its social side, one's memory recurs to what old Père Charlevoix wrote more than two centuries ago.

“In Quebec one finds nothing but what is select and calculated to form an agreeable society. A Governor-General, with his staff, a high-born officer and his

troops, an Intendant with a superior council and inferior court, a Commissary of Marines and other officers, and a Superintendent of Waters and Forests, whose jurisdiction is certainly the largest in the world ; merchants in easy circumstances, or at least living as if they were, a bishop, a seminary, and three convents. Other circles elsewhere are as brilliant as those surrounding the Governor and Intendant. On the whole, it seems to me there are for all classes the means of passing the time agreeably. Every one contributes to his utmost, people amuse themselves with games and excursions, using *calèches* in summer, sledges and skates in winter. There is a great deal of hunting, for many gentle folks have no other resources for living in comfort. The news from Europe occupies a great part of the year, furnishing subjects of conversation of the past and future."

"The Canadians," continues this eye-witness, "breathe from their birth the air of liberty, which renders them very agreeable in social intercourse. Nowhere else is our language spoken with greater purity. One observes here no defective accent. There are here no rich people ; every one is hospitable, and no one amuses himself with making money. If a person cannot afford to entertain friends at table, he at least endeavours to dress well."

There is little, if anything, of the foregoing which might not be said of Quebec City to-day. At Spencer Wood, his official residence, recently much enlarged and beautified, Sir François Langelier, who may be considered the lineal successor of Frontenac and Murray, holds his circle. Quebec has been fortunate in her Lieutenant-Governors,



QUEBEC, SHOWING CHATEAU FRONTENAC, DUFFERIN TERRACE AND PART OF THE LOWER TOWN

and Sir François, refined and courteous in manner, illustrates in his own person the best qualities of his compatriots. The Prime Minister, Sir Lomer Gouin, has also his social entourage; and there are several acknowledged leaders, at whose houses one meets constantly the most affluent and cleverest that Quebec society affords. In summer any chance sojourner may gain a fair idea of social Quebec by simply repairing to the Terrace in front of the Château Frontenac, where the prettiest women and the smartest men of both races may be seen taking tea. Frequently there are bazaars, at which one observes with solicitude that the fair sex is here, as elsewhere, too overpoweringly in the ascendant; and there are dances, and in the winter skating, tobogganing and ski-ing parties.

That supreme hotel, the Château Frontenac, fills, as one expects it would, an important rôle in the daily drama of the city. It is not only the fresh arrival from Europe you find in those charming corridors and richly upholstered salons, but the important local citizen, who looks in at "the Château" as if it were part of his diurnal round. It is the rendezvous *par excellence*.

Of the two political parties in the Province, Liberal and Conservative, or "Rouge" and "Bleu" as they were in the old days, the former is, and owing to prudent administration long likely to remain, in the ascendant. The Cabinet consists of nine members, two of them without portfolio. The Provincial Treasurer, Mr. Mackenzie, is of Scotch extraction, the Minister of Colonisation, Mines, and Fisheries, Mr. Devlin, is of Irish, another is of English, and the rest are French-Canadians or Quebecquois.

A dark plump figure under middle height, surmounted by a large head, with a pair of wonderful dark eyes—no one was ever five minutes with Sir Lomer Gouin without coming under the spell of a truly magnetic personality. To a cultivated mind, a courtesy and a personal probity that has never been challenged, the Premier joins an inflexible will, which easily gives him predominance amongst his colleagues. If he lack the personal picturesqueness of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, he has many of that statesman's qualities, and even the Conservatives admit the practical success of his administration.¹

It is at the cosy, unpretentious Garrison Club, close to the St. Louis Gate, that one meets the officers of the garrison and the representative lawyers, merchants, and officials. One might say that one meets here these not of the city or even of the Province alone, but, from time to time, of all Canada. The prevailing tone is English, and English speech is that which one hears almost exclusively, despite the fact that there are as many Quebecquois members as Quebecquers. But there are occasions when the French language prevails, and in the reception rooms tacitly reserved to the Quebecquois members one never hears anything else. And this is symptomatic.

A French writer, M. Paul Meyer, relates that once, travelling in Wales, he shared a railway compartment with

¹ In 1905 the consolidated debt of the Province was \$34,731,000. At the beginning of 1912 it had been reduced to \$25,412,000. No new loan has been negotiated since the Gouin Government came to power in 1905, but, on the other hand, several previous loans, negotiated under preceding administrations, have been reimbursed within the last six years. There is a surplus of about a million dollars a year.

a lady and her son. The former spoke English, but the son neither spoke nor understood anything but Welsh. Observing M. Meyer's surprise at this, the mother said :

“ My son will learn English when he knows Welsh thoroughly and not before. For we Welsh were the first to dwell in these islands, long before the Saxons and the Normans. In the third century we were still independent. To-day all of us, rich and poor, are proud of our race, which is older than England, so we keep our Welsh speech, symbol of our ancient glory and safeguard of our traditions. We have our poets to cherish the flame and our annual feasts to crown them. As long as my children stay at home, they speak only Welsh.”

This is the new or revised national spirit of at least half a dozen European peoples to-day, with a triumphant example in the Czechs of Bohemia, who have largely recovered a language they had all but lost.

Just twenty years ago an advocate in the lumbering town of Chicoutimi, Mr. Rivard, conceived the idea of making the French language an intellectual and sentimental, as well as a *quasi*-political cult in Canada. As one of his friends puts it :

“ Full of disinterested patriotism, Rivard was shocked, as are all true Quebecquois, at the loss of our national powers in political quarrels. He thought that, to raise the mentality of our race, and to give it confidence in itself, the first step was to inculcate a love for and a pride in its language. Not, bear in mind, French language spoken in France, of which we across the Atlantic could not follow the incessant revolution, but our own French tongue—

that spoken by ourselves after we had purged it of Anglicisms and other impurities. The love of the mother tongue seemed to Rivard a bond strong enough to unite divers groups of French origin in North America, produce sympathy amongst them, and enable them to advance together towards a common goal.

A few years later, on settling in Quebec, Mr. Rivard opened his mind on the question to the Church authorities, but many difficulties and obstacles were cast in his path, and it was not until 1902, through the co-operation of Abbé Lortie, that the Société du Parler Français au Canada was founded and the University of Laval gave it its blessing.

Is the lingual vindication we are witnessing in Quebec to-day perchance also an answer—a defiant counterblast to the speech of Cardinal Bourne of Westminster before the Eucharistic Congress in Montreal in 1910? In that speech the Cardinal suggested to the French-Canadians that the destiny of Canada was to be English in speech, and that they with the rest should assist in the progress of the English tongue. He put it delicately—he put it on high religious grounds :

“In other words, the future of the Church in this country, and its consequent reaction upon the older countries in Europe, will depend to an enormous degree upon the extent to which the power, influence, and prestige of the English language and literature can be definitely placed upon the side of the Catholic Church.”

At all events, Quebec took alarm. They had long been accustomed to attacks upon the French language by

Ontarians, but this was an attack from a new and unexpected quarter, and they hastened to repel it.

"They tell us," cried one perfervid orator, "that we are but a handful of people—that we are fatally destined to disappear. Why obstinately continue the struggle? We are only a handful, it is true, but it is not in the school of Christ that I, for one, have learnt to reckon right and morality according to numbers and riches. We are but a handful, it is true, but we respect ourselves for what we are, and we, too, have the right to live."

Passionately, then, the Quebecquois reject the idea of being swallowed up, as other races, or fragments of races have been, by a rival and alien race. Left to themselves, I am inclined to doubt whether the people would have done very much to stem the tide of natural forces and natural tendencies. It is impossible that they should desire to isolate themselves permanently from their English-speaking fellow-subjects. I do not think they do: I think the tendency amongst the French everywhere is to become bi-lingual, and this will become more prevalent when the English, in turn, take to speaking French. Certain powerful dignitaries of the Church have enunciated the maxim that the French language is the safeguard of the Catholic faith. ("La Langue est la sauvegarde de la Foi.") Is this truly the case? Adherence to any form of religious belief is largely a matter of inheritance and hardly of nationality or language. There are millions of good Catholics in Canada and the States who are not French-speaking. Indeed, one would have said that the too-intimate cult of the French written language would have involved a familiarity with

the views of the millions of French-speaking atheists and agnostics.

No : what the hierarchy, which is composed of very able men, means is that for the French language to be spoken exclusively in Quebec Province is the safeguard of their authority, of their benevolent power over the lives, the thoughts, and the actions of the French-speaking population of Quebec. It is not so much depth of faith they desire, nor even the intelligent zeal and self-sacrifice of thousands of convinced Romanists they seek, as the docility and subordination of their flocks. That is a natural ecclesiastical ideal, but one cannot help a suspicion that they underrate the moral and intellectual potentiality of the Quebecquois, and that to keep him uni-lingual is to interpose a sinister barrier between him and our common destiny.

Easy it is to comprehend the attitude of Mr. Bourassa, the poets, and the idealists. Putting aside all personal and selfish reasons, they believe in solidarity because they believe in the superior virtues and the superior ideals of their own people. They are repelled by the gross and vulgar materialism they see around them; they compare their own simplicity, their love of literature, their passionate fidelity to their own past, their politer and more orderly deportment, with the rude, dollar-seeking Philistinism of the Yankee and his Canadian imitator, and they are proud of their own people. "The French-Canadian," writes one of them, "usually begins to deteriorate from the moment of his intimate contact with his English-speaking neighbours. Not only his manners, but his *joie de vivre* are gone."

That is why the French language has become a cult and why many Quebecquois who had hitherto expressed themselves preferably in English have suddenly conceived a passion for French.

But this is too important a theme for the end of a chapter—and one rendered more important by the notable event I will describe overleaf.

As for the capital, if you would see Quebec at her best—I do not say her scenic best, but Quebec *elle-même*, in her true character—you should come in the winter season—when she has donned her white nun's robe, when the Yankee trippers have departed, and the City knows only herself, and Boreas, and her past. Then she is indeed like no other city on the continent—a rock of vast and exquisite silences. In the tinkling of the sleigh-bells there is even something mystic—as of the swinging of censers and the telling of beads.

CHAPTER III

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE

“Langue de La Fontaine, et Corneille, et Racine,
Pour arracher de nous ta puissante racine,
Il faudrait arracher notre âme et notre esprit.

“La langue est éternelle en ma bouche éphémère ;
Car le devoir, c’est de léguer ce qu’on apprend,
Et les mots que je sais me viennent de ma mère.”

LEON LORRAIN.

Twice daily is the spacious Drill Hall in the Grande Allée thronged, during the sessions of the great Congrès du Parler Français. This Congress is only a manifestation by the Quebecquois of his increasing pride in his nationality, and his desired isolation, as well as of his fear—or the fear of aspiring spokesmen—that his lingual assimilation to the English-Canadian would be followed by a moral and religious assimilation.

Delegates have come from all parts of Canada and from America. Before the Hall a huge white arch has been erected, which, adorned by mottoes and flags, forms an imposing entrance to a colonnaded driveway, especially attractive at night, when the whole is brilliantly illuminated by electric lights. We enter a huge auditorium, profusely decorated with flags and inscriptions, packed with a well-dressed, prosperous-looking assemblage. On the platform is a bandstand, where the musicians discourse

those sweet ancient airs of France which for the most part to-day only survive in Quebec Province. One notes a few of the mottoes on the walls :

IL N'EST PAS DE PLUS GRANDE GLOIRE QUE
DE COMBATTRE POUR LA LANGUE DE
LA PATRIE.

C'EST UN CRIME DE LÈSE-MAJESTÉ D'ABAN-
DONNER LE LANGAGE DE SON PAYS.

J'AI REMARQUÉ QUE LES PAYSANS CANADIENS
PARLENT TRÈS BIEN LE FRANÇAIS.

MONTCALM.

The long front row of the platform is reserved for distinguished prelates, archbishops and bishops, abbés, and rectors of universities; it and the others contain the flower of the Church on this continent. There are other figures too, judges, public officials, journalists, and poets. At the right of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province is a representative of a slightly different type, lean, erect, monocled, with pointed beard, appparelled in the embroidered uniform of the French Academy and tightly hugging a cocked hat under his arm.

When all, or nearly all, are seated, suddenly the band strikes up "God Save the King," and the great crowd springs to its feet, thundering its applause.

This incident, by the way, marking the opening of every session, is not without its significance. The managers of the Congress seem determined to show that loyalty to their maternal language is not antagonistic to loyalty to the British Crown. After the enthusiasm has subsided and the Archbishop of Quebec, Monseigneur Bégin, has uttered

a few words, a distinguished layman, Sir Adolphe Routhier, advances, and in well-chosen language introduces the orator for this particular evening—M. Etienne Lamy—whereat the cheering bursts out afresh.

As the learned Academician begins his lengthy allocation, I notice several turning to their neighbours and nodding their heads. One near me obviously finds it difficult to follow the speaker. The accent is so strange, so *fine*, so different from the broad, almost rotund speech of the Quebecquois.

Day after day, during the session, the Congress is addressed by many distinguished and talented speakers, dealing with all phases of French-Canadian interest—historical and literary traditions; the economic and political situation of French-Canadians in the United States; the exercise of the recognised rights of the French language in Canada; the French of Louisiana; the position of the Acadians; the Catholic Church and the problems of the national language; the mission of the French language in the United States; the French language and the future of the race; the French language in Ontario; the language as the safeguard of religion, traditions, and nationality; and dozens of other themes. And the most arresting feature of it all is the breathless attention given to every one of these essays by a rapt audience. Throughout half a dozen at a time, enough to fill thirty to fifty newspaper columns, they will sit with no signs of wandering interest or impatience.

It will hardly be believed, in a generation intolerant of verse, what an amazing amount of poetry the Congress has evoked, and how gladly these audiences have suffered

it. Poet after poet has ascended the platform and read out his original stanzas of well-nigh interminable length, every felicitous turn, every graceful line, being greeted by salvoes of applause.

More than anything does the bearing of these vast audiences convince me of the innate *finesse* of the French-Canadian race—which centuries of expatriation and hardship have not destroyed—which the artistic opportunities of the near future will, in the strict sense of the term, educate and restore.

While the Quebecquois, declared Archbishop Bruchesi, in a lengthy address, “never think of imposing our tongue on any one, we preserve it as a natural right by the Constitution which governs us, and which guarantees its usage. The British flag protects it as it protects our religion, our churches, and our priests. Long live the British flag, but long live, too, the French language.”

“To those,” stated Archbishop Langevin, “who wish to rob us of what is ours, we should respond with an energy truly French and a determination truly British: ‘What we have, we’ll hold.’ We recognise the right of no one to make the French-Canadians of the Province of Quebec pause and to tell them: ‘Beyond those borders you are no longer at home.’ We are at home everywhere in Canada—wherever the British flag carries in its glorious folds our sacred rights baptised in our blood.”

This last is intended as an answer to those who insist upon the French-Canadians being restricted to Quebec. Yet nothing is more certain than if the French leave Quebec their solidarity will be lost, and not only their

language, but their character will be submerged. It is in vain for Mr. Bourassa and Mgr Mathieu to urge the setting up of French-speaking communities throughout the North-West. Such are, considering the nature of the soil, as foredoomed to failure as the planting of palm trees on the shores of Hudson Bay.

M. Maurice Barrès calls the survival of the French language and nationality in Canada a "miracle." It is indeed a miracle, and to those of us who have learnt to value the ethnic flowers of modern civilisation, a beneficent miracle. But it is a miracle not to be repeated in the North-West. It is not to be repeated anywhere else on the world's surface to-day. What the French have won in Quebec they have won in the course of centuries. There is a rare historic quality in their achievement which makes it precious and worth at any price the keeping. The whole world would be the poorer if their language and individuality lost an inch of ground, or (as Cardinal Bourne said), "were that tongue, so long the one exponent of religion, culture, and progress in this land, ever to lose any portion of the consideration and cultivation which it now enjoys in Canada." We can no more reproduce elsewhere the Quebec system than we can reproduce Feudalism or the social regime of our English grandfathers.

But for what the French-Canadian is to-day in the Province of Quebec let us, as Canadians, be grateful. No one who has travelled through the Province and observed the manners and customs of the people generally but must have sighed for an approximation to their virtues in his own race; must have asked himself, paraphrasing

M. Demolins, "*A quoi tient la supériorité Canadien-Français?*" and have thus answered the question, "In sincerity and simplicity, in courtesy and devoutness." Other things he has, but these Jean Baptiste possesses in greater degree than his English-speaking fellow-subjects.

And what, the reader may ask, precisely is this French which the Quebecquois are so earnestly striving to foster and exalt? It has been called a *patois*. Is it a *patois*—that is to say, a dialect which may be purely spoken according to its own rules? No; Canadian-French is French archaically spoken, with a slight admixture of English terminology. Although it comes from Normandy and Brittany, it resembles in accent that spoken to-day in Chartres, Beauce, and perhaps also Perche. Mr. Ernest Gagnon has observed the Chartriens pronounce *français*, *avoir*, *Versailles* exactly like the French-Canadians.

As Archbishop Bruchesi told the Congress, *patois* exists in no part of Canada, neither in the country nor in the cities. It is true, certain forms of speech are in use which a Parisian might not understand, but the Norman or Breton peasant would understand.

"But there is an accent," added His Grace, "and a pronunciation to correct. There are Anglicisms to combat, the Anglicism which penetrates on all sides. There is a correct speech to acquire. And here is a weak point: the primary education in the family to-day has often to be corrected, and we all know how difficult it is to amend the habits of early youth. The conversation of pupils should be carefully watched, as well as their replies in the schoolroom; we should exact that this class of language

should be grammatical, and let us not have half-pronounced words and cut phrases pass uncorrected."

The English element which has entered into the Quebecois' speech concerns the objects and conditions around him for which old French—the French of his ancestors—provides the equivalent—things of modern life. He speaks, for example, of a "railroad" or a "steamboat" (it has even been written *stime-boat* !), he gets *en borde* the train. He Gallicises English verbs *Je vais le shunter* (of a shunter), *Je vais le plugger* or *smasher*. A certain transcendent person or thing is *malaisé à beater*. These are but a few instances at random to illustrate the tendencies of the people in speaking their mother-tongue.

On the whole, one gathers that the idea of the leaders is by no means to revert to the archaic French introduced by the gentry of the first settlement, but rather to keep abreast of the language as registered by the French Academy. This is certainly to be welcomed. But if it is to be brought about there must be a signal improvement in elementary education. Mr. Godefroy Langlois, of Montreal, recently made a great stir by his revelations concerning the character and remuneration of the female primary school teachers of Quebec, most of whom only receive £20 sterling a year. It would be vain to expect French of the Academy from girls whose speech is that of an uncultivated peasantry. There must be a normal school system for the teachers throughout Quebec, and in that system the best lingual models should be presented.

Such a need, one is sorely tempted to add, is by no means confined to the French-Canadians.

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THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM

"We have here," says the *Montreal Witness*, "a lesson which our English educationists would do well to heed. Canada has frankly surrendered to the decadent speech of this continent. A school system which derives all its teachers from the plain people, whether in London, or in Quebec, or in Ontario, will tend to the vulgarisation of the language, unless the reverse is strongly insisted on, and good models are kept always to the fore."

Is an English Language Congress not called for? Would not Toronto and Winnipeg derive benefit from hearing English spoken in public in its standard excellence, from having their faults of accent and pronunciation pointed out, and by supporting those who are striving to eliminate Continental solecisms and impurities?

This Drill Hall, the scene of so much perfervid patriotism, itself occupies a renowned site, for here, riverward and to the west, was fought one of the most notable battles in history—one which profoundly changed the fortunes of both Britain and America. "With the triumph of Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham," says Green, "began the history of the United States."

The whole of this strip of land, from the Citadel to Wolfe's Cove, is now being converted into a Battlefields Park, large sums of money having been granted by the Government and subscribed by the public.

In company with a brilliant Quebec *littérateur*, Colonel Wood, I made a perambulation of the battlefield. To-day the part adjacent to the Citadel is still used as a golf course, and a couple of golfers were laboriously following their

balls in the direction of the Ross rifle factory. One hesitates to be severe, but this egregious structure of cheap red brick is a painful blot on the landscape. Beside it a lofty water-tank, adapted from an old martello tower, completes the hideousness of the picture.¹

Immediately west of the rifle factory and between it and the park is a large open field traversed diagonally by a footpath. Midway in this field some old guns are seen scattered pell-mell in the grass. Roughly, these ancient guns indicate a line, at right angles to the river, where the tremendous shock of battle took place on September 13th, 1759, but only its extreme right is within the limits of this field. Its centre and left are marked to-day by De Salaberry Street, and have long since been built over. This, by the by, is a new discovery on the part of military historians; ten years ago it had not been ascertained. The spot where Wolfe, at the head of the Louisburg Grenadiers, gave that terrible order to fire which swept so many brave Frenchmen into eternity, was believed to be nearly half a mile to the westward, owing to the faultiness of the old maps. More than once I have seen tourists swarming about the Wolfe monument openly marvelling that the dying conqueror should have been carried forward to die instead of backward to the rear.

The ground acquired ten years ago by the City of Quebec as a park forms no part of the famous battlefield, nor did

¹ I have not the pleasure of personal acquaintance with Sir Charles Ross, but I hazard the opinion that, if rightly appealed to, he must eventually yield to public opinion and to the *genius loci*, and accept some other site for his factory. Or is the *genius loci* itself too propitious for rifle-making?

old Abraham Martin, the Royal pilot of the seventeenth century, ever own any portion of this land. Dr. Doughty has made it clear that Maître Abraham's property of thirty-two acres, sold in 1667 to the Ursuline Ladies of Quebec, was situated half a mile distant. A large part of the suburbs of Quebec is now built upon the original Plains of Abraham, and covers a portion of the famous battlefield. About 1834 the ground, long used as a racecourse, began to usurp the name of the Plains of Abraham, which has since given rise to much misconception as to the site of the battlefield. The Ursulines having become the owners of this land a century before the battle, it remained their property until September, 1901, when it was sold for \$80,000 to the Dominion Government, who transferred it to the City of Quebec. "Much of the indignation aroused," writes Dr. Doughty, "both at home and abroad, when it was learned that the land was to be divided up and sold for building lots, was due to the mistaken idea that it was the actual scene of the conflict. No such misconception existed in 1790, for it was at that time that a part of the actual battlefield, since covered with buildings, was parcelled off for sale, and the utmost indignation was the result. No one appears to have thought of placing the battle on the racecourse until Hawkins made the statement seventy-five years after the event." Thanks to the researches of the painstaking archivist, to-day we know exactly where the battle was fought.

Some 200 yards further on is the Quebec gaol, hardly a pleasant feature for a public park. I was interested to learn from Sir George Garneau that the Battlefields Com-

mission has consulted several eminent architects, who are of opinion that with certain structural alterations and external embellishments the building might be converted into a museum, wherein might be housed a large collection of books, pictures, manuscripts, and relics relating to the history of New France. Let us hope that this plan may duly be carried out.

The scene of Wolfe's death is well authenticated, for a stone was rolled to the exact spot on the evening of the fatal day. Subsequently two columns were successively raised before the present one was dedicated in 1849. It is now designed to elevate this monument by several feet to render it more conspicuous. Some wooden houses adjacent have been demolished, one of which may have occupied the site of a well, from which it is traditionally said the dying Wolfe was given water to drink. From this point we reconnoitred the ground over which the little army passed on that thirteenth of September. Here is where they halted and breakfasted.

Traversing the amphitheatre of the Tercentenary Pageant and the site of the Edward VII Monument (for Quebec, the only French province in the Confederation, was the first to take the initiative in erecting a monument to our late lamented Sovereign) we reach a sloping ground, covered with trees, on the very edge of the heights. I say covered with trees—but, alas! even as we gazed destruction was at work, and a most interesting portion of the Battlefields Park was being denuded of its beautiful timber. This act of vandalism was, I am happy to add, disavowed by the Mother Superior of

the Ursuline nuns, whose property the land still is, the formal acquisition by the Commission not having been completed. Doubtless some intermediary was responsible.

A park driveway will begin at the westerly end of the monument terrace, and then, descending, pass along the brow of the cliff where Captain Delaune and his band first ascended; it will continue along the brow of the cliff and join the present modern road leading up from the famous Wolfe's Cove.

A path anciently ran parallel to this road, but in the summer of 1759 this had been blocked by the French with felled timber and debris, and so rendered impassable. It took hours to tear away the obstructions, and meanwhile Wolfe and his men had climbed a precipitous path just to the left of the ruisseau St. Denis. It is not easy to find this path to-day, so thick is the undergrowth, but once found there is no mistake about it. It tallies with all the descriptions for a century and a half. A stout birch tree once stood at its left—it was there on the fateful night, and it fell about 1840. Its stump is there to-day.

In the footsteps of the conqueror my companion and I ascended. The difficulties were not slight. Several times we were in danger of slipping and being carried headlong to the bottom, although we were in broad daylight. How a sick man—sick even unto death, as we know Wolfe then was—managed such exertion but again illustrates his indomitable spirit. At the summit is "Wolfesfield," and we are now at the extreme western limits of the new Battlefields Park.

In addition, there will be a small park on the St. Foy

Road, which, although in itself possessing few features of marked beauty other than the magnificent view, is a point of great historical interest as one of the most fiercely contested positions in the battle of St. Foy.

St. Foy was fought in 1760 between the French, under Lévis, and the English, under Murray, in which the former was victorious, compelling Murray to retire in confusion to the city. The monument (*aux Braves*) was erected here on the centenary of the battle by the St. Jean Baptiste Society and the statue of Bellona by which it is surmounted was the gift of Prince Napoleon.

In planning the park, the architect has endeavoured to keep before him three important considerations : to place the drives so that they do not break the pleasing continuity of the park, and disfigure it as little as possible ; to make them conform as far as practicable to the natural contour of the ground, so that there will be no bad grades or disfiguring cuts and fills ; and to place them in such a way that the visitor is brought by the most attractive and convenient route to the finest view-points and to the places of greatest historical interest.

That this area of 230 acres will ultimately become one of the most notable Imperial shrines—second, indeed, only to the battlefield of Waterloo—none may doubt. It has an advantage over Waterloo in its commanding situation, and another in that it is on British soil.

As it was in the company of a soldier—master of both sword and pen—that I promenaded the battlefields, so it was with a poet, who is also a priest, that I visited one of Quebec's most interesting shrines—the Hôpital Général,

now a refuge for the aged and infirm in charge of the Grey Nuns. A long low building over two centuries old, it occupies the site close to the bend of the St. Charles River of the house of the Recollets, in which they received the Jesuit missionaries in 1625. Bishop St. Vallier, the successor of Laval, founded it, and his beautiful chapel is there as he left it.

Here, during Wolfe's siege of Quebec, the wounded and the homeless poor were received for refuge, it being the only place out of range of the guns. There died only a year or two ago a man whose own father recalled vividly the scene of panic and suffering then presented within these old grey walls. The nuns of the convent gave up their beds and slept on the floor; the very chapel was turned into a ward for the wounded, masses being said in the choir. Outside a crowd of refugees clamoured for admission.

A little sweet-faced nun, who never crosses the threshold, conducted us through the precincts. She showed us, too, the spot in the dark little burying-ground within the walls where some day her own frail body is to lie. Very gently she spoke, and her smile was full of the peace that passeth understanding.

CHAPTER IV

THE CÔTE DE BEAUPRÉ

“ I see Bateese de oder day, he’s work hees fader’s place,
I t’ink myse’f he’s satisfy—I see dat on hees face ;
He say ‘ I got no use for State, mon cher Napoleon,
Kebeck she’s good enough for me—Hooraw pour Canadaw ! ’ ”

W. H. DRUMMOND, *How Bateese Came Home*.

CROSSING the St. Charles River, either by the Dorchester Bridge or taking the Montmorency and St. Anne railway from the station in the Lower Town, we set foot in the Côte de Beupré, a strip of picturesque and fertile territory bordering the St. Lawrence. To know rural Quebec at its best one must know the Côte de Beupré. Here will be found the character of the whole country in its essence: here may best and most agreeably be studied the character and the qualities of the *habitant*, as he has existed for two and a half centuries.

Beauport is a long-drawn-out village beginning about a mile from Quebec. One may here still see the ruins of its manor-house, where Montcalm had his head-quarters in 1759. You notice also a striking shaft—it is the Temperance Monument, erected by a *curé* of Beauport eighty years ago.

Not the least proof of the Church’s power is that, if it has not produced a race of French teetotallers—that were too much—it has all but eliminated the drinking saloon

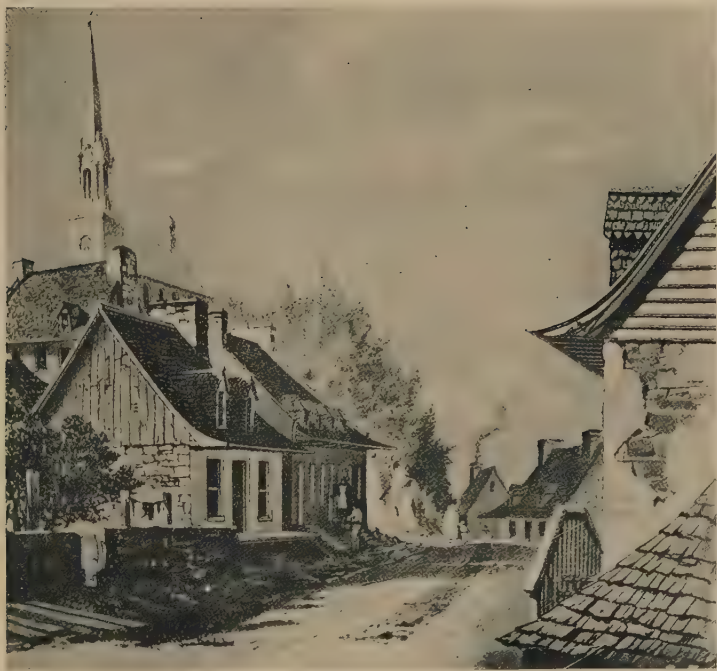
in most of the villages of the Province. You look in vain for the *auberge* and *cabaret* of the villages of old France or the quaint swinging sign of "Ici on vend des bons vins et liqueurs." And, in truth, it is not certain nowadays that the best habitant can be trusted with unlimited "*whisky blanc*."

There are a few Roman Catholic priests who leave their flock and become Protestants, and Father Chiniquy was one. That monument of his commemorates to-day far less his efforts in the anti-alcohol movement than the secession of this benevolent, hard-working cleric from the faith of his fathers. Many are the stories still told of Père Chiniquy in Beauport. He became an active Protestant clergyman, "and so," said an aged habitant to me, "it is a pity the Devil got him at last."

There are an upper road and a lower road, with two lines of railway, running as far as Montmorency. This is a railway extraordinary—literally a Pilgrims' Way. The professed purpose for which it was built was "for the accommodation to pilgrims and pilgrimages" to the world-famed shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré; and when it was finished the spectacle was witnessed of a cardinal—Monseigneur Taschereau—formally invoking the blessing of Heaven upon it and all its belongings! It has since passed into the hands of the same company which provides Quebec City with its electric light and its electric trams. Of the two or three villages by the lower line of railway the less said the better; St. Grégoire enjoys the distinction of being one of the most untidy in the Province—a jumble of packing-cases scattered higgledy-piggledy.

But these are excrescences—they are inhabited by artisans and factory hands; we hardly reach the true Côte de Beaupré until we pass the Montmorency River. From the newly opened upper line and from the high road the prospect is superb—especially at Courville. There are many vehicles on the road, and the train is crowded—for Montmorency Falls is Quebec's favourite playground and summer haunt. Suddenly comes a halt, and appears a grove of pine trees, with a verandah'd hotel, and strains of a merry-go-round and the sound of falling waters. This hotel was formerly Haldimand House, and was built by Sir Frederic Haldimand when Governor of Canada in 1780, and was occupied by the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, in 1791-4. An aged habitant used to relate how the good-natured, corpulent Prince was seated on the balcony here that day when they brought the London newspapers to him with the news of the "Reign of Terror" and the decapitation of the French King!

By a pathway and a flight of wooden steps you come upon the Falls—one of the finest and most thrilling descents of water in the world. It is not their enormous volume, it is not their altitude (they are a hundred feet higher than Niagara), that makes up the impressiveness of the spectacle. Is it the sudden transition from life and gaiety to the gloom, the barrenness, the solitude of the surroundings? Something, no doubt, is contributed by the very quality of the thunder of the cataract. It is akin to a mighty silence, oppressive, numbing, overpowering. The great sheer sweep of dark and gloomy rock on the eastern shore defies levity. Even in broad day it is as if death were



A TYPICAL VILLAGE (CHATEAU RICHER)

brooding over the scene. But by moonlight the effect is profound and magical. It is as if Light and Dark, Death and Life contended in an amphitheatre of the Inferno. The dazzling white radiance of the cataract and its vapours, contrasted with the black mysteries of its *milieu* and the swaying of the spruces and hemlocks, presents a picture worthier the pen of Dante or the pencil of Doré than anything either could have known. To live beside these Falls—to dwell day after day and night after night by this aqueous cavern—is to set your house in the bosom of all tragic poetry and by the very brink of eternity. I have a friend who has done this—who contemplates these Falls at the bottom of his garden, as we in tamer spheres might commune with a nightingale or a rivulet; and long we have stood there together bound by a spell we would not, if we could, break with words.

If you glance aloft your eye meets twin towers—the piers of a long-vanished bridge which spanned the torrent. More than half a century ago a habitant and his family were driving over this bridge. In the middle there was a sudden crack of doom—the bridge parted and horse and habitants were seen no more. There is a deep pool worn in the rock, which instantly engulfs any victim of the cataract. Some victims are occasionally recovered, but every stitch of clothing, save their boots, is found torn from their body. It is done, says my friend, in the twinkling of an eye.

While staying at Montmorency Falls I attended the corner-stone laying of a church in the neighbourhood. The bishop arrived and the parish was *en fête* to receive him. During the long prior wait I had a chat with the *curé* of

an adjacent parish and a couple of *vicaires*. I liked these reverend gentlemen—they were frank and hearty, with a relish for a joke, with nothing of cant or snivel about them. In fact, they might have been clean-cut, eupeptic English country parsons, but for their long black robes.

A short way up the Montmorency River is a series of curious ledges of limestone rock, forming a natural *escalier* down to the water, which splashes and foams in its restricted channel. Just opposite the Falls and at the embouchure of the river is a huge unsightly cotton factory, which effectually destroys all the beauty of the Falls in that locality when seen from the St. Lawrence. If a cotton mill was necessary, why—O why—was it necessary to make it so ugly ?

One of the best arguments for the horticultural possibilities of Quebec is furnished by my friend's garden close to the Falls. There, beyond the green, velvety turf, every vegetable and flower flourish in perfection. I have never seen finer rhododendrons, peonies, lilies of the valley, and pansies than I saw there in the month of May. There was a constant chorus from the fruit trees, and iridescent humming-birds darted from blossom to blossom.

At Montmorency on a hot July day in 1759 Wolfe made his ill-fated attempt to take Montcalm's position by assault and was beaten back with great loss. It was on another hot July day, a century and a half later, that I renewed acquaintance with the camp of the young general, tracing out the original earthworks. The unpretentious stone cottage he occupied during all these weeks of illness and foiled endeavour is not far distant—in the adjoining parish of L'Ange Gardien. It is at present occupied by a

small farmer and his numerous family of small children, and is, alas, a scene of great untidiness. But the proprietor, whose ancestors have possessed it from Wolfe's day, was courteous though unkempt. He greeted his visitors warmly.

"Oui, c'est l'maison de M'sieu le général. Il se couchait en-haut, M'sieu. Montez, M'sieu, montez à sa chambre. C'était un grand homme, n'est-ce pas ?"

It was the right chivalrous spirit—the spirit of the French-Canadian. I had something, besides, in common with this worthy fellow; for he dwelt in the last of Wolfe's earthly dwellings and afar off in England I nightly "slept in the chamber which once echoed to the hero's infant cry."

No one could view without emotion this straitened attic, where the young soldier, who was charged with the task of capturing the great stronghold of the New World, lay so long desperately fretting at his inaction. Here it was that he uttered that memorable phrase to the surgeons:

"I know I can't last; but patch me up so that I can do my duty for the next few days; and I shall be content."

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We resumed our drive through the parish of L'Ange Gardien, where I visited the church and called upon the enlightened *curé*, M. Plante, who dwells in a long low white house on the brow of the hill.

The habitant's cottage is generally of wood, though sometimes of stone. A few years ago brick was only used for the more pretentious houses; it is now growing commoner. Alas, too, the taste of the habitant who builds

of brick is as questionable as that of any English suburban builder. The best, the most dignified, the most interesting cottages are of stone; and considering the plentifulness of this material one is amazed that all dwellings, at least along the river, are not of stone. You will find, especially on the south shore, acres of small round stones, picked up on the fields and piled up in vast heaps, like islands in the midst of surrounding fertility. You marvel that the farmers seem to have no use for these stones—that at least it might have occurred to them to utilise them for wall-building. But no; they are piled up in patches, often in the centre of the farm, and the weeds have grown high on their margin, giving them at a distance the appearance of ornamental beds of stones. Is this laziness, or is it a cult? Is there some abstruse significance in these great petreous mounds—have they some virtue to draw the evil from the environing soil? I saw near St. Pierre (how happily named!) a field carefully covered to over a third of its extent by heaps of boulders, and with neither fence nor wall.

The cottage, if of wood, is either painted or whitewashed. The roof is of wooden shingles or of tin applied in transverse strips. Tiles are never used because the frost would affect them, although I believe there is a sort of tile which could stand the Canadian winter, and it might be introduced. But shingles, when stained or painted red, are very picturesque. Sometimes the barns, which are of great size to contain the hay, are thatched. Along the side of the road is a footpath of long planks, for in the winter and spring the village street is nearly impassable. The

church is situated in the most prominent part of the village, and is often strangely disproportionate as to size to the village. But that is merely because we are judging according to modern and local conditions. We must remember that in a village of a thousand souls there are seven or eight hundred worshippers. Virtually every one goes to church, and there is only one religious denomination. The churches are large, but they are not needlessly large, even when they are able to contain double the actual population. It was the same case with England when the old churches were built. They are all too large in seven-eighths of the villages to-day. But when church attendance was compulsory, the congregation must have been crowded together as I have frequently seen them in the towns of Quebec Province. Moreover, although the churches are conspicuous and predominant, there are far fewer in this Province than in Ontario, where every little village has three or four of different persuasions, which frequently results in all being bare and insignificant. This of itself furnishes a strong argument for the union of the sects lately foreshadowed in Ontario. To the Catholic eye, the ritualistic differences of Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, and Congregational seem hardly sufficient to justify such a diffusion of expenditure and effort.

Yet, when all is said, some of the new churches are astonishingly spacious. Take that at Victoriaville, which boasts a population equal to that of a good-sized English village. The nave measures 125 feet and the chancel another 40 feet, almost cathedral proportions. Like the generality of the edifices, the interior is striking and im-

maculate, but, alas, will hardly endure a rigid examination as to material. At Chicoutimi, at La Tuque, at Grand' Mère, and elsewhere, I fear I slightly discomposed the worthy *curés* by tapping the great imitation marble pillars and asking, "Why? Why, if your religion is not a thing of the passing hour only, why this pretence, this meretricious splendour? Why not build, as they built in the olden time, for the ages? Do you not believe that this sort of gimcrack magnificence reacts upon character?" "Yes," one of them admitted with a shrug, "there might be something in that, but the *fabrique* had done the best they could—one must cut one's coat according to one's cloth. As it was, the edifice had cost enough; it was heavily mortgaged, and to have employed more expensive materials would have been ostentatious and have distracted the attention of the congregation." Well, a priest ought to be a good judge of the tastes and the foibles of his flock, and we must remember that even to-day national standards in these matters are not everywhere the same.

Nevertheless, one consideration might influence the *fabrique*—the greater combustibility of the materials used. And my criticism was in one instance to receive instant and dramatic justification. For two days after I left one town a conflagration broke out in the great wooden hotel—itsself a perfectly devised fire-trap—and spread to the great wooden cathedral, which, in spite of its superficial magnificence and its aspect (at a distance and in a dim light) of permanence, was entirely consumed.

One notices the farm-houses along the road and compares them with those in England—Old or New—or France.

A critic has noted that even when the French-Canadian knows only rude frontier life, he retains something of the politeness and deference of manner of the nation from which he springs. "But, unlike them, he has retained little sense of what is artistic. No thought of beauty of situation seems to determine his choice of the site for his dwelling." That is why the habitant's house abuts on the roadway, why he shows so little taste in grouping his farm buildings, why he plants few trees around his dwelling. As for this latter trait, it is explained on the ground that in the earlier days of the colony the fear of giving ambush to a marauding savage led him to clear away the adjacent timber. But one is inclined to doubt, in passing, whether, on the whole, the Norman or Breton peasant is very much more artistic than the Quebecquois. Albeit, I believe both are equally amenable. The Scotch are not considered an inherently artistic people, and yet they have latterly become accomplished in the arts of music, painting, architecture, and horticulture. One sees to-day in Scotland many attractive cottages and many picturesque villages, just as one does in the Côte de Beaupré and several other parts of Quebec.

But, as a rule, the cottages of the habitants are ruder and less commodious than they need be, or would, if there were some to show them the way—to teach them the lesson of comfort and seemliness. As you enter an average cottage the living-room confronts you—kitchen, dining-room, parlour, and workshop combined; adjoining are one large or two small bedrooms for visitors. Ascend the rude staircase—little better than a ladder in the corner—and

you find another large bedroom, with three, four, five, and even six beds, beneath the sloping roof, and a sort of lumber-room. Where the families are large this latter is an additional sleeping-room, for it is not easy otherwise to house fifteen or twenty children. Sometimes two families occupy the same dwelling. From November to April the windows of these apartments remain closed, and from this absence of fresh air the occupants do not appear to suffer as much as the advanced hygienists would lead us to expect. Of course, there is no bath-room, and often no washing accommodation at all within doors. Nor are there any books, save devotional ones, in the house. Newspapers are read, but often with difficulty, and the dwellers spend their time within doors in another fashion. The women spin a rude cloth, as well as linen, weave straw hats, make gloves, soap, and candles. The men smoke and play the fiddle or tell stories, and both sexes are fond of music and dancing.

As the sons and daughters grow up they marry and depart, either to take another farm in the neighbourhood, or emigrate to the States, to the West, or to the newly colonised regions in the Province.

It is the youngest son who stays at home and marries in his turn, and to him the farm goes on the father's death, the only condition being that he will keep an open door to any of the family who may wish to return.

Contiguous to many of the larger dwellings is that hangar, or summer-house, of which Camille Roy—himself one of a family of twenty—has written so charmingly :

“Vingt berceaux avaient tour à tour, sur son pavé



A LUCKY FUR TRAPPER
(WITH A SILVER FOX SKIN WORTH £400)

inégal, roulé leur cadences, et il les avait si tendrement portés ! Et il avait autour d'eux si amoureusement répandu et fait voltiger et flotter l'âme familiale ! ”¹

The operation of feudal tenure in Quebec has frequently been described at length, and I shall only briefly summarise it here. By the ancient custom lands were held immediately from the King *en fief* or *en roture*, on condition of rendering fealty and homage on succession to the seigneurial property and in the event of a transfer thereof by sale or otherwise, except in hereditary succession, it was subject to the payment of a *quint*, or a fifth of the entire purchase money, which, if paid immediately by the purchaser, entitled him to a rebate of two-thirds of the *quint*. The *tenanciers*, or holders of land *en roture*, were subject to certain conditions, not all of which were onerous. They had, for instance, to pay a small annual rent, usually between half a crown (English) and a crown, to which were added a couple of fowls, a goose, or some such article of household consumption, and they were likewise bound to grind their corn at the *moulin banal*, or the seigneur's mill, where one-fourteenth part was appropriated as *moulure* (or toll for grinding) to repair the roads. If new roads were opened they had to be surveyed and approved by the *grand voyer* of the district and confirmed by *procès verbal*. The seigneurs could institute courts and preside as judges in what was called *haute*, *moyenne*, and *basse justice*, which took cognisance of all crimes, except murder and treason, perpetrated within their jurisdiction. Another important perquisite of the seigneur was *lots et ventes*—the right to

¹ *Propos Canadiens : Le Vieux Hangar.*

a twelfth part of the purchase money of every estate within his seigniority that changed hands, a right which occasionally produced a substantial income. He also had the right of pre-emption at the highest bid offered for any property within forty days of sale, and could, if he were able, collect tithes on all fish caught within his domain. There were certain other minor privileges, some of them a curious though faint survival of the days when the vassal's hair and hide and honour were in the hands of his feudal lord.

The size of the seigniories varied greatly, but generally corresponded with the parishes. As modern territorial divisions they have, of course, been replaced by the municipal system. Some of the largest are owned by religious corporations, such as the three great seigniories of the Island of Montreal, St. Sulpice, and Lake of Two Mountains, which are in the hands of the Seminary of St. Sulpice of Montreal. To Quebec Seminary belongs that of the Côte de Beaupré, the revenue from which must be considerable.

Only a few of the seigniories now remain in the families of the original grantees, and amongst those the Barony of Longueuil deserves to be mentioned. It was granted to Charles Le Moyne in 1657, and in 1700 was created a feudal barony by Louis XIV in favour of the son, to descend through this son's heirs, *male* and *female*. The third baron left only a daughter, who assumed the title of baroness, and, marrying Captain Grant of the 84th Regiment, their son became fourth Baron de Longueuil. Up to 1880, however, the title was not officially recognised by the

Imperial Government, but as a result of considerable correspondence between the Colonial Office and the Canadian Government, Queen Victoria was pleased to recognise Charles Colmore Grant as Baron de Longueuil. This and that of Macdonald of Earnscliffe are the only peerages in Canada taken from the title of a Canadian estate, although, indeed, Mount Stephen and Mount Royal are territorial designations.

The story of one or other of the Quebec seigniories has been the theme of several recent writers. Professor Wrong has dealt in fascinating manner with the seignior of Murray Bay, held by the Nairnes since the conquest, passing from hand to hand until to-day the nominal seignior has been purchased by an American. For some sixty years ago the old privileges were abolished and feudal tenure in Canada came to an end. In 1853 a Royal Commission sat, and as a result of its plan for the commutation of the rights of the seigneurs, the tenants everywhere were allowed to commute their rentals on reasonable terms and become actual proprietors in fee simple if they chose to do so.

If the *curé* is now *le seigneur virtuel*, the great man in the village, to whom most deference is paid, yet he occasionally encounters opposition in secular affairs, or even from his own *marguilliers* (churchwardens). He does not always get his own way, especially in a matter concerning finances. His income is, however, independent of the *fabrique*, and consists chiefly of one twenty-sixth of the cereals produced by the parishioners, a tax which yields him from four or five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars

a year. At harvest-time the farmers drive up, often dozens at a time, to pay their tithe—wheat, oats, barley, or peas—which he in turn disposes of for cash. The *curé* must hand over wedding fees to the church fund, but he receives fees for masses, these being fixed by the bishop beforehand, which bring him in, perhaps, several hundred dollars more. The *curé*, while living modestly, inhabits a large house, keeps a horse or two, and is subject to many demands; he spends as much as he receives, and at his death leaves little or nothing.¹

And what are his pleasures—his relaxations? He cannot play golf or tennis, as a Protestant clergyman may do. He cannot even doff his long cassock, which proves a little embarrassing when he furtively rides a bicycle (only in such case he chooses a lady's machine). One day a week he may leave his parish. He travels and he reads, but the reading, as a rule, is hardly relaxation, since I have seen many priests travelling a hundred miles on the train with their gaze riveted on a book of devotions, or the Offices of the Church. Sometimes he has a library at the *presbytère*, and he revels in that, or he engages in social intercourse with his fellow-*curés*, or he has a hobby. His hobby is useful—generally agriculture or horticulture—and he delights in it, following all the latest developments and reading agriculture literature, including the annual Government reports, with zest.

Or he can become a university or seminary tutor. Some

¹ To illustrate their disinterestedness, many priests now urge their flock to engage in dairy-farming, although, as they receive no tithe upon dairy products, their own income must thereby diminish.

of the rectors, principals, and professors I have met are sterling characters and very happy in their work.

If the *presbytère* of the *curé* appear overlarge, it is really needed for the purpose of receiving visiting clergy. Next to the *curé* in importance are the notary, who usually dwells in a modern frame dwelling with a garden, the physician, and the storekeeper. The storekeeper is the Whiteley or Harrod of the village, dealing in a miscellany of wares, from ready-made clothing to pills and tooth-picks, from oil-stoves to tobacco and chewing-gum. Formerly the habitant apparelled himself solely in homespun *éttoffe du pays*, and it is still worn far away from the beaten track, but now, alas, ready-made suits, preferably of black or navy blue, have taken its place. The habitant has an innate love of colour in his garments, and it is going against his nature, as it goes against the nature of peasantry the world over, to stifle his passion. Consequently he breaks out in wonderful waistcoats and neckties and kerchiefs, and one village I know did a roaring trade in green Alpine hats. In winter he is still able to wear a bright sash and a fur cap and the wonderful *bottes sauvage* on his feet.

Of music and dancing he is fond, and throughout the long winter evenings the old-fashioned cotillions and *danses rondes* are indulged in, although waltzing has been frowned upon by the Church. His music is chiefly represented by the old seventeenth-century *chansons*, with which I will deal in a subsequent chapter.

Appealing to him even more strongly are the tales of the *conteur*. Any man amongst them who can tell a good story or anecdote is sure of the choicest corner by the fire-place

at one of their gatherings and be regaled by the best the host and hostess have to offer. These folk-tales of Quebec Province are abundant, and interesting enough to furnish forth a literature. Some are traditional, like "Tiens-bon-là," "Loup-garou," and "L'histoire de mon petit défunt frère Louizon," narrated by generations of habitants. Others refer to the astounding exploits of Dalbec, a sort of Canadian Munchausen. A first-rate *conteur* can manage to keep his audience spellbound for two hours at a stretch, and even, upon occasion take two evenings for the telling of a single tale. The habitant is avid, but he is also patient.

Sometimes the *conteur* is a fellow of humour and genius, who can embroider an old yarn so as to make it appear new or can even improvise and artistically exaggerate as he goes along. It has been noted by a shrewd observer that "one of the oddest qualities of these *conteurs* is a certain *esprit de corps*, which makes it impossible for one story-teller to discredit the tales of another, however incredible." Thus one of the fraternity, listening to a perfectly impossible yarn, instead of expressing incredulity would soberly nod assent from time to time, murmuring, "C'était bien fait," or "C'est bien vrai," and then, when his turn came, capping the story of the first man, who was in honour bound to be equally credulous and polite.

Living life under the conditions he does, it is not wonderful that the habitant should be superstitious. He inhabits a supernatural world, a world teeming with goblins, sprites, and animals whose gift of speech betrays the lost soul accursed. He sees evil spirits in the vagrant stranger. He would gladly undergo any physical torment rather than

cross a graveyard at night. His love of nocturnal gatherings is partly based on his dread of the night when the *Loup-garou* and magic are abroad.

The legends of the Province are forever on the lips of the habitants. They are old—older often than the Province itself; their roots go back to France of the Middle Ages, sometimes to old Gaul. There are the many *chasse-galerie* tales, akin to the legends of the traditional Black Huntsman, a fantastic courser who rode nightly through the air, with wild clamour and desperate speed. Here in Quebec for the mystic courser a boat was substituted—the *Chasse-galerie*—which went flying through the air and achieving marvellous adventures. “It was something like a canoe,” explained a *conteur* to the poet Frechette, “which travelled rapidly as an arrow, at about five hundred feet above the earth, manned by a dozen reprobates in red shirts, paddling like damnation, with Satan standing in the stern. We could even hear them sing in chorus, with all sorts of devilish voices, ‘V’là l’bon vent! V’là l’joli vent?’”¹

“But I know on de way canoe she go, dat de crowd mus’ be dead man,
Was come from the Grande Rivière du Nord, come from Saskatchewan.
Come too from all de place is lie on de Hodson Bay Contree.
An’ de t’ing I was see me dat New Year night is le phantome Chasse
Gal’rie.”²

As for the *Loup-garou*, it is our old German friend *Webrwolf*, with local peculiarities. Here the *Loup-garou* is no wizard, but a human sinner who had neglected his religious duties. Not to partake of Communion at Easter

¹ *Christmas in French Canada.*

² *The Habitant.*—W. H. Drummond.

for seven years is to run the risk of falling into Satan's clutches and being condemned to wander about nightly in the guise of a wolf. The victim's release comes only when he has received a bloody wound.

Ah, believe me, it is a great moral agency, a powerful deterrent, this terrible *Loup-garou* in Quebec !

CHAPTER V

ST. ANNE AND THE LAURENTIANS

“ These mountains reign alone, they do not share
The transitory life of woods and streams ;
Wrapt in the deep solemnity of dreams,
They drain the sunshine of the upper air.

“ Beneath their peaks, the huge clouds here and there
Take counsel of the wind, which all night screams
Through grey, burnt forests where the moonlight beams,
On hidden lakes, and rocks worn smooth and bare.”

F. G. SCOTT, *The Laurentians*.

ONE has to rub one's eyes to make sure that one is really in the New World—at St. Anne de Beaupré. The village may seem new and garish, but something of this is due to the clarity of the Canadian atmosphere. It is old—but it bears little outer evidence of age. Perhaps the people do not appreciate as they should the inimitable grace of Time's hallowing touch. I have seen them so often lending cosmetic embellishment to chapels, altars, figures, and wayside calvaries, which were so much more admirable without these gaudy applications—were, indeed, growing to have a special dignity of their own.

The legend of the place is connected with a far older mother-legend. When St. Anne, the mother of the Virgin Mary, died she was buried in Jerusalem. Then, after centuries, came the terrible Paynims to trouble her repose.

Her tomb was desecrated, and her coffin only escaped destruction because it resisted all the efforts of the infidels to open or destroy it. So they threw it into the sea and it floated away on the waves of the Mediterranean to France, where it became buried in the sands. Long afterwards the coffin was revealed to some fishermen of the town of Apt, while they were struggling with a monster fish. To good Bishop Aurelius straightway they carried it, and the bishop recognised within the body of the mother of the Holy Virgin. Apparently he removed one sacred finger-bone, for one is shown to-day in this Canadian basilica. The coffin was walled into a crypt and St. Anne became thenceforward the patron saint of Brittany. At Auray, soon thereafter, where a shrine had been dedicated to her, miracles began to be performed and thousands of devotees flocked thither.

Now, in the early days of New France some Breton sailors had so rough a voyage across the Atlantic that they would undoubtedly have perished had they not vowed a shrine to St. Anne on the shores of the St. Lawrence. They kept their promise, and close to where they landed, on the Côte de Beaupré, they reared a rude chapel of wood. After a time ice and floods caused a subsidence of the site, and the frail structure was wrecked. So in 1657 another building was begun, Governor d'Argenson laying the first stone. The pious habitants laboured away on the sacred edifice, taking turns at the work of building. When it came the turn of one Louis Guimont, so racked with rheumatism was he that he could hardly place his first three stones in position. But lo, as he did so, his aches and



INTERIOR OF BASILICA (ST. ANNE)



THE BASILICA

pains miraculously left him, and with joy in his heart he attacked the rest of his task with vigour and agility. That was La Bonne Ste. Anne's first miracle—the first of a long line of miracles which have made St. Anne de Beaupré the most famous shrine in the New World. It is to French-Canadians what Jerusalem is to the Jews, Mecca to the Mohammedans and Lourdes to the French. The remote little hamlet one morning awoke and found itself famous. The news had spread to the furthestmost corners of New France, and pilgrims began to search out the altar, whereunto they might offer their supplications and unburden themselves of their bodily ills. Amongst the earliest who came were converted Micmacs, who used often to be seen about St. Anne's Day paddling their canoes up-river to the shrine, where they erected birch-bark lodges to shelter them during their sojourn. As St. Anne made a particular appeal to sailors it was long the custom for ships to discharge a salute as they passed the church when ascending the river.

It is estimated that nearly a quarter of a million pilgrims visit St. Anne each year. For a long time the journey was not compassed without difficulty; but since the railway was built there are special cars and excursions for pilgrims, and St. Anne's Day (July 26th) presents a scene of extraordinary vivacity and spiritual emotion.

After more than two centuries the need for a new and larger church became pressing, and the existing large and handsome one was built and subsequently created a Basilica by Pope Leo XIII.

The old church, enfeebled by age, was prudently taken

down in 1878 and the materials re-erected on the same site. The interior is very roughly finished, all the finer woodwork images and relics being removed, but on either side of the altar stand two interesting images of St. Mary Magdalene and St. Anne, said to be of the period of Louis XIV.

When you enter the Basilica you are confronted by lofty pillars, hidden by the crutches of the lame and the halt, who, thanks to the intercession of La Bonne Ste. Anne, need them no longer. Hither come the blind to see and the deaf to hear—just as at Lourdes. There is something so intense in the atmosphere of this place that, for the moment at least, scepticism is paralysed.

There was one case on the wall which impressed me, and would hardly fail to give pause to the author of *My Lady Nicotine*. It contained tobacco pipes, of meerschaum, of briar, and of clay. It would seem that votaries of the weed, beset by remorse after vain endeavours to wean themselves from the smoking habit, had come at last to the shrine of St. Anne and been miraculously cured of their craving. I even noticed a snuff-box or two, but no cigars. And the pipes were nearly all new. Could it be that a few had belonged to neophytes to whom tobacco was not yet endeared, who had wooed Lady Nicotine vainly, and seized this handsome opportunity to make a virtue of necessity?

St. Anne is no place for reflections so unworthy? I could not help wondering, however, if no *chiqueur* had repented and deposited either his teeth or his Barmecide feast, or both, as proof of his conversion from so offensive a practice. But I saw nothing to support the theory.



ST. ANNE (THE SCALA SANCTA)



THE HOLY STAIRWAY (ST. ANNE)

Adjoining the Basilica are further chapels, and those strange marts or bazaars which remind one so forcibly of the Middle Ages—of the time when the trade in relics and mementoes was pushed right up to the holy altar and made a week-day Babel of the middle of St. Paul's. Here a crowd of salesmen and women did a roaring trade in rosaries, crucifixes, prayer-books, and picture postcards—all of which should yield a large revenue, and, may I be forgiven for adding, I hope are of Canadian manufacture.

But these booths are not amongst the important adjuncts of the Basilica. With the increase of the pilgrims other attractions must be provided, and so, a little further on, against a hillside, we have the Scala Sancta or Holy Stairs, a chapel erected in 1893, to which one must ascend on his or her knees. The stairs are a wooden facsimile of the celebrated twenty-eight steps of white marble in the Vatican, brought by the Pope in the fourth century from Jerusalem, where they are said to have led to the Pretorium, where Jesus was judged by Pilate. Each step encloses a relic of the Holy Land, and upon each stair the ascending pilgrim pauses to pray or meditate on the Passion of our Lord. At the top there is a staircase by which descent may be made on foot. At the time of my last visit the staircase was closely packed, chiefly by women, who never failed to kiss each stair in their progress, often wiping it first with a pocket-handkerchief. Close at hand, by the roadside, is a stone grotto containing an image of St. Anne and a spring of clear water, from which pilgrims were busily filling bottles of various sorts and sizes.

My interest in St. Anne de Beaupré had long been

aroused for another reason, and when I had left the churches I bent my steps towards another shrine, the cottage where once lived Dalbec—Dalbec the great, Dalbec the inimitable, Dalbec the magnificent. Alas, even as I write, I fear that the fame of this truly great man has not crossed the Atlantic—or if it has, it is but as a whisper, and not the piercing, clarion-tongued blast with which a Mulberry Sellers or a Leatherstocking is proclaimed. Dalbec was a hunter as well as a *conteur*, and his prowess was illustrious in both arts. He was Thomas the Rhymer and Walter Scott and Rudyard Kipling and Theodore Roosevelt, and his stories, told to gaping crowds of habitants round the fire on Sundays after vespers, were vivid and stupendous, and well-nigh interminable. There have been many *conteurs* in Quebec Province, but only one Dalbec. Once they pitted him against a rival from Three Rivers, to see who could tell the “steepest” tale. The rival put forth his best efforts, and then Dalbec began, and people who were present, including the notary of St. Anne, aver that they will never forget the ghostly spectacle of the discomfited man, his jaw working, his eyeballs protruding, and his whole attitude at once expostulatory and dejected. His gifts were great; but clearly they did not include prudence: he had brought this sorrow upon himself. For who could stand up against Dalbec?

The author of a charming little volume, *Canadian Folk Life and Folk Lore*, has collected several of Dalbec’s stories, which he himself heard narrated by one of Dalbec’s disciples, a well-known *conteur* named Nazaire. Here is one translated from the vernacular:

“Dalbec had been hunting all day and was returning home when he came to a little round lake, on the opposite side of which he saw a fox. Just as he raised his gun to fire, six ducks came sailing from under the bushes nearer to him. He hesitated at which to shoot, and decided to try his chances at both. Placing the barrel of his long gun between two trees, he bent it into a quarter of a circle, fired at the ducks, killed them all, killed the fox also, and the bullet came back and broke the leg of his dog that was standing by him!”

From St. Anne one travels on eastward along the St. Lawrence. Rude wayside *calvaires* are common all through the older parts of the Province; usually wooden crosses eight or ten feet high, sometimes they aim at greater elaborateness of symbol. You are shown the crown of thorns, the hammer and nails, the executioner's ladder, the centurion's spear. Many as they pass kneel before these shrines, few pass without touching their hat, or making the sign of the cross. Occasionally, several of both sexes are found kneeling around these wayside altars in prayer.

On the great plateau of St. Féréol, behind St. Joachim, four or five miles from the St. Lawrence, there is a series of thundering falls, designated the “Seven Falls.” In height 375 feet, this is the greatest waterfall in the Province, and I am told by engineers that from these wonderful cascades formed by the St. Anne River an amount of energy equivalent to 15,000 horse-power could be obtained.

The St. Anne or Grand River, which is a powerful body of water fed by a host of lakes, makes another leap before casting itself definitely into the St. Lawrence River. This

has been given the name of the Great Falls of St. Joachim, as it belongs equally to both parishes, and is as accessible from the side of St. Joachim as from that of Ste. Anne de Beaupré.

The "Great Falls" are distant a couple of miles from the shore of the St. Lawrence, in a fold of the St. Joachim mountain. The torrent is encased in a narrow and steep gorge, whose sides are strewn with steep precipices.

One traveller, M. Ulric Barthe, has with originality and no little truth, called it "one of the most beautiful horrors which nature has revealed to the human eye." The waters on the summit emerge from beneath the bush, spreading in symmetrical sheets along a sort of dam of large round rocks. A few paces from this peaceful outpouring, begins the terrible descent into a rock-bound, inimitable abyss.

After the Isle of Orleans is past, the St. Lawrence takes on the aspect of a mighty marine inlet, with its salt water and breezes seemingly blowing in from the distant Atlantic. Thirty miles from Quebec the lofty Cap Tourmente lifts its two thousand feet upon the north shore. Here the grim Laurentide Mountains shut out any glimpses of the hinterland. After some small islands to the south are past nothing is visible—save a solitary village, St. François Xavier—until a gap in the mountain range reveals Baie St. Paul, into which empty two small rivers, the Moulin and the Gouffre. Hitherto, this town with its three thousand inhabitants—a pleasant watering-place in the summer—has been difficult to reach by road, but the forthcoming railway will change all that.

Nothing is stranger in Quebec Province than the

ignorance and indifference of the inhabitants concerning the natural wonders at their very doors. Even the horde of tourists and summer dwellers who come year after year to the shores of the St. Lawrence, how few of them know anything of this mountainous back country? The Laurentian range is only twenty miles north of the river, and yet not one in a hundred has ever climbed its slopes!

“Those,” writes Mr. W. H. Blake, “who commit themselves to the sea, and adventure so far as Ha Ha Bay, get some glimpse of the range in the Saguenay’s wonderful chasm, but there it is sinking to a lower level. They do not guess that the Murray River descends through a grander and more beautiful gorge on its wild way to the sea. A mere handful of people have thought it worth while to push back from Murray Bay to see the tremendous rock walls of this cañon, the stupendous, unscalable precipices where the Décharge de la Mine d’Argent falls hundreds of feet from the rim like silver poured from a crucible pauses and falls again.”¹

The height of these mountains is enormous. We know that Eboulements and St. Anne, close to the river, are well over 2500 feet high, and it is believed that one peak in the valley of the Gouffre has an altitude of 3200 feet.

In Charlevoix county there is a highway—the only one—called the St. Urbain Road, over the mountains north of Baie St. Paul—and it is 3000 feet above the sea. Bordering it are lofty hills, hills of at least 1500 feet, so that their summits must have a height of 4500 feet above sea-level.

Opposite Baie St. Paul lies the Ile aux Coudres (Hazel

¹ *University Magazine*, February, 1912.

Tree Island), which was thus named by Cartier in 1535. On the island to-day about a thousand habitants, quainter and more old-world than those of the mainland, pursue a livelihood unmarked by episode. For nearly two centuries and a half this Laurentian island has belonged to the Seminary of Quebec, and the Seminary was the landlord when Wolfe occupied it in 1759. Opposite in the foreground, yet a thousand feet above the river, is perched the village of Les Eboulements. For less than a century has it been perched there. An older village lay close to the shore, but the shore grew more and more treacherous, and the villagers finally decided to move. Earthquakes are not unknown hereabouts, and legends of the terrible landslide of 1663, and the accompanying seismic upheavals, are still related to the traveller. Moreover, the habitant will sometimes point out into the encroaching river and tell you that he or his father has seen below at low tide vestiges of a buried town and church—a legend current on many a European coast. The church now at Les Eboulements is large and imposing. A dozen miles further down-stream is St. Irenée, a village of about a thousand souls, many of them fishermen, who hunt the white whale, which are so often mistaken for porpoises, sturgeon, and halibut.

A few miles further on and the steamer lands us at Pointe à Pic, the disembarking place for Murray Bay, the chief watering-place on the north shore. It lies in a great semicircular inlet, and at the head of a broad valley, this town to which, and the surrounding seigniory, a Canadian scholar has recently given an absorbing interest.¹

¹ G. M. Wrong, *A Canadian Manor and its Seigniory*.

“When the tide is out,” he says, “the bay is only a great stretch of brown sand, with many scattered boulders and gleaming silver pools of water. Looking down upon it one sees a small river winding across the waste of sand and rocks. It has risen in the far upland, three thousand feet above this level, and has made an arduous downward way, now by narrow gorges, more rarely across open spaces, where it crawls lazily in the summer sunlight : *les eaux mortes*, the French-Canadians call such stretches. It bursts at length through its last barrier of mountains, a stream forty or fifty yards wide, and flows noisily for some ten miles, in successive rapids, down this valley, here at last to mingle its brown waters with the ice-cold, steel-tinted St. Lawrence.”

At high tide the bay becomes a shallow arm of the river. Murray Bay or, as the French call it, Malbaie, has a long and eventful history, but its fortunes are chiefly connected, not with the seventeenth-century soldier of fortune, the *Sieur de Comporte*, to whom it was granted in 1664, but with a Scottish soldier who came out with Wolfe, who, and his descendants, held Murray Bay for a century.

Early in the eighteenth century the Government set aside a vast tract here, reaching from the Mingan Seigniory, opposite Anticosti Island, westward to Les Eboulements, and northward to Hudsons Bay. Throughout this country were a number of trading-posts—King’s posts. Of these were Tadoussac, Malbaie, Chicoutimi, Lake St. John, and Mistassini. The early Intendants formed the greatest expectations with regard to the vast tract in which these

posts were situated, even believing that the profit from trade and agriculture would assist substantially in the cost of the government of New France.

In 1750 a Jesuit priest, Father Coquart, was ordered to inspect these posts. Of the district around Malbaie he reported that it was the finest in the world—that the farm at Malbaie boasted good soil and capital facilities for cattle-rearing. In that year its products consisted of “four or six oxen, 25 sheep, two or three cows, 1200 pounds of pork, 1400 or 1500 pounds of butter, one barrel of lard,” although only a little land had been cleared, and enough wheat merely to supply the needs of the farmer and his men.

In 1759, Wolfe, after commanding the habitants to remain neutral and seeing his orders disobeyed, ravaged Malbaie, together with all the other villages on the north shore, and left them in ruins. Amongst the conquering force was the Scottish regiment known as Fraser's Highlanders, commanded by Simon Fraser, son of the ill-fated Lord Lovat, and in this regiment were Captain John Nairne and Lieutenant Malcolm Fraser, two youthful officers, who both took part in the battle of Quebec. Subsequently, General Murray, the first Governor of Canada, granted this pair of comrades the Seigniories of Murray Bay (Malbaie) and another on the south side of the St. Lawrence (Mount Murray), now known as Fraserville, on the *Rivière du Loup*. In their application for the grants, they remarked that there was an over-abundance of mountains and morasses, with good land scattered here and there. Both seigniories, however, were to extend for three leagues

into the interior, to be, save for two or three thousand acres, freehold, to be held under seigniorial tenure.

“ This, if His Excellency is pleased to grant, will make the proposers extremely happy, and they shall ever retain the most grateful remembrance of his bounty ; and they hope His Excellency will be pleased in the grant to allow them to give the lands to be granted such a name as may perpetuate their sense of his great kindness to them.” Thus these two young Scottish soldiers of fortune became seigneurs. Nairne took part in the war which repelled the American invaders in 1775–81, and died a colonel in 1802. He was buried in Mount Hermon Cemetery, near Quebec.

Though 'gainst the Foe a dauntless Front he reared,
Ne'er from his lips was aught assuming heard ;
Modest, though brave : though firm in manners mild,
Strong in resolve, though guileless as a child.¹

His son Thomas, the second seigneur, was slain in battle in the war of 1812. His sister, and then her son John, who assumed the name of Nairne, succeeded to the seignior of Murray Bay. It was this Nairne who built the present manor-house in 1845—a large dwelling of stone covered with wood. He died childless in 1861, and his wife followed him in 1884, bequeathing the property to a friend.

As for Malcolm Fraser, he died on the very eve of the battle of Waterloo, and his son, who had become a Roman Catholic, succeeded. In 1902 old Fraser's grandson sold the Murray Bay property, Mount Murray, to Mr. George T. Bonner, the present seigneur, a Canadian-born resident

¹ Draft inscription intended for his tomb, now at Murray Bay manor-house.

of New York. Long before he died, however, Malcolm Fraser's chief interests were centred on his seignior at Rivière du Loup, where his descendant Mr. Malcolm Murray, a French-speaking Roman Catholic, is at once seigneur and mayor of the important seignior and town of Fraserville.

In the last chapter I told something of the old feudal laws. According to one of them, the *droit de banalité*, the *censitaire* was obliged to use the seigneur's wine-press, his oven, and his mill. The first-named did not in Canada trouble the habitant much, although I have heard of an early seigneur insisting on the grapes and elderberries for home vintage being brought to him, and of another who claimed that cider-making was the country equivalent. As to the oven, many and very amusing were the attempts to make the long-suffering habitant bring his dough to the seigneur's oven, "as in France." Stories are told of a faithful *censitaire* travelling ten miles in mid-winter with a pannier of dough, which, arriving at his destination, was found to be frozen as hard as a rock. But this absurdity was not persisted in, and very soon every habitant, however humble, had his oven near his dwelling, occasionally on the opposite side of the road and under its owner's eye, and there they remain to this day. I have seen ovens a couple of centuries old—ovens with histories, patched and weather-beaten, and at least one that was formerly the seigneur's very own.

The seigneur's mill was a different matter. At first it was something more than a seigniorial right, this mill, it was a duty. The law forced every seigneur to build a mill, whether it paid or not, and to it the habitant must bring his

grist. Here was a definite hardship to the habitant, if not for his lord (for after a time the mill became profitable). The mill might be a small one, a bad one, and miles distant ; a better mill might stand near the habitant's own farm. No matter—the *banal* rights were enforced. More than that, many seigneurs claimed the rights to all mills—saw-mills, carding mills, and factories generally. If the habitant had on his land a good water-mill site the seigneur had legal power to appropriate it without compensation to the extent of six arpents. Then, too, he might freely cut timber on the habitant's land to erect a church, a *presbytère*, or a manor-house, as well as a mill. He enjoyed the mineral rights, the eleventh fish caught in the rivers, and the right of opening roads and creating ferries. The habitant could not even trade without the seigneur's consent. Consequently he was kept in a perpetual state of feebleness and dependence. "He can never escape from the tie that forever binds to the soil him and his progeny : a cultivator he is born, a mere cultivator he is doomed to die." ¹

In this there is, of course, some exaggeration. At least he was never doomed to die, literally, by the seigneur, although the latter did claim to be able to inflict even the death penalty. He could certainly command the habitant's labour by levying a *corvée* for road-making, or public improvements, or even for building the manor-house. But never more than six days in the year were demanded, and it was, perhaps, not really the hardship it seems.

Some of the seigneurs were scarcely richer than the

¹ Report of the Commission of Enquiry, 1843.

habitants, and were themselves obliged to do manual labour. But in such case neither party forgot that the seigneur was still seigneur. He expected deference and he received it. He had the right to a special pew in church, and took precedence of all others in the offices of Communion. As for the wealthy seigneurs, they were very great men indeed. Professor Wrong relates that upon one occasion he asked an aged Quebecquois about the seigneur of his youth. "Monsieur," replied the other with awe at the recollection, "il était le roi—l'empereur du village!"

But the seigneurs themselves were subordinate and in turn had to do humble homage to the royal governors. On calling at the vice-regal residence, and being admitted, the seigneur "with head uncovered, and to symbolise his humble obedience wearing neither sword nor spur, fell on his knees and declared that he performed faith and homage for the seigniory to which on his father's death he had become the heir. He then took an oath on the gospels to be faithful to the King, and to be no party to anything against his interests; to hold his own vassals to the same obedience; and to perform all other duties required by the terms of his holding."

Here is a striking picture to refer to this continent and to a period not farther back than the memory of at least one man now living in Quebec Province!

CHAPTER VI

THE CHURCH

“Enfin, Monsieur le Curé, le plus haut personnage du village et sa véritable originalité . . . comme un capitaine à son bord.”

ALPHONSE DAUDET, *En Province*.

THERE was a time, just after the Conquest, when the habitant dreaded clerical domination and hoped in his heart that the Quebec Act, which restored the tithe, would not pass; but that time is no longer, save for the errant, the higher-placed, the sophisticated few.

The Church—it cannot be repeated too often—is the ruling factor in the life of this people. The priest, or the shadow of the priest, is always by the habitant's side.

The Catholic Church in Quebec is really a State Church.¹

¹ Since 1909 the Roman Catholic Church in Canada has ceased to depend upon the sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, and is now directly under the Holy See. The Ecclesiastical Province of Quebec embraces the dioceses of Three Rivers, Nicolet, Chicoutimi and Rimouski, besides the Apostolic Vicariate of the Gulf. To the archdiocese of Montreal are attached the dioceses of St. Hyacinth, Sherbrooke, Valleyfield and Joliette. The diocese of Pembroke and the Apostolic Vicariate of Temiscaming are included in the Ecclesiastical Province of Ottawa. In the Province there are to-day three thousand priests, 730 parishes, and a million and a half communicants. That is to say, there is one priest to every five hundred worshippers. The wealth of the Church has been estimated at not less than two hundred million dollars.

It is a religion established by law. The Quebec Act passed by the Imperial Parliament in 1774 ceded to the Catholic clergy the right to collect and disburse the revenues formerly enjoyed by them before the Conquest, on the understanding that such revenues were to be exacted only from professed Catholics. Thus a professed Protestant is immune, or any who comes forward and explicitly declares that he is a Jew, a Mohammedan, or a Free-thinker. A Catholic who thus cuts himself off from communion with the Church of his fathers is naturally exposed to much unpleasantness and even ostracism. Consequently not one in ten thousand dreams of becoming an apostate in order to save the payment of tithes. These tithes to-day amount in the rural districts to the twenty-sixth peck of corn from their crop, the payment of which the clergy have the power to enforce by law. In the towns the assessment takes the form of a poll tax, which is rarely or never challenged, inasmuch as the courts have upheld its obligatory character.

That is the broad and general Church tax. Then there is the special and local taxation for church-building purposes. Is it decided by the *fabrique* or vestry-board of a parish to erect a new church? Then the Bishop, supported by the *fabrique*, levies a special tax upon all the parishioners, which all Catholics must pay under threats of legal pains and penalties. The born Catholic may be unorthodox, he may be an abstainer from church attendance, but he must pay and—he pays!

Nor are there, for the gift of this power, any corresponding duties or responsibilities on the part of the Catholic

hierarchy. It pays no taxes : it is outside the civil power. In the creation of new dioceses, in the allotment of ecclesiastical appointments, it need consult neither Ottawa nor Quebec. The freedom of the Church from the State is absolute. "The very conception of a civil State," remarks M. Siegfried, "does not seem indeed to have ever taken root in Canadian France. One has no difficulty in seeing that it never went through 1789." The clergy are not even prevented from intervening in political matters, and in consequence the priests have long been accustomed to tackle the burning questions of the day in the pulpit. The bishops issue pastoral letters or joint manifestoes, and on occasion they have even gone the length of refusing the sacrament to those who differed from their policy or from their choice of a candidate. But in such cases the law has sometimes stepped in and annulled the election. They control the schools and appoint the teachers ; marriage as an institution is in their hands. They baptise and they bury in their own churchyards. A Catholic who has died without the final sacraments is refused burial ; his family must beg a grave for him in a Protestant or Jewish cemetery. They are the censors of morals and of literature and the arts in the interests of morals. The individual may protest, Ottawa may fret and fulminate, but Rome and the ecclesiastic system carry the day.

The model upon which the parishes are formed is the old French parish. Each is administered by a *curé* and a vestry-board, composed of acting and honorary churchwardens. These boards are renewed by co-operation, but it is the bishop's, i.e. the *curé's*, nominee who usually is elected.

Quebec is divided into eleven dioceses, whose bishops are appointed by the Pope, who makes a selection from a list of three names submitted to him by the actual bishops collectively. These names are inscribed in order of merit (*dignus, dignior, dignissimus*), and it is rarely that the *dignissimus* is not chosen. These bishops, who are, as may be imagined from the mode of their selection, extremely able men, the ablest in the community, have the appointing of the *curés*. It is not wonderful that the Church should gather in so much of the ability of French Canada—the wonder is that its net leaves any outside. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, with his pre-eminently ecclesiastical habit of mind, would certainly have risen to a cardinalate. On the other hand, Mgr Paul Eugene Roy would indubitably be in the running for the Prime Ministry.

The strength of the Church is the strength of unanimity. There is no pulling this way and that in matters of doctrine and discipline as in Protestant denominations. And even in the case of finance, which is such a thorn in the flesh of other religious bodies, how simply it is managed here! Simply—yet not by constraint—not without consulting and gaining the consent of the people. Is a new edifice, church, or *presbytère* suggested? Then a majority of the ratepayers are required to approach the bishop. Whereupon the diocesan commission issue a public notice giving an opportunity for any objectors to come forward and state their objections. The ratepayers afterwards meet and vote the funds, and trustees are chosen to gather in the money and carry out the work. The assessment, which is a first charge on the land, is divided into equal instalments,

usually twelve, the payments being spread over a term of years. There is never a deficit, for the trustees take care to leave a substantial margin—15 per cent over the estimate. When money for some reason is not forthcoming the property is mortgaged, and the work goes on to completion without delay. Then comes the auditing of accounts and the sworn statements before a notary of their accuracy.

The Church organisation throughout Quebec is as perfect as the wit of thousands of devoted men, having no other object than its interests, can make it. Not even Spain, at the height of the Inquisition, possessed a more vigorous and effective mechanism. Well might each *curé* say, but not in the derisive spirit of Terence's creation, "*Humani nihil a me alienum puto*"—for no detail of his parishioner's life escapes his surveillance. Yet, because of the docility of the flock, such surveillance is not irksome. The bishop of each diocese does not hold the reins loosely. With him rests the power of appointment of every priest in the diocese. It is he who censures or censors the recalcitrant—whether it be journalist or politician. It is he who permits a theatre or picture-show to remain open or a certain play to be performed. He determines whether dancing is to be permitted or prohibited. He adjusts the tariff for masses in his diocese. At regular periods—at least once in three years—he visits each parish in his diocese. The occasion of these episcopal visits is attended with much ceremony. Wayside shrines are erected or house fronts are endowed with gaudy chapels. The village is alive with banners and bunting, amongst which the Union Jack, the French

tricolor, the Papal flag and the new *pavillon du Sacré-Cœur* may be noted fluttering equally and impartially.

But were it otherwise and an excess of *tricolors* or Papal flags be manifest, it is not necessary to argue sinister predilections on the part of the devotees. Nine times out of ten—nay, ninety-nine times in a hundred—they have no ulterior significance. They are simply decorative and have been ordered from a Quebec or Montreal dealer by the gross. There is one ecclesiastical emporium in the capital where you enter and demand an assortment of flags, and when you count over your purchase you find the shopman has bestowed upon you an equal number of Canadian flags (red ensigns), tricolors, yellow Papal flags, and mystic *Sacré-Cœurs*. Until the traveller understands this wonderful indifference to emblems, which in other lands are exhibited either singly or with cosmopolitan effusion, he will perhaps be as nervous over these tricolors as he would be over an array of Union Jacks in the City of Denver, the Stars and Stripes in Madrid, or the Papal emblem flying over the Elysée. If ever there remains a spot on the earth's surface where the flag of the Papacy can be appropriately and inoffensively flown, that spot is Quebec.

If the exact origin of the *Sacré-Cœur* device be “wropt in myst'ry,” its meaning and object are transparent enough. It is meant as the emblem of the Church in Canada, and the hierarchy naturally encourages its display whenever the occasion warrants. As to the tricolor, I think I have already made its significance clear.

“It is incontestable,” remarks a French observer, “that the French-Canadians love France. For them France is still

and in spite of everything, *la patrie*; it is the old country whence came their forefathers, and whose creed and speech and habits they still retain: it is the nation under whose standard those forefathers fought on many a battlefield, and which for all the divergence in their destinies continues to be to them a beloved and sacred memory. There is not one of them who does not cherish deep down in his heart this passionate fidelity to the old love for France."

"Separated though we have been from France," Sir Wilfrid Laurier told a Paris audience in 1897, "we have ever followed her career with passionate interest, taking our part in her glories and her triumphs, in her rejoicings and in her sorrowings—in her sorrowings most of all. Alas, we never knew, perhaps, how dear she was to us until the day of her misfortune. On that day, if you suffered, we suffered not less than you."

The French-Canadians have always cherished this sentimental, this purely platonic, affection for France, and they cherish it to-day. But it need not be misunderstood.

"Far be it from me," declared M. Bourassa, "to attempt to stifle the voice of the blood in my compatriots. Our love for France is legitimate and natural. It may continue to be, and should continue to be, deep and enduring, but it must remain platonic. *Let us be French as the Americans are English.*"

Of course, the hierarchy realises that there is a certain danger in bringing about too close a *rapprochement* between Canada and France, that the France the Quebecois love is the France of Joan of Arc, of Henry IV, and

of Louis XIV, and not the Republican France of MM. Combes, Waldeck-Rousseau, and Delcassé. But France is not best typified by her latter-day politicians or her latter-day policy. She is still a strongly religious country in spite of Paris and appearances to the contrary. There are signs, too, lately of a widespread sympathy in France with its ancient colony, which has here and there taken a very practical form.

Yet it cannot be denied that the competition of French Jesuits, Dominicans, Sulpicians, Trappists, Christian Brothers, and other religious orders is beginning to be seriously felt. Thousands of monks and nuns have left France as a result of the anti-clerical laws and taken up their abode in Canada. The Jesuit community, which ceased to exist in Canada towards the end of the eighteenth century, returned about 1880, and the Québec Legislature granted them, as I have already said, a large indemnity for the former confiscation of their Provincial property. These religious Orders before they can settle in Quebec must obtain a special Act from the Legislature, and must submit to the jurisdiction of the bishop of the diocese in which they are to reside. Little exception is taken to their activity when it is charitable and educational; although when they avail themselves of their freedom from taxation to set up printing establishments or market-gardens or laundries, and so come into competition with the commercial classes, is heard some murmuring. When rival chapels are built by them which offer greater attractions than the parish church, the Provincial hierarchy is apt to grow restless. Although the Church in France is still to-day as

she was three centuries ago, bent on proselytising, the priests she has latterly been sending out to Canada have by no means been accorded the welcome they expected. In fact, there is a decided coolness between the imported Dominicans and similar Catholic bodies and the native hierarchy.¹ In *La Revue du Clergé Français* a French priest, Père Giquello, of Tours, describes his experiences in Canada.

“In the Canadian dioceses,” he observes, “there is no room for priests from France. The Canadian clergy have adopted the Monroe Doctrine, and their motto is ‘Canada for the Canadians.’ Even when there is not a full complement of seminarists for a diocese, French priests will find themselves ruled out on principle. Try for yourself. Present yourself to one of these Canadian bishops, to whom we give so cordial a welcome here in France. You will be very well received; he will say all kinds of nice things to you. Encouraged by his sympathetic and benevolent demeanour you will offer him your zealous services; you will tell him of your ardent wish to undertake the duties of a priest; you will even put before him your qualifications and any talents you may possess. Now will come the change! The episcopal countenance, a moment ago so radiant, is clouded over. The eyebrows are drawn together, a hard line is visible at the corners of the lips, you receive a downright refusal and are discourteously bidden good day. I guarantee that eight times out of ten the interview will take this course.”

Perhaps it may be urged that the Roman Catholic

¹ André Siegfried, *Canada : Les Deux Races*.

hierarchy is in possession of more power than is accorded to the Church in any modern State. But this is not necessarily an evil in itself. Much depends upon the character of those to whom is entrusted this power, whether the results be advantageous or not to the people. Quebec can certainly boast as intelligent, industrious, honourable a priesthood as can be found anywhere in the world. The reproaches cast upon the priests of other lands, of hypocrisy, sensuality, and profligacy, have no meaning here. At the same time, it is possible to think that the hierarchy makes a mistake in keeping too tight a rein upon the faithful, in seeking to regulate a little too intimately the secular affairs of its communicants, in believing that it can retard the moral, social, and intellectual tendencies of the age in which we live. Amongst their mistakes I have already suggested that of over-estimating the value of the French language as a safeguard of their faith, of over-estimating the danger of a thorough knowledge of English speech and contact with English, Irish, and Scotch communicants. I think that, upon reflection, they will see that it is doing a grievous injustice to their 600,000 fellow-Catholics in Canada and the millions of fellow-Catholics in America. I cannot believe that they would wish the millions of devout and cultured Catholics of Great Britain and Europe generally to believe that the French language is really the safeguard of the faith. The Church Universal stands, one is taught to think, within a much surer citadel than that, and has other champions as zealous as the one country where it is banned by the State and from which the ministers of religion have been banished by thousands. As long as the



PORTNEUF



A BEAUPRÉ GARDEN SHRINE

Church in Quebec or the Papal See pronounces against any intellectual advancement of the people on the grounds that ignorance is the safeguard of the faith, then not only do I join issue with them, but to-day the finest and most cultured spirits in Quebec would join issue with them. Happily there is now manifesting itself a different spirit within the bosom of the hierarchy.

To return to our episcopal visitor whom we have left on the point of arriving in the village. The roads through which he is to make his entry have been miraculously turned into avenues of small trees by the simple process of felling evergreen saplings, sharpening their base, and driving them into the edges of the side-walk. A cavalcade is formed, religious or quasi-religious *sociétaires* turn out in their uniforms, and the bishop is escorted into the village to the music of a brass band, or at least of a trumpeter and a drummer or two. The bishop is in full canonicals, with his chaplain and domestic officers, and all move in stately fashion to the church, the people kneeling on the pavement as the procession passes. Here Monseigneur gives his benediction and holds Communion. During his stay he makes a tour of inspection, lasting several days; the church and its furniture, the *presbytère*, the school, the cemetery. Nothing escapes: he even scrutinises the registers and the accounts, and he listens to all complaints and grievances with an impartial ear. When he departs, he is often conscious of having poured oil on troubled waters, and so passes on to the centre of the next parish, rarely more than three leagues away. The rule is to build the churches near enough that no atten-

dant at mass may travel more than a league and a half, which, let me add, at certain seasons is sufficiently long.

To many it would seem that the Province of Quebec is almost, if not quite, a theocracy. Long has the civil power ardently striven to enter into the lives and endeavours of the citizens as the Church enters—to govern and not merely to supplement the rule of the hierarchy. If its efforts were not rewarded by success, it was in a large measure due to the political influence wielded by the Church. Men—even able men—held office only by favour of the Church and on the distinct understanding that a forward policy would not be tolerated—that certain views must not be expressed on pain of incurring the Church's displeasure. A candidate disapproved by the hierarchy was certain to be defeated at the polls. Nay, more, in the language of an episcopal circular, "The priest and the bishop have the right and the duty to speak not only to the electors and to the candidates, but also to the constituted authorities." This may be taken to signify that before any civil measure could be announced the Archbishop and the Prime Minister were closeted together in order that the former might express his views, and, if necessary, refuse his sanction. For the Church, not merely the Church in Quebec, but Rome itself, "claims the right of restricting freedom of every kind—of worship, of speech, of the Press, of education, and even of conscience." Consequently this theory and practice of political intervention was a powerful instrument in the hands of the Church. "It is impossible to deny that politics and religion are closely

allied and that the separation of Church and State is an absurd and impious doctrine." Again, according to Monseigneur Langevin, "Those who do not obey the hierarchy are no longer Catholics. When the hierarchy has spoken it is useless for a Catholic to attempt to resist, for if he does so he ceases to be a Catholic."

But within the past few years a momentous change has been operating in public opinion and in the relations between Church and State. The Church, realising the necessity for prudence, is allowing the political weapon to stand idle by its side. The clerical opposition to Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1896 over the question of separate schools in Manitoba, which ended in failure, marked the beginning of the change. The habitant, for the first time in his history, listened to the violent anathemas of the priests, and then calmly went to the polls and voted Liberal. He did this for the most part without any weakening in his respect for and devotion to the Church. It was merely the attitude of a loyal son who feels that the maternal dicta in matters of commerce or politics are naturally outside her sphere. But it was a serious rebuff to the Church, and the Holy See let it be known that in its opinion the Quebec hierarchy had not been entirely discreet. Since then Quebec has been more Liberal than ever, and little by little the State, guided by a strong, enlightened leader, has been feeling its way towards a vigorous and independent policy.

Although the weapon of clerical intervention has been inactive since 1896 it still, as has been said, stands by the priest's side, and it may, should the issue justify it,

be used again. Caution is therefore requisite. Take the great question of education. The Church has always claimed the schools for its own, and has vigorously resisted any encroachment upon what it regards as its province. Thus, in Quebec, the Government would like to see the education system of the Province in the hands of a Minister of Public Instruction, with a seat in the Cabinet, instead of, as at present, controlled by a denominational body known as the Council of Education, which is in turn dominated by the Episcopate. Let us see how the present system works. There is a Department of Public Instruction, presided over by a permanent official called the Superintendent. But the hands of this official are tied by an outside Council of Education, whose president *ex officio* he is, which Council is composed of two committees; the first of Catholic prelates and laymen, the second of Protestant laymen. These two committees function separately, deciding on all questions relating to organisation and discipline, allot the Government subsidies, nominate inspectors and select the school books. What each committee agrees to do is done by the Superintendent (for the Catholics) and the assistant-superintendent (for the Protestants), who thus become merely the instruments and subordinates of an ecclesiastical and denominational body, having no direct connection with Government. The Government, therefore, merely co-operates with the Church and abdicates in order to maintain a religious *modus vivendi*, one of the most important functions of the State.

But this is not the only or the chief evil. Education—primary education—cannot possibly be made effective

under such a system. There is no certain method of compulsion. The Province is divided into so many "scholastic municipalities." In each of these sections the heads of families belonging to the religion professed by the majority of the inhabitants elect a "scholastic committee" to serve three years with power to levy dues, build school-houses, and nominate teachers. If the minority are sufficiently numerous, and choose to do so, they may act similarly, and also demand a share of the Government subvention. Thereafter these denominational schools are not subject to any control from the capital, and some by foregoing any subvention refuse even to submit to any sort of supervision from even the Council. Now these scholastic committees are not composed of highly educated men; as a matter of fact, they are chiefly well-meaning *habitants* indirectly nominated by the *curé*. Consequently the teachers selected are not conspicuous for their intellectual gifts or fitness, and often without diplomas of any sort. The inspectors might protest against this, and occasionally they do, but being themselves appointees of the Council, must exercise discretion—being the representatives of the Church as well as the State. When they counsel the village committees to make sacrifices for education by taxing themselves a little more the latter are up in arms at once. One inspector reported boldly a few years ago :

"These gentlemen do not care a straw for the authorities or for the education laws. They do not hesitate to declare that they have no need of the Government and its laws, and they are going to conduct their educational arrange-

ments just as seems good to them without regard for anybody."

When the term "elementary education" is used, it is said that the priests mean instruction in the doctrine, ritual, and liturgy of the Church of Rome. "If to this has been added reading, writing, and arithmetic it has been in deference to agitation. To find the school the priests design their people should have to go to the back parishes, where you see a young girl devoting her time to get her scholars to memorise the catechism and recite the order of prayers. Her salary is a mockery. Sometimes as low as 70 dollars, seldom more than 120 dollars; yet, considering her qualifications, her youth, and what she has to teach it is not inadequate."¹

Yet very marked progress in education has been made by the Province of Quebec within the past decade. There are no fewer than 6760 schools of various kinds in the Province, attended by 394,945 pupils.

Seven years ago the Government's annual contribution for educational purposes was 483,460 dollars. For the last fiscal year (1911-12) it was \$1,095,950, an increased grant of \$612,490. New technical schools were opened last year, in both Montreal and Quebec. The School of Higher Commercial Studies, for which there is a vote of \$50,000, has been in operation in Montreal since October, 1910. Over \$100,000 annually is expended on ten normal schools, and the Montreal Polytechnic School receives \$25,000. Then there are grants of \$75,000 for school inspection and \$30,000 to the Teachers'

¹ R. Sellar, *The Tragedy of Quebec*.

Pension Fund. Great as this progress is, due to the enlightened policy of the Gouin Government, a demand has arisen that more shall be done.

Over this demand the Church authorities are said to be hesitating. I do not believe this hesitation will endure. Quebecquois of the type of Bishop Roy, Abbé Gosselin, and Abbé Dubois, while zealous Churchmen, are also good patriots. They and others responsible for the ecclesiastical conduct of the Province are far too sagacious to set their faces against the machinery which will put the people of Quebec on an intellectual equality with the people of the other Provinces. Already the criticisms of M. André Siegfried, with regard to the technical advantages available to the French-speaking Quebecquois as compared with his English-speaking compatriot, are no longer applicable.

Not least of the qualities which have distinguished the Roman Catholic Church through the centuries is a wise prescience as to when its powerful guiding hand is to be tightened or relaxed. Thus, whatever spirit might conceivably be entertained by the Canadian hierarchy, it would be subject to the influence of the Holy See.

Writing some years ago on the grave Quebec problems of the future, M. Siegfried remarked: "The protection of the Church is precious, but the price paid for it is exorbitant. Its influence has made the French-Canadians serious, virtuous, and industrious, as well as prolific. Their domestic qualities are the admiration of all; their health and strength show no signs of diminution. But, on the other hand," he continues, "are not the intellectual bondage in which the Church would keep them, the narrow

authority she exercises, the antiquated doctrines she persists in inculcating, all calculated to hinder the evolution of the race and to handicap it in its rivalry with the Anglo-Saxons long since freed from the outworn shackles of the past ? ”

Such criticism as this, coming not from one, but from many sources, had even then been anticipated. Certainly the past decade has shown a distinct appreciation of the situation by the hierarchy of Quebec. It is not necessary to assume that they have been warned by their ecclesiastical Head of the economical dangers into which they are thrusting their country—dangers threatening its whole future and the future of the French-Canadian race. There are able, enlightened bishops and *curés* who are quick to diagnose the malady and apply the remedy. Out of the bosom of the Church has suddenly, as it were, sprung a whole race of secular teachers, ready to co-operate with a Government which honestly and firmly intends to bring about an economical reform in Quebec. “ Knowledge is power ” ; and to disseminate this knowledge in every branch of science, in every department of human effort, new colleges and schools are being opened up or are being grafted upon the older institutions—schools of chemistry, of mines, of engineering, of technology, of agriculture. From these schools will soon emanate a body of equipped engineers, architects, and chemists not inferior to those of the English-speaking communities.

Up to 1912, with the exception of the Agricultural Schools of La Trappe and of St. Anne, classical or commercial teaching was the only resource of the pupils leaving the

primary schools of Quebec Province. He could turn to no institution which would prepare him for a trade or calling.

“ In visiting certain technical schools in Europe, especially in Belgium,” wrote M. Magnan, the inspector-general of Catholic schools, “ how we have wished for our Province some of these admirable schools, where whole generations of capable artisans are prepared for their careers and taught to mingle good taste, æsthetic sense, and honour in their callings and industries ! ”

This pious wish has been realised. Not the least splendid fruit of the Gouin policy is this imposing building on the outskirts of Quebec City—the Quebec Technical School—where selected pupils, wishing to follow an industrial career, are instructed in the arts of the electrician, the blacksmith, the carpenter and the joiner. It is a boon the Province has too long lacked, and I found it an inspiring sight, these spacious, airy, well-lighted workshops filled with eager-faced youths absorbed in the acquirement of practical knowledge and manual skill. The school is admirably equipped with all the latest appliances and machinery. Here, as elsewhere, in the first year the pupils are not specialised ; they all go successively through the four stages of carpentry, steel-fitting, the forge, and the foundry. The whole course lasts three years. The monthly charges to each pupil are only three dollars the first year, four the second, and five dollars the third ; but there is a system of exemptions from all charges of which the pupil may take advantage. One would like to see all promising pupils wholly exempt ; and perhaps this will yet be found prac-

licable. Meanwhile, the evening classes are free and are largely attended. The principal, M. Macheras, is a French civil engineer of great tact and ability. From it and the sister institution in Montreal much good may be expected. Sir Lomer Gouin did not hesitate to say recently that to establish these technical schools he had "risked the life of his Government," which may seem strange to one not conversant with the situation, but is, nevertheless, literal truth, and the Premier deserves all honour for his courage.

As an arch-type of the French-speaking Quebec professor of the new regime, I would like to mention Abbé Dubois, the principal of the Ecole Normale Jacques Cartier in Montreal. Still under fifty, robust in build, slightly brusque in manner, the impression Abbé Dubois conveys to even a chance interlocutor is that of practical ability and sound sense—a man who knows his own mind and has definite practical aims which he intends to carry out. There must have been hundreds, perhaps thousands, of such men in the Church of Quebec in the past, *hommes forts*—whose only sphere of activity lay in religious discipline and dogma. That has been the worst of the matter—not merely that the Church laid hold of all the master-spirits, but that it set them to tasks disproportionate to their strength and especial talents. This is to be altered. The Church deciding to march forward with the movement, her captains and lieutenants are to teach the people that science for which the Church has done less than was enough for its own glory in the past.

But if the Church has embarked on a more liberal policy with regard to science, it does not intend that any wider

latitude shall be accorded those who are disposed to question its authority or even to press as yet uncongenial reforms. At least, it occasionally stretches out its hand to rebuke or to threaten certain individuals or newspapers—holding them up as examples to admonish the rest. Thus, while I was in Montreal, a pastoral letter was read from the Archbishop in all the churches and public chapels of the archdiocese condemning, in the first place, a monthly review called *La Lumière*, and also warning the editor of *Le Pays*, declaring that if the tone of that paper were not changed and its policy made more in conformity with the traditions of the Church and the Catholic religion, His Grace would also be obliged to forbid the reading of it within the archiepiscopal jurisdiction. *La Lumière* is a monthly publication, which had only issued about three numbers, containing articles of a very anti-Catholic nature.

The editor of *Le Pays* is Mr. Godfroy Langlois, member of the Assembly for St. Louis. While very cautious in matters of Church teaching, Mr. Langlois boldly championed a more progressive primary educational policy for the French-Canadian people. It was stated that certain parish priests had called the attention of the Archbishop to the doctrines which were being taught every week in matters of education by *Le Pays* and its chief editor in the columns of his newspaper, and which Mr. Langlois had also put forward in the Legislature. The editor declared he had nothing to retract; but I seemed to observe in the two succeeding numbers of this otherwise excellent paper a shade less aggressiveness and a timely temperance of zeal.

But *Le Pays* is published in Montreal and we have not yet arrived at Canada's commercial metropolis.

Above the town of Lévis on the southern side of the St. Lawrence are three costly but ungarrisoned forts, upon which the British Government spent several million dollars. From these heights Wolfe bombarded Quebec in 1759, and the view of the capital opposite is a noble one. Lévis owes much of its prosperity to its being the terminus or Quebec station of the Grand Trunk, Intercolonial, and Quebec Central railways, a status which must inevitably be affected by the building of the new bridge across the St. Lawrence. West of Lévis is St. Romuald, which used to be known as New Liverpool, and is therefore a fresh illustration of that Frenchifying process going on south of the river, where the English-speaking settlers once possessed a firmer footing. Of this more will be related when I come to deal with the Eastern Townships, once exclusively English-speaking, but now rechristened by the majority the Cantons de l'Est.

West of Lévis are the renowned Chaudière Falls, at the mouth of the Chaudière River, which, especially in spring when the waters are at their highest stage, are very imposing. They are utilised by a company operating the tramway and electric light of the town of Lévis.

Nine miles above Quebec City is Cap Rouge, with its village in the rear, famous in the annals of the Province as the spot where Jacques Cartier built his fort and established a settlement in 1541, but perhaps more noteworthy to-day from the operations of the new Grand Trunk Pacific engineers. Here a small stream cuts through the

cliff, which extends as an unbroken wall all the way from the capital. The land on both sides is very fertile and is picturesquely wooded. Afterwards Roberval, Cartier's titular chief and the first Governor-General of the colony, built a fortification here which, his chronicler declares, was beautiful to look upon and of surprising strength, within which were two *corps de logis* dwelling-rooms and an annex of forty-five by fifty feet in length, which contained divers chambers, a dining-room, a kitchen, offices, and two tiers of cellars. Near them he built a bakery and a mill and dug a well.

From here you may perceive the ruins of the great Quebec railway bridge which was to span the St. Lawrence at a height of one hundred and fifty feet. Just before five o'clock on an August day in 1907 that portion which had been run out from the south shore fell with a crash as of thunder and over seventy workmen lost their lives.

Below Cap Rouge is a country full of interest, with several villages of note and much charming scenery. Cap Santé, with its fine large church, and the mouth of the Jacques Cartier River had a special interest for me. I wanted to see if the cottage was still standing where Mrs. Simcoe, the wife of General Simcoe, first Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, had in 1792 a striking experience of French-Canadian politeness.

It was ten o'clock at night when the Governor's lady arrived at Cap Santé. "The man," she writes in her diary, "who kept the Maison de Poste was so ill that we could not be admitted there, so we walked towards a cottage where the habitants were going to bed, but with all possible French

politesse the woman removed her furniture and children and presently accommodated us with two empty rooms, with a thousand compliments and regrets that '*des gens comme nous*' (strangers) should be so ill-lodged. We supped on the bread, eggs, and milk the cottage afforded."

Two years later the lady passed through Cap Santé again. "I found myself at the house where I had met with so much civility on my way from Quebec. The woman recognised and welcomed me with her usual French politeness; by great industry she had saved some money to make the miserable cottage it had been formerly fit for the reception of travellers. She said my calling there had made her think of so doing."

This worthy habitant's wife afterwards received many marks of the regard of the Governor's lady and long cherished her memory. It should be added that the trait these habitants evinced in giving up their bed to a stranger is one that prevails universally in the countryside to-day. I could myself relate several experiences of the kind and of their pride in refusing any recompense.

At the exquisitely situated village of Port Neuf there are a number of English-speaking families and a Protestant chapel, which the rector showed me with infinite pride. But I could not conceal my astonishment that here in the heart of this French-speaking population this gentleman should voluntarily isolate himself more completely than if he were dwelling amongst savages in the heart of Africa. If this terrible racial line of cleavage is ever to be swept away, should not the ministers of the gospel lead the way? Yet my friend could speak no French. I regret to have to

add that I found this too often the case with the Protestant clergy all through the Province.

Opposite Port Neuf on the other side of the St. Lawrence stretches the well-kept seigniory of Lotbinière, where now dwell the son and successor of the late Sir Henry Joly de Lotbinière, an illustrious example of an old-fashioned seigneur.

Leaving the rest of this region for a future page, let us hasten on to Quebec Province's commercial capital—Montreal.

CHAPTER VII

MONTREAL

“ Sprung from the hope of noble hearts,
Brought into being through sacrifice
Of men and women who played their parts
And counted not their lives as the price.
She has grown in her strength like a Northern Queen
'Neath her crown of light and her robe of snow,
And stands in her beauty fair, between
The Royal Mount and the River below.”

WILLIAM M'LENNAN.

THE metamorphosis of Montreal is, perhaps, after all, the chief miracle of Canada. For it is not passing strange that cities should spring out of the plain, or that vast wealth should be drawn from the mine and the wheatfield. But there is nothing on the continent, to my mind, quite comparable to the change that has overtaken Ville Marie.

It is as if Rome were to clothe herself in the garments of Chicago. The city that Maisonneuve founded has lain long in the shadow of its mountain, gathering strength. In 1870 it numbered scarce one hundred thousand souls, of whom only a tenth were English-speaking. Now it has suddenly leapt to half a million, and the feverish pulsations of commercial life, which were formerly confined to a handful of English merchants and financiers, is to-day

felt throughout the whole city, and may even be noted in its most distant suburbs.

Yet, but for its innate character, explicable by its history, what should have restrained this city, not merely from becoming the financial and industrial metropolis of the Dominion, but from being the peer of Boston itself ? It is a port for ocean-going ships three hundred miles nearer Liverpool than is New York. It is a thousand miles from Belle Isle, at the head of ocean navigation, on Canada's greatest river, the central depot of the greatest railway on earth, and occupies the heart of a fertile plain almost the size of England. With the growth of the west, its advantages as a distributing centre are matchless. True it has a great disadvantage : the ice closes its navigation for four months and more from the end of November to early in April : but Montrealers are sanguine spirits ; they do not intend being baffled by the forces of Nature—they who have grappled with Nature and captured stronghold after stronghold !

Ville Marie—that was the name given in 1642 to the “ habitation ” founded on the Island of Montreal by a pious and gallant gentleman of Champagne, de Maisonneuve, and by the virtuous lady of Troyes, Mlle Mance. How well known in the Province is the story of the good priest, Père Barthélemy Vimont, their companion, who consecrated this foundation by a solemn mass, saying from the pulpit :

“ Il est vrai, messieurs, ce que vous voyez n'est qu'un grain de moutarde, mais il est jeté par des mains si pieuses et si animées de l'esprit de la foi et de la religion, que sans doute il faut que le ciel ait de grands desseins puisqu'il se

sert de tels ouvriers, et je ne fais aucun doute que ce petit grain ne produise un grand arbre, ne fasse un jour des merveilles, ne soit multiplié et ne s'étende de toutes parts."

And how magnificently that prediction has been realised to-day! Upon and around the modest site of the fortress of Ville Marie is upbuilt to-day a city far larger than the Paris of Vimont's era.

If Montreal is dominated by its mountain, which tends to draw nearer and nearer with the growth outward of the city, its historical interest radiates from and its commercial importance centres in the Place d'Armes. Within a stone's throw from the statue of Maisonneuve, which occupies the centre of this little square, are the great Church of Notre-Dame, the Seminary of St. Sulpice (the oldest building in Montreal), the Bank of Montreal, the Court House, the City Hall, the Château Ramézay, the Post Office, the offices of most of the leading newspapers, and many of the most ancient shrines in the city. A thoroughfare or two away to the east is St. Lawrence Boulevard, which, in a manner of speaking, divides the English from the French population. But the line of division is other than this : it is now wholly a moral one, for the French permeate the city root and branch, and their shops are in the west end and their villas are on the sides of the mountain. The most that can be said of St. Lawrence Boulevard is that east of that line very few English reside ; nevertheless, there are many portions of it handsomely built, and it is better paved, lighted, and policed, for local reasons not unconnected with politics.

But in a wide brief *aperçu* of this wonderful grey city,

with its busy wharves, its office sky-scrapers, its noisy, tram-studded, sloping streets, one fact larger than its commerce, more salient than its mountain, stands forth: the first, the greatest, the most impressive fact in modern as in ancient Montreal. Again, it is the Church. Turn where you will, its buildings greet the eye—cathedral, chapel, convent, college, seminary, nunnery. Priests and nuns—Jesuits, Dominicans, Franciscans, Redemptorists—move to and fro in the streets. The Church is at once the most conservative and the most aggressive factor in the life of the city founded by Maisonneuve. If one were to judge by externals one would say without hesitation that religion is the keynote of Montreal. One morning, passing the Archbishop's Palace, I caught a glimpse of the right reverend prelate who governs the ecclesiastical destinies of the people. From his window, missal in hand, he looked out upon institutions and symbols of other truths and other ideals. He was from Rome, the vicar of a Roman pontiff, and the bronze statue of Sir John Macdonald was at his doors. Across the way was the Young Men's Christian Association: a procession of the Salvation Army: the crowds came and went from the Windsor Hotel, and that castellated building yonder housed the forces of the Canadian Pacific Railway: prosperous merchants and financiers held forth at the St. James's Club; professors and undergraduates were bound to and fro the great University of McGill. Not one of these had a thought for him or what this man in his purple stole stood for. Their interests were not his interests: and yet his was still the real power and the veritable glory.

The English visitor must beware of the illusion which makes of Montreal even on its secular side an English city and a triumph of Anglo-Saxon superiority. He frequents an English hotel, promenades St. James and St. Catherine Streets, patronises English shops. He observes that its greatest commercial and industrial enterprises are English, its banks, its railways and steamship companies, and he is content. But, cries a French-Canadian, "Franchissons cette façade mirobolante et contemplons ce qui se passe par derrière. . . . *Ce sont des Français qui tiennent les principaux emplois.*"

And, on the other hand, it may happen that a Frenchman coming to Montreal, staying at a private house or at the Hôtel Richelieu, or with a party of his compatriots at the Place Viger, moving in French-Canadian society, visiting Laval University and French institutions, shopping at the great stores where French is spoken, and reading *La Presse* or *La Patrie*, would carry away from Montreal a wholly different impression. This was the case with one at least of a party of French sportsmen, led by the young Comte de Lesseps, who visited Montreal a couple of years ago.

"They told me," he said, "it was an English city : Je la trouve tout à fait Française." Yet it was significant that when two of the party, including the Comte himself, hailed by the French, fêted by the French, carried away Canadian brides, these same brides should have been English-Canadians !

M. Lionnet thought that Montreal was neither French nor English, but characteristically American.

"Montreal," he declared, "toils like New York.



DOMINION SQUARE (MONTREAL)



ST. JAMES' STREET (MONTREAL)

Montreal is an American city, a city of business. . . . One finds many quarters of ease, of villas around which circles *le luxe abondant des verdures et des gazons entretenus à l'anglaise*; one discovers also true *coins de province*, such as St. Louis Square; but by the river-side and at its heart and centre, under the electric tramway wires, its character is betrayed and becomes dominant. In these great streets commerce and finance reign. Montreal is a city of material labour, of practical activity."

With that amiable boastfulness—that desire always of aggrandising our race at any cost, even of truth—which has won the English the regard of all the peoples of the earth, much has been written about the commercial inferiority of the French in Montreal. Although they form nearly four-fifths of the population, all the wealth and commerce is in English hands. Ergo, the French-Canadian is inferior to the English in all matters of business. But let us look into this question a little closer. Unquestionably the Canadians of English origin enjoy great advantages in the possession of splendid mercantile institutions; but consider the manner in which these were founded—consider the tremendous start which the English have enjoyed in the race for commercial prosperity. Reflect that hardly a dollar of the £480,000,000 sterling which England has poured into industrial Canada has gone into French-Canadian enterprises. Reflect that France has only lately begun to furnish capital to Quebec. As well might one argue in 1750 that the Scotch had no innate gift for business, because there were then no great industries north of the Tweed. "If," as one French observer justly remarks, "a runner in a race has

a hundred yards start of his competitor, is it not natural that he should long hold the lead in the race ? ”

But what is happening in Europe in regard to competitors with English enterprise is now happening in Canada, and especially in Montreal. To the superficial observer, few great banks, railways, maritime and transportation companies, or great factories and commercial companies, appear to be in French-Canadian hands. The chance visitor to Montreal, reading the *Gazette* and the *Star*, and confining himself to a single quarter of the town or to the corridors of the Windsor Hotel, finds perhaps little evidence of French-Canadian enterprise and activity. But it is there, and it is advancing, and advancing with astonishing strides.

“ Franchissons cette façade mirobolante et contemplons ce qui se passe par derrière. . . . *Ce sont des Français qui tiennent les principaux emplois.* ”

The most astute financier in Montreal is a French-Canadian. La Banque Nationale and La Banque d'Hoche-laga are powerful institutions in no way inferior to the great English banks. The Credit Foncier Franco-Canadien, founded with Parisian capital, but operated by French-Canadians, is a large and prosperous organisation, yearly extending its sphere. Many of the largest shops, employing thousands of both sexes, are owned and operated by French-Canadians. Within the last ten years several French-Canadian millionaires have appeared upon the scene. Some of the most imposing public buildings and private residences I saw in Montreal have been built within the past decade by Quebecquois.

To the domain of journalism we are accustomed to look for manifestations of energy and commercial enterprise. If any indication of Quebecquois apathy is to be looked for it will not be found in the French newspapers of Montreal. *La Presse*, which inhabits a ten-story building, and has a daily circulation of one hundred thousand copies, is a great property. Another journal, *La Patrie*, with a large circulation, was the organ of the late Mr. Tarte.

Let me hasten to say that no inconsiderable part of this new movement in the domain of affairs amongst the French-Canadians is due to France. France—though late in the day—has begun wisely to pour her capital into Canada, and amongst the merchants and financiers of her own race. Her trade with Canada, long a negligible quantity, has now grown until it exceeds that of Germany, and takes the third place, after that of Great Britain and America, a result partly due to the activities of the *Chambre de Commerce Française* of Montreal, founded in 1886.

Yet when all has been duly weighed, the triumph of the English-speaking races—English, Scotch, and Irish—has in truth been very great. To promenade Sherbrooke Street is to pass between rows of stone palaces. It is a city of millionaires, and the capital invested in railways, steamships, and in commerce and industry, mounts into the hundreds of millions. Its great University of McGill is of world-wide fame for the soundness of its curriculum and the completeness of its scientific equipment. Started with the bequest of a merchant, James McGill, who died just a century ago, the University has always been able to count upon the munificence of those

Scottish-Canadian merchant-princes, few, if any, of whom have ever themselves enjoyed the advantages of a college education. McGill, from its very environment and the so-largely utilitarian character of its undergraduates, must present problems in management to its Principal of which an Oxford Vice-Chancellor happily knows nothing.

From the middle of the last century dates the turning-point in Montreal's commercial history. Two great factors then played the most important part—the Allan Line and the Grand Trunk Railway—in the sudden expansion of its trade. But in truth the time was ripe—conditions made expansion possible. A ship canal, begun in 1843, after an outlay of 2,000,000 dollars was completed in 1849. It was more than a quarter of a century that the Hon. John Richardson had proposed to extend the primitive Lachine boat canal right up to the city, and thereby avoid the dangerous current opposite St. Helen's Island and Isle Ronde. This was regarded as far too ambitious a design, and the canal was dug only to Windmill Point, a distance of eight and a half miles. It was opened for traffic in 1825. Its narrow width, sufficient only for barges, limited its usefulness, and its widening duly followed. Then it was that Montreal began to enjoy the signal advantages of her geographical position, and river and canal were crowded with shipping from the interior to the seaboard and vice versa. Ocean and inland navigation became united, and soon the canal was again found to be too narrow. In 1875 a further enlargement was begun at a cost of some seven million dollars, and since then Montreal has never paused in the work of enlarging and improving her port facilities. Her



THE PLACE VIGER HOTEL (MONTREAL)

trade, in truth, has rendered this urgently necessary. The depth of the channel is nowadays insufficient for the great ocean-going steamers of the Canadian Pacific line, which are in consequence obliged to halt at Quebec, much to the chagrin of the Montrealers. Half a century ago it was thought a miracle to see the Allan liners of 3000 tons burden ascending the St. Lawrence to Montreal. The *habitants* gathered on the banks cheered wildly, and the arrival at their destination was made the occasion of public rejoicing. But, alas, there was such a series of disasters to these early liners that it was an equal miracle that the Company persisted in their endeavours to keep a fleet afloat between Montreal and Liverpool and Montreal and Glasgow. But the perseverance of old Sir Hugh Allan and his associates had its due reward (if it did tend to raise the bogey of increased premiums at Lloyd's), and within a few years there followed other lines—the Dominion, Beaver, Temperley, Ross, Thompson, Donaldson, Great Western, White Cross, and Gulf Ports, most of which have vanished or been merged into other companies. But the number of steamships has steadily increased and is steadily increasing. When the new works are completed the port of Montreal should be second to none on the continent.

The affairs of the port of Montreal are controlled by a Board of Commissioners, composed of representatives of the Federal Government, the shipping interests, and the corporation of the city.

Far-reaching plans, involving an expenditure of several millions of dollars on the port, have recently been undertaken by the Harbour Commissioners. These include the

construction of another monster grain elevator, which is called the world's largest transfer elevator, with a capacity of 1,772,000 bushels. In giving increased accommodation to big ocean liners, the remodelling of Victoria Pier is one of the most important works of all. In its new form the outer side of this pier will present 2700 feet of high-level permanent quay, with five double-deck reinforced concrete sheds and grain-conveyer equipment erected thereon. The provision of increased accommodation for the liners coming to Montreal is an absolute necessity, as last year there were four more applications for wharf sheds than could be supplied. The inner side of the remodelled pier will be 4800 feet long, while a jetty 500 feet in length will accommodate the Richelieu and Ontario fleet, the inner side of the pier as a whole being reserved for the river and market vessels.

The new dry dock is one of the largest in the world. The St. Lawrence has long been deficient in the matter of docks ; many ships trading to the St. Lawrence, if they required to dock, have had to go a thousand miles for accommodation. The new dock is a most important addition to the equipment of Montreal, and will provide all the necessary facilities for repairing and docking, and will also doubtless prove in time a source of very considerable income to the enterprising company that has constructed it.

It has a capacity of 25,000 tons, which exceeds the tonnage of any vessel which comes to the St. Lawrence at the present time. But when we recall that the channel from Montreal to the sea was formerly but 10 feet deep,

instead of the 30 feet of to-day, one realises the progress that has been made. As the Government of Canada is proceeding with the work of still further deepening the channel, we may expect that in a not far distant future vessels will come to the port of Montreal which in size and tonnage will tax the capacity even of the new dock.

Although spacious, well-built, and attractive in its chief parts, Montreal is still far from being what it should be. It can hardly be called a tidy city, and it is not yet, in spite of the efforts of the reformers, a well-governed city. Vast sums have been spent, for instance, in paving the streets, but many of them still continue in a lamentable condition.

Two or three years ago the evidence of abuses and irregularities existing in the civil administration of Montreal became so notorious that a committee of citizens demanded an official enquiry. The Lieutenant-Governor appointed Mr. Justice Cannon as a Royal Commissioner, and the hearing of witnesses, lasting for several months, was the reigning scandal of the period.

For instance, the city spends annually for the construction of permanent pavements and sidewalks a sum of from 1,500,000 dollars to 2,000,000 dollars, half of the cost of sidewalks being paid directly by the owners over and above this amount. In this Streets Department the corruption was found to be appalling. One gathers that the system adopted is for the City Surveyor to prepare a statement of all the works to be executed; this statement relates to several millions of expenditure; it is submitted to a Finance Committee, which places at the disposal of the Road Committee one-tenth or one-twentieth of the amount

demanded. Then the committee proceeds to divide or apportion this sum ; the aldermen urge the demands of their respective wards, and, according to one witness, " the man with the biggest pull gets the biggest share."

An ex-journalist named Brunet joined forces with an ex-employé of the city's engineering staff, and proceeded to tender for a street-paving contract, in the spring and summer of 1909. His Company was composed of two partners : the ex-journalist and M. Bélanger, a civil engineer, and an ex-employé of the city. Bélanger acted as expert in the firm, and his sole interest was a percentage of ten per cent upon the receipts of the Company. They had no contractors' plant, and they kept no books, but they obtained paving contracts from the city in one year, 300,000 dollars ! Altogether they seem to have done very well for themselves, and would probably have continued to do so if a writ of injunction had not been issued against the complaisant Road Committee.

I only mention this case as one amongst a dozen investigated and denounced by the Commission. As a result of this *exposé* of municipal corruption the citizens approved by a crushing majority a proposal to reduce the number of aldermen and establish a Board of Control. As for the division and the representation of the city by wards, all agree in condemning this system, which gave rise to patronage and to its abuses. Whether the present system of the Board of Control and a council composed of aldermen is ideal remains to be seen. The council is composed of groups and coteries struggling one with another and with the Board with such bitterness

that they lose sight of the interests of the community at large, and it is probable that the dual system will be superseded.

All communities have their periodical obsessions, and just now Montreal, and indeed Canada at large, is in the throes of a real-estate boom. It is only another phase of the "get rich quick" mania so assiduously cultivated on the other side of the border. One hears of nothing but corner lots, the price "per foot frontage" of land, of fabulous profits made by speculators, of new residential districts being opened up almost daily. Page upon page of real estate advertisements meets the eye in the newspapers. It is not confined to the English-speaking element; the French also have entered into the game with zest. All take a hand: a young divinity student told me that he had not been able to resist the temptation: the conductor of a tram-car boasted that he had just made 300 dollars by a lucky transaction. The assistant-manager of a bank explained that he had sold his small house and plot of ground for 9000 dollars, and had immediately invested in a new plot and built a fair-sized dwelling upon it for himself and his family. Just as it was completed and they were about to move in, he was offered 23,000 dollars for the property.

"Will you accept?" I asked.

"I guess so," he answered. "Then I'll build again, and hope to stay in the new place awhile. My wife and I are pretty sick of hotels—to say nothing of the children."

I pitied him.

CHAPTER VIII

MONTREAL CHARACTERISTICS

“Utawa’s tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green Isle, hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow : the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight’s past.”

THOMAS MOORE, *Canadian Boat Song*.

THERE are a few secular institutions whose head-quarters are in Montreal, which in their potency, in their pervasiveness, and their wealth almost rival the Church. Of these are the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Grand Trunk Railway, and the Bank of Montreal. The magnates of these institutions (which, by the by, are housed in monster edifices suggesting public departments) move like pontiffs and cardinals from club to office, from office to racecourse or hotel, their every movement followed by the rapt attention of the whole community. Rumours of their plans, their “deals,” their daily increasing personal wealth, form in many English-speaking circles the current staple of conversation. One is sometimes in despair at the rank materialism which such preoccupation induces. One feels how spiritually and intellectually narrowing it must be to cling to ideals so exclusively commercial; and more than once I have turned with relief to the company of men who have quite

openly and frankly ceased to worship at the shrine of the great god Success, or to that other and larger and yet more difficult society in the eastern part of the city who have never (as yet) worshipped there at all.

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Yet there has always been a fraternity of scholars and poets of both races in Montreal, whom I have always thought of as solacing themselves in their engulfed state by reading each other's books and poems while waiting for the waters of materialism to subside. Perhaps after the present real-estate "boom" has had its day, the rising generation in Montreal will settle itself and cultivate intellectual sobriety and the æsthetic amenities of life.

Perhaps in no respect is Montreal so singular as in its absence of a worthy theatre. The people would almost appear to have no dramatic sense. True, the Church has always set its face against modern theatrical representations, particularly those of the modern French dramatists, wherein I think it has acted with too great severity; but that hardly explains the absence of a theatre. Why not Racine, Corneille, and Molière—with a stock company to act them? Surely there are dozens of plays against which nothing could be urged, as I am convinced there is much talent in embryo which only needs to be fostered. No people can be cultured or complete without a theatre—the great teacher of manners, speech, and *savoir faire*. It is really painful to a Quebecquois who has been abroad to find his Théâtre Français, erected long ago by some sanguine spirit, hopeful that he was fulfilling a public need, in possession

of a second or third-rate American musical comedy troupe. It is humiliating.

And then what of the English—where are their temples of the drama? Do they care for the drama at all? Apparently not—or only for American burlesques and the inevitable musical comedies. Good plays, stirring plays—uplifting plays, plays reflecting human hopes, fears and passions, plays of Canadian life by Canadian authors, are noticeably absent from this great Canadian metropolis.

On the score of painting, a handful of cultured and wealthy Montrealers are determined that the people shall not lack the stimulus which comes from beholding examples of the finest art. To them is due the fact that Montreal is becoming a veritable centre of the fine arts, so far as the acquisition of masterpieces goes. The private galleries of Sir William Van Horne, Mr. Angus, Lord Strathcona, and others are filled with pictures of great merit and value. Moreover, a magnificent new art gallery will shortly be opened to contain a fine collection recently bequeathed to the citizens. Collectors of rare books and manuscripts and engravings, chiefly bearing upon the history of the city, the Province, or of Canada at large, are not unfrequent, and the collections of Mr. Joseph Learmont and of Mr. McCord are of signal interest.

It is astonishing also to the stranger that Montreal should not possess a great public library. One might imagine that until it has done this no wide intellectual culture were possible. One of the arguments I heard gravely used against the establishment of a public library

was that there were "too many races and religions"! It is easy to see what that means. To this argument I heard a good Catholic reply, which I reproduce verbatim.

"C'est justement parce que la ville de Montréal se compose de citoyens de diverses nationalités et de croyances opposées, il faut que sa bibliothèque soit publique au sens très large du mot.

"Les protestants ne s'étonneront pas de voir là les œuvres de philosophie catholique et les catholiques trouveront tout naturel que les protestants aient la même liberté. Les uns et les autres ne liront que ce qu'ils voudront, mais ce n'est pas une raison parce que les protestants ne voudront pas lire telle ou telle œuvre philosophique ou tel ou tel chef-d'œuvre littéraire comme par exemple les *Variations des Eglises protestantes*, de Bossuet, pour qu'ils en interdisent la lecture aux catholiques. Forcément les catholiques devront laisser aussi une entière liberté aux protestants.

"Il y a des protestants et des catholiques partout et cependant ça n'empêche aucune ville d'avoir sa bibliothèque."

Yet it may be that in this matter the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec proceeds on a wise principle—too wise for popular exposition—that all men are not created, and never can be, intellectually equal, and that certain literature, innocuous to the few, does infinite harm to the many. It is not even certain that the bulk of modern books forms a sound bulwark for virtue, or even for happiness. But we are here on thorny ground—let us tread warily!

Let none depart from this great bustling city, so full now of the pride of life and of the lust for wealth, where even the churches reek with a gaudy magnificence, without visiting a few quiet shrines which still speak to us in eloquent language of the Montreal of yesterday, which is rapidly passing away. Let the visitor steal an hour from those haunts of modern luxury which imitate New York and Boston with such exactness, and visit the Château Ramézay,¹ the former official residence of the Governors, and now an almost sequestered museum and picture gallery. Formerly, this quaint old structure was considered quite a fine mansion, but Montreal has been moving from it morally and physically, until now it is far enough away from fine society. It seems hard in 1912 to believe that at the beginning of the eighteenth century Claude de Ramézay, whose official mansion it was, could from its windows command a superb view of the great river east and west, and that around him were the mansions of the wealthy seigneurs and courtiers from France, where now high sheds and warehouses and elevators crowd in upon each other on the river front to the utter ruin of any prospect.

After many historic episodes and vicissitudes the Château became, in 1775, the official head-quarters of the invading Americans, headed by Benedict Arnold, and here were held the councils of the American Commissioners, of whom Benjamin Franklin was one, who were handsomely pre-

¹ In 1894 the Château was sold by the Provincial Government and purchased by the Corporation of the City of Montreal, for the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, which, in 1895, obtained the building for the purpose of founding their Historical Portrait Gallery and Museum.

pared to receive Canada into the Union as the Fourteenth Colony.¹

I was shown the exact spot in the Council Room of the Château de Ramézy where Benjamin Franklin sat. I have always been an admirer (in the primitive sense of the word) of him whom a recent historian does not hesitate to call "a wily old charlatan of great natural parts." Franklin was the stepfather of Canadian journalism, for it was he who brought to Montreal at this time a printer named Mesplat. It was necessary to issue annexionist literature amongst the people, and so Mesplat's type-cases and hand-press were set up in the basement of the Château. When the British appeared on the scene the Commissioners fled, but Mesplat and his press remained, and soon after there appeared the *Montreal Gazette*, a newspaper which still continues, and is amongst the best and soberest published in the Dominion.

¹ I have, by the by, lately been granted by a friend a sight of an interesting unpublished document of this time, which pleasantly illustrates the historic continuity of purpose of the great nation to the south.

"NEAR ST. JOHN'S,
"TO THE NORTHWARD,
"Sept. 18th, 1775.

"SIR,

"I must request you to proceed to Chambli. But our worthy Friends, the Canadians, know the situation of affairs here. Animate them to embrace this favourable opportunity, and if you can raise a regiment of Brave men I may venture to assure you it will meet with the Approbation of Congress.

"I am, Sir, with esteem,

"Your most Obedt. Servt.,

"RICHARD MONTGOMERY,

"Brig.-Gen.

"TO COLONEL ALLEN."

Another shrine is but a stone's throw away, and close to Bonsecours Market, the little Church of Notre-Dame de Bonsecours—"Our Lady of Gracious Help"—the last of the old churches of Ville Marie since the Recollet was swept away. Not many years ago it narrowly escaped destruction, and it was the vigorous appeal of a few right-thinking Protestants which saved it. I have a happy boyish memory of one of those same Protestants, who once confessed to me :

"I love that little old church, and I never find myself in that part of the city but I go in there and say a prayer. I pray that *both of us may be saved.*"

The antique pulpit, the altar, the mural reliefs, carry one back to the days of the pious Sister Marguerite Bourgeois, who, with her own hands, in 1657, laid the foundation stone. The chapel was built on condition that it should house a certain small image of the Virgin, endowed with a miraculous virtue, which still stands on a riverward gable, and has brought about many deliverances to the common people, especially sailors.

There is yet another spot, not so ancient, it is true, but full of the old-world atmosphere of faith and quiet, serene devotion, to which I would direct the visitor. But, alas, even as I pen these lines I fear it is too late, and the church convent and school of Our Lady of Pity have disappeared. I went with a distinguished Montrealer to visit the place.

"Ah, we have always felt so safe—so sheltered here," said Sister Theresa sadly. "We had our garden in which we could walk unobserved. We were retired from the

world, and yet we were in the heart of the city. I am sorry very sorry, that we are going to leave.”

“I am sorry, too,” echoed Sister Marie of the Cross, who in the world would be the Countess de Beaujeu. “It breaks my heart to think of leaving. I have been so long here. I know every stone of the dear old place, which I love more than I can say. Why do they interfere with us?”

“Talking about loving the place,” went on Sister Theresa, “why, I made my first Communion at the first service held in the church out there in the garden, and attended the last service in the church the other day. Most of my life has been spent within these walls, and I feel the sadness of separation.”

The institution founded by Sister Bourgeois in 1653 is just out of Notre-Dame Street and opposite St. Lawrence Main, whose course towards the river it intercepts. Here the pious sister gathered the little children about her, instilling into their young minds the rudiments of Christian education. After a time she was granted a piece of land, on which she erected later the Hôtel Dieu, the exact site of which Sister Theresa pointed from the old convent window. The first foundation of the school and convent under the auspices of the congregation of Notre-Dame was laid under Sister Bourgeois’s guidance, and while the colony struggled, while the men fought both their white and red enemies, in the modest labours of a small but faithful band of workers the foundations of a great work were laid.

It is with pensive pleasure and pride that Sister Theresa and Sister Marie of the Cross, who gave up a fortune and title and position to dedicate herself (as Sister Theresa says

simply) "to God," gently insisted upon the past, its glories, its struggles, and its antiquity. Only a few yards away is Notre-Dame Street, yet the remoteness is complete. The space of the garden, the bulk of the church, the long buildings of the convent and schools, in which there are probably, with the teaching sisters, five hundred souls—emphasise the prevailing sense of aloofness. Even when we leave the voices of the young girls ascend in song—the songs of a dim and touching yesterday.

The environs of Montreal are very beautiful—St. Hilaire, Sault au Recollet, Lapraire, and Lachine. Lachine, to me, is vivid in its suggestions of the suburb of some French town, even one of the suburbs of Paris. The parish church, the convent with its high-walled garden, the Mansard roofs here and there, the very *boutiques* and their windows, help out the suggestiveness.

There is to-day little in Lachine to compare with the historical associations of the outpost granted by the Sulpician Fathers—feudal lords of Ville Marie—to the adventurous La Salle. Its very name satirically commemorates the explorer's *idée fixe*—a passage across the continent to China and the Orient. A flourishing settlement arose which, in 1689, was destroyed at the time of the Lachine massacre, the most terrible in Canadian history, when every living soul, to the number of two hundred, was butchered in a single night by the Iroquois.

Crossing the canal lock and entering the river road, one passes a typical French toll-gate, and a succession of charming little French villas, mostly summer residences of Montrealers. There is a picturesque stone windmill, too, by



OLD MILL (LACHINE)



CONVENT SCHOOL COURTYARD
OUR LADY OF PITY (MONTREAL)

the roadside, apparently of great antiquity, but in reality scarce a century old. Its sails are gone, and the mill has fallen into desuetude. Years ago this same mill figured in a law-suit. The Sulpician Fathers, who claimed the sole right of milling on this island, protested against it, and although the miller won his case he was forbidden to rebuild his mill when time or accident should have destroyed it. So the miller watched his mill with jealous care. He strengthened its walls, he fortified its timbers, he set a guard upon it—none could be more careful than this miller of Lachine. But it seemed as if the Sulpician ban were upon it; it grew old before its time, cracks and crevices appeared within and without, the wheel creaked and laboured when it turned at all—for even the wind, elsewhere so exuberant, could scarce lend him a capful. Worse than that, few brought him their grist—he had to go further afield for corn to grind, and at last the axis cracked beyond repair, and, broken-hearted, the miller crept up into his loft to die.

Before the building of the canal, Lachine was a much busier place than it is now. It was the mercantile entrepôt for Montreal. Here on account of the rapids was transhipped all the merchandise, including the peltries from the distant fur regions. Those were stirring days here when the flat-bottomed *bateaux*, manned by *voyageurs* and loaded with wondrous cargoes from the great lakes and the west lined the banks. But the canal and the great trans-continental railways have changed all that, and Lachine has come to be chiefly notable as a suburban summer resort.

Across the river here is Caughnawaga, a long, straggling

village, the home of several hundred Indians and half-breeds, a remnant of a converted band of Iroquois. The town walls, built in 1721, may still be seen, and the presbytery, erected four years later, contains, amongst other things of interest, the room and desk of old Père Charlevoix, the early historian of Canada. At the western extremity of Montreal Island is the still picturesque village of St. Anne's, and close at hand the ruins of three castles, built to defend the island from invading Iroquois, and a circular stone watch-tower. But not even these medieval analogies have power to erase a more modern and pacific and withal still truly romantic association and the little cheery figure of Tom Moore, and the words of his immortal boat-song emerge clearly, as from a palimpsest, into the view of history.

“The rapids are near and the daylight's past.”

The rapids ! All the rivers hereabouts are full of rapids, but those of Lachine—briefest but most violent—enjoy the higher renown, owing, doubtless not a little, to their close proximity to Montreal.

Before leaving the Island of Montreal I must not forget its unique apple orchards. The *Fameuse* apple—of deep scarlet hue and snow-white juicy interior—is esteemed more than any other apple in the world. It is very well known on the English market, where an unlimited quantity could be sold if the production were to equal the demand. Fruit-growers in this Province agree in saying that it has somewhat degenerated. One cause of the falling off in quality is said to be insufficient or unsuitable cultivation of the orchards. The Government has therefore favoured the organisation

of four co-operative societies in the counties of Rouville, Two Mountains, and Huntingdon, each of which has assumed the direction of an orchard to be renovated upon a fixed system. The undertaking is entrusted to a joint committee on which the Government, the four co-operative societies, and the Pomological Society of the Province of Quebec are represented. The latter suggested the experiment, which will also be extended to the gathering, the cold storage, packing, and marketing. The establishment at Oka of a subsidised cold storage plant has shown that the *Fameuse* can be successfully kept. Specimens were sent to the winter fruit exhibition of McDonald College, and took a first prize, and also at a great fruit exhibition held in Ottawa during the winter; so perhaps there is little danger that the noble *Fameuse* will become extinct.

South-west of Montreal, in the extremity of Quebec Province, is a series of very fertile and thriving counties, largely peopled by farmers of Scotch and Irish descent, not dissimilar to those on the other side of the Ontario and New York boundaries. Huntingdon is a great centre for the Orangemen, and in the town is published that militant Protestant organ the *Gleaner*, whose editor has as keen a scent for Popish plots as Titus Oates himself ever enjoyed. This gentleman has considerable literary skill and no inconsiderable following. To him the growth and diffusion of the French-speaking Britons in the Province their ancestors discovered and settled is pure "tragedy." He would be more convincing if he could prove that man for man these French-speaking Britons of another

religious sect were less law-abiding, less industrious, less honest than the mass of his fellow-Orangemen, and, I might add, less amiable. I might venture to suggest to him that a little toleration, and perhaps a little humour, might conduce to a moral unity, and ultimately even to a racial unity which would be greatly to the advantage of the Province.

Adjoining Huntingdon is Chateauguay, which is famous as the scene of the defeat of an American invading force in the war of 1812. Lower Canada was threatened by a force of 7000 Americans, commanded by General Hampton. This army advanced from Lake Champlain to the Chateauguay River, designing to reach the head of Montreal Island. At this spot they expected to be joined by 8000 men under General Wilkinson, coming down the St. Lawrence in boats from Lake Ontario. To oppose the troops led by Hampton and prevent them from joining their comrades near Montreal, was a little force of 1600 men, commanded by one of the old French-Canadian noblesse, Colonel de Salaberry, who had already fought for Britain in foreign climes. He was an experienced soldier ; he knew that courage and endurance in the cause of patriotism more than atoned for want of numbers. He determined to throw himself in Hampton's path in the forest, and so prevent his reaching Chateauguay. Accordingly he threw up his trenches and waited for the oncoming of the Americans.

In due time they came ; the battle began, and the first ranks of the foe were mown down like grass. De Salaberry had taken the precaution to scatter a dozen buglers through

the woods, who sounded the advance at intervals through the fray. The invaders, hearing the repeated trumpet blasts, thought a vast Canadian army opposed them. Nevertheless they pressed forward, the defenders purposely giving way a little. The hidden buglers blew harder than ever, panic seized the enemy at last, and they fled back into the bushes, dropping their knapsacks, drums, and muskets as they ran. Their comrades behind took them for victorious Canadians advancing to a charge, and dealt them volley after volley. Finding out their error too late, they in turn fled, and soon the victory of 380 Canadians over ten times that number of the enemy was complete. Miraculous to relate, the Canadian loss was only two killed and sixteen wounded ; that of the Americans will never be known. But on the day following the battle nearly a hundred graves were dug on their bank of the river.

Chateaugay was a blow to American pride which required many battles, and more than one victory on the sea and the Great Lakes, to atone for. There is a fine statue of De Salaberry by Hébert at Chambly.

It has been observed, as a provincial characteristic, that so many farmers build their farm-houses in a hole, if the hole be near the road, rather than deprive themselves of the pleasure of seeing the people pass, by building further off. The Scotch in these south-western counties, and particularly in Chateaugay, when they erect their dwellings, always seek the heights in preference, no matter how far these are removed from the public highway, and especially when lying towards the middle of the farm. They do this because it saves walking and hauling on the farm ; makes it

possible for them to construct easily drained, deep, healthy cellars, assures the salubrity of the dwelling, and gives them a view over the surrounding country and all parts of the farm. Surely, therefore, a better system.

At Brysonville there is a farm which might well be an exemplar for the farms throughout the whole Province. Every year the Government wisely encourages the farmers by giving a gold medal for agricultural merit, and last year it was to a farmer named Younie, whose farm is situated in what is called the Tullochgorum range, a belt of land south of the Chateauguay River, of rich composition, good texture, and high fertility. A description of the Younie farm should interest the English agriculturist, as offering a striking contrast to those farms of the Far West he hears so much about.

Apart from the usual elevation towards the middle, on which all the buildings are erected, the soil is flat and perfectly levelled, drained, and tilled. The land measures about three hundred and fifty yards wide by about a mile long, forming a total superficies of 115 acres, of which 112 are under cultivation. There are seven regular fields of 15 acres each, divided into two equal parts, except that to the north of the houses, which is only $6\frac{1}{2}$ acres. The two enclosures in which the buildings are situated are outside of the rotation. That which contains the dwelling-house and its numerous dependencies, the lawn, the orchard, the apiary, and the grove, covers six acres. This is the "coquettish eminence" intelligently and agreeably utilised by its proprietor. The enclosure containing the farm buildings comprises five acres. A comely, well-constructed,



A CHATEAUGUAY FARM



ST JOVITE

and well-kept avenue, running midway through the length of the land, leads from the public road to the last field in the uplands, passing between the house and the barns and connecting with all the fields by means of good gates. Permanent stone bridges, with a culvert in tile pipe, are built over the ditches at all the gates. The gates around the farm buildings and the dwelling are of iron.

The site of the dwelling and the outbuildings on the height of the middle of the land is a model of judicious selection, good taste, and economy. This height is rocky and contains some good building stone. It is, moreover, clothed with fine trees, such as maples, oaks, butternuts, etc., without reckoning the fruit and ornamental trees, the lawn and the flowers, which further embellish it.

The house itself is of brick in a good style, well lighted with two bay windows, a wing kitchen with a gallery on each side, a laundry or summer kitchen, and a wood shed. The cellar is cemented, properly lighted and ventilated, and divided into rooms. Flower-beds surround the house. The stables are of easy access by a stone side-walk leading from the kitchen door, and all the outbuildings are spacious, clean, lime-washed, well lighted and ventilated. The flooring of all the lodgings of the animals, including the poultry house and piggery, is in concrete.

Altogether, truly a model farm, run by a man who understands up-to-date farming, and makes it pay. Moreover, to-day there are plenty more of such farms in Quebec Province, and—thanks to the enlightened policy of encouragement now being pursued by the Government—there will be thousands to-morrow.

CHAPTER IX

TEMISCAMING AND THE WEST

“ Il y a bien des manières d’offenser Dieu, mais une des plus communes et des plus graves, c’est de ne pas tirer parti des ressources que la Providence a mises à notre disposition ; elle nous a donné une terre féconde, des mines, des forêts et des cours d’eau.”—*LABELLE*.

At the founding of Quebec Province the early French colonists established themselves along the larger rivers, notably the St. Lawrence. They had cleared a narrow strip of soil—narrow indeed when one considers the extent of the country, and beyond that was impenetrable forest. There came a time, about 1835, when, the population having largely increased, all the cleared regions became occupied, and the inhabitants began in numbers to cross the border. This exodus naturally caused much anxiety to the Church, and to many patriots, and efforts were set on foot to counteract this emigrating tendency. A crusade was organised by the clergy, having for its object the retention of the habitants within the limits of their own territory and the establishment of new colonies. A body of tireless priest-colonisers sprang into being, of whom the celebrated Curé Labelle is the arch-type. This priest, consecrating his life to the task, founded more than forty parishes in Quebec Province. Hundreds of families went to the Far West ; but the wiser policy is



RAPIDS ON ST. MARGARET'S RIVER



MILKING COWS BY ELECTRICITY (EASTERN TOWNSHIPS)

now followed. Their own Province of Quebec is vaster than they had imagined. It is full of rich farming territory as yet untouched by the plough. The Government has thrown open large tracts for colonisation. "Quebec is large enough for all were we twenty times as numerous," is the cry. "Let us keep together—let us colonise our own country first!"

To-day, wherever colonisation is being carried on, in Temiscaming, on the borders of Lake St. John, in the Saguenay region, and in the far northern or southern fastnesses, we find priests and monks directing and sustaining the colonists. Little by little, owing to their concerted efforts, the "bush," the forest boundaries, are pushed further and further back, and new regions of cultivation and new parishes appear on the map.

North-west of the metropolis of the Province is an extensive mountainous district, picturesque, and full of abundant and varied resources. This, embracing the Laurentian Mountain district, the "Switzerland of Canada" (as Labelle, its exploiter, called it), is fast coming into favour with the hundreds and thousands of Montrealers who have there built summer homes. Latterly, the Canadian Pacific Railway, as well as the Canadian Northern, has penetrated into its lofty hills and fertile valleys, its countless lakes and trout-fishing streams.

This Laurentian district embraces the counties of Terrebonne, Argenteuil, and Ottawa, and is one of the most beautiful in all Canada. The chief rivers are those of du Nord and La Lièvre. The railway traverses the valley of the former, twisting and winding its way along the

stream, ever opening new and splendid vistas. Sometimes mountains loom up of such altitude that an impassable barrier is presented to the further progress of the train, but a sudden turn avoids the difficulty, and we continue our upward and onward course. The air is even in the height of summer cool and bracing. Glimpses of tasteful summer villas greet the eye, and parties of youths and maidens in summer raiment fishing or canoeing.

I shall not easily forget my visit to the bungalow which a cultivated Montrealer has built on a sequestered summit, where from every window he may feast his eye on his primeval acres, and fish in his own crystal lakes across which had never fallen the shadow of a rod. Nor shall I forget the thrilling ascent and descent along break-neck roads, where a single false step would have sent our mortal bones to mingle with the immortal boulders which so plentifully lined our path. These our habitant driver negotiated with a sang-froid that no prospect of calamity could dispel.

Beyond Ste. Agathe the summit of the range is reached, and we are 1400 feet above sea-level. Gradually comes the descent to Labelle, 101 miles from Montreal. Here, at what used in the old days to be known as La Chute aux Iroquois, a delightful summer resort with hotels and boarding-houses has been built and flourishes. Nomingue is in the centre of a group of lakes, and is much frequented by sportsmen. Although many hotels are scattered through this region—a region, be it remembered, as large as Yorkshire—camping in the open air is favoured by hundreds of families, whose tents, by the margin of some clear lake, are visible



LAKE AT ST. AGATHE



A VIEW OF LABELLE

at intervals, the songs and laughter of the fishers, boaters, and bathers echoing through the surrounding woods. The atmosphere is singularly clear and invigorating, wild fruits, milk, eggs, butter, and vegetables are plentiful and cheap, and pure spring water is on every hand. In fact, this Laurentian water enjoys much fame in Montreal, and the consumption of it in bottles is by the millions of gallons.

It was to this mountainous country, whose centre is Mont-Laurier (formerly Rapide de l'Orignal, but renamed out of compliment to the great Quebec statesman) that years ago the curé Labelle led his band of colonists. Many were the prophets who at the time and since cried out that this scheme of colonisation north-west of Montreal was a blunder, and that when the habitants had finally cleared the land it would be found of too poor a quality to afford them a bare subsistence.

Such prophecies are now silenced. One has only to visit such places as St. Faustin, St. Jovite, La Conception, to see what has happened since the exploitation of the forest has ceased to be profitable. The woodsmen took to tilling the soil, at first rudely, and latterly with more art and knowledge, and with the coming of the railways, a market for their produce was quickly found. Of course, in this vast territory not all the land is equally good. There are rocky and sandy tracts for which no present use can be found, but making every allowance, I am told that two-thirds of the whole region is fit for cultivation. It is capable of producing excellent crops of wheat, oats, peas, maize, and potatoes. Moreover, as regards climate,

summer frosts are very infrequent, and only occur in the lower valleys, and not on the upper and more exposed lands, and snow is less abundant than in the valley of the St. Lawrence.

As to the industrial future of the Laurentian country, one has only to point to its water-powers, which are numerous, and capable of developing incalculable energy. The forests of pulp-wood might be made to yield an inexhaustible supply. The region is likewise rich in minerals, especially in graphite (there are already a couple of graphite factories), asbestos, and mica.

Of the sporting attractions of the Laurentian country much might be written. Already the country hereabouts owes much to anglers and game-hunters. "Colonisation sportive" is a phrase which has come to imply an economic fact—so much benefit follows in the train of the small army, chiefly of Montrealers, who make an annual invasion.

Altogether the region—which might well contain at least a million—is peopled to-day by some forty thousand souls. There are fifty parishes and missions.

Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, is not within the confines of the Province of Quebec, and the city of Hull must be regarded as a suburb of the capital. Yet to Hull, with its great lumber mills and factories, is due much of Ottawa's wealth.

A little east of Hull the Gatineau River, which takes its rise miles north in the county of Champlain, empties its flood into the Ottawa. A famous river is the Gatineau—rich in lumberman's legend. For over half a century incessant cargoes of lumber, felled in the fastnesses

of the north, have poured down its stream, all but hiding its surface from view. Few tourists ascend it—indeed, at certain seasons it is unnavigable. But a wonderful river—a beautiful river—with its beauties cloaked, as it were, by the logs of commerce, and patiently waiting the day, which must sometime arrive, be it decades or centuries hence, when its bosom will bear other and more comely cargo.

Meanwhile, the Gatineau, like the Ottawa, has given the world a race of hardy lumbermen, who are gradually giving place to the tillers of the soil along its banks. And it is really difficult to understand why this Gatineau Valley has not made greater progress as an agricultural country during the last forty or fifty years. A priest who has lived and laboured long some hundred miles up the river, tells me that the crops never fail. Autumn wheat and all other grains succeed wonderfully well. Fields covered with ears of wheat seven inches long are common. The frosts with which other parts are visited in spring and autumn, are here, probably owing to the great abundance of lakes, quite unknown.

A worthy and intelligent missionary stationed at Lake Desert, whose travels take him three hundred miles north of Ottawa, says that the richest and most favoured lands are still totally unoccupied. As for the Gatineau Valley beyond Maniwaki there is an extensive plain without a single rock upon it, whose soil is especially fertile, and capable of supporting several parishes. I cannot refrain from quoting the experience of one colonist, who went up into this country a dozen years ago with no other capital than a cow,

scanty provisions for one year, and the strength of his arm. He cleared the land himself, and in the spring sowed three minots¹ of oats, and two minots of wheat. When, at the close of summer, this stout-hearted pioneer could see his corn waving in the breeze he felt the future held some reward for his labours. His first crop brought him eighty minots of wheat and thirty-five minots of oats. In a year or two he had raised 690 minots of grain and 400 of potatoes. He soon built himself a good house, barn, and stables, and now has four horses, five cows, six sheep, and a large stock of poultry, and as he is able to sell all his produce in a good market he is in a fair way to become prosperous. To the large lake close to his farm this pioneer has given his own name.

Maniwaki, which is the centre of the Upper Gatineau County, is an attractive little town, and the terminus of what used to be called the Ottawa and Gatineau Valley Railway, which halted at Kazabazua. It is now part of the Canadian Pacific system.

At Ironside (St. Alexandre de la Gatineau), a few miles from the mouth of the Gatineau, is the old estate of Philemon Wright, now turned into a model farm and agricultural institute by the Pères du Saint Esprit. This institution aims at receiving and training young people, especially young Frenchmen, to be sound farmers, with a knowledge of the ways of the country. The course here, as at Oka, embraces the theory and practice of agriculture, horticulture, and arboriculture.

It is an impressive sight to see one of these young monks,

¹ A minot is an old French measure, equalling three bushels.



EVENING—SNAKE CREEK



LADY EVELYN LAKE (TEMISCAMING)

of spiritual mien, absorbed in watching and tending a row of plants, which he calls "*mes enfants*," himself shut off from all other interests, bending his whole intellect upon the phenomena of Mother Earth and the blessed fruits thereof, having no other friends or companions; voluntarily relinquishing love and literature and human intercourse for a manual labour which he honestly believes is the noblest of all secular callings.

Another district of Quebec Province which has recently been attracting attention is that in the vicinity of the Mattawin River, due north of Montreal. This newly settled district occupies parts of three of those five singularly shaped counties, a dozen miles wide and three hundred miles long, which run at right angles to the St. Lawrence. Imagine a county as wide as from London to Croydon and stretching from one end of England to the other! Mattavinia (as this colony has been christened) reaches northward to the great lakes Wabastontyank and Manonan, southward to a chain of high mountains bordering the Laurentian County, eastward to the St. Maurice, and westward to the rivers Rouge and Lievre—a pretty extensive theatre for colonisation. Two zealous priests, the Abbé Brossard and the Abbé Provost, are the fathers of this colony, and no one who visits the two flourishing villages, Saint Zénon and St. Michel des Saints, each already boasting nearly a thousand inhabitants, can have any doubt of the future of farming and dairying hereabouts.

New Ontario is balanced by New Quebec. This is the Temiscaming region, which takes its name from a great lake, really a distension of the Ottawa River, seventy-five

miles long. There is another great lake, Victoria, in the territory, which was so named by my friend Mr. Albert Humphrey, in 1869. The new Transcontinental Railway traverses this country just north of Lake Victoria. Great colonising activity has been recently shown in the Temiscaming country, and that which a very few years ago was uninhabited wilderness, now boasts a number of villages peopled by seven or eight thousand souls. The chief of these settlements is Ville Marie, which is just east of the world-renowned Cobalt, on the other side of Lake Temiscaming.

To reach Ville Marie and the Temiscaming region, one travels to-day to Mattawa, by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and from thence forty miles northward on a branch line to the village of Temiscaming, where a small steamer is on hand to convey the traveller up the lake. I travelled with a party of youthful Government surveyors—students at McGill—who were going to make their way by canoe to Lake Victoria, and so attain the route of the Transcontinental Railway. One at least of the party was a little concerned over their supply of rations.

“We’ll be shut up in the bush for three months, and I’m not sure I won’t get pretty sick of beans and bacon,” he said to me. “I hope at least there’s cheese.”

“But you will have plenty of fish and wildfowl, and perhaps bear meat.”

“That depends,” he said. “We’ll be busy all day and it wouldn’t do to count on it. And as I don’t care much for fish, a week of it would be enough.”

“When do your rations turn up ? ”

"They'll be ready for us at Kippewa," he replied. "Also the canoes."

And at Kippewa, by the edge of the lake, we duly saw the food supplies unloaded from the freight-car. I do not believe any luxury was omitted. The Government of Canada does such things well. It evidently understands that these budding engineers have been tenderly nurtured—that they are unaccustomed as yet to the hardships of life and of their future calling. It took two men a full hour to take out of the car the cases of roast beef, pressed beef, chicken, sardines, pickled walnuts, tinned peaches and pineapples, fancy biscuits, jams and jellies, tea, coffee, ginger ale, and lime-juice. I cannot remember seeing any caviare or truffles, so I suppose I must have missed them. There was one form of vegetable which I cannot recall having eaten—evaporated potatoes: they are light and occupy little room, and when soaked and boiled expand from the size of marbles to as large as your fist.

Never shall I forget the speechless delight of my juvenile friend from the great University as, instead of the expected beans and bacon, he watched these comestibles being dragged into the light and deposited on the wharf. I grinned back at him, and made a remark which was probably inadequate to the situation, for he vouchsafed no reply; and my last glimpse of him was when he was stooping low to prise the lid off a crate of Montserrat lime-juice. Oh, it is great to be a member of a Government summer surveying party on the Transcontinental! I felt proud of my country.

Afterwards—why should I not confess it?—my enthusiasm

was tempered by a sojourn with one or two of the regular camps of railway engineers and surveyors. They were good fellows, and like all orthodox Government employés nursed a grievance—and they laughed at these holiday camps. They drank their reeking camp coffee and munched their bacon, and grudged the youngsters nothing of their dainty fare.

Close to Temiscaming, across the Ottawa River, is a great new dam which is to ensure the water-supply of the distant city of Ottawa. This work was not constructed without difficulty. As one of the workmen said to me: “First it bust, then it bust again, and then it bust some more!” I hope these “busting” habits are now corrected.

This end of the lake is very stony soil, and the wife of a railway employé told me with tears in her eyes of her heart-breaking efforts to create a garden on the rock.

“We had to bring the soil here in bucketfuls, and when I had got the seedlings set out early in June, along comes a frost and they all died.”

Of course, it was an unusual spring, as unprecedented as the summer of 1912 in England. However, as one ascends the lake, which is everywhere picturesquely wooded, and with numerous small islands, the soil shows itself more fertile; and then one comes to the charted townships, each containing from fifteen to thirty square miles—beginning with Tabaret and extending as far north as the Abitibi region. The first important settlement is a couple of miles inland—St. Edouard—in the Canton Fabre, which has gained much note as a mining district. St. Edouard has a population of close upon a thousand. Here



MOOSE SHOT IN THE KIPPEWA DISTRICT

are a church and two schools, a door and chair factory, and two saw-mills. The whole of this canton presents rather a mountainous aspect, but still some excellent farms are to be seen here and there. The lake at this point is scarcely a mile wide, but it soon broadens out considerably, and we come to a fort of the old Hudson's Bay Company, and three miles further on, at what is called the Baie des Pères, Ville Marie. This is a picturesquely situated and interesting little town, and is really the metropolis of the whole region.

Great hopes are entertained by the good priests who, here as elsewhere, have played a conspicuous part in its founding and its progress, of what Ville Marie is destined to become in a few years' time. It has already fifteen hundred inhabitants, and if I could not observe in its roads or architecture any appreciable difference from or improvement over other villages of its class, it is probably because the art of town-planning is not yet cultivated by the emissaries of the Church. When they do take it up and learn how dwellings and environment react upon character, a striking transformation will result. The worst of it is, the *curé* is not yet alive to the importance of these things, nor is he anxious to awaken worldly interests in his flock which might compete with his concern for a future mansion in the skies. Yet if only—in humble domestic architecture—a return were made to the old French-Canadian cottage, with its graceful red roof and dormer windows and wide eaves, planting before it a few maples or elms, how much more graceful would be the prospect! At present it seems to me too much the tendency to imitate the banalities of Cobalt, New Liskeard, and Haileybury, and the

greater the prosperity of the builder the more depressing and commonplace the effect. Ville Marie has all the modern airs and graces—it has even a Chamber of Commerce (*Anglicé*, Board of Trade), one or two sportsmen's clubs, a newspaper, and a publicity society. Besides its large church and presbytery it has a hospital, under the direction of the Grey Nuns of Ottawa, a convent which cost 35,000 dollars to build, and a flourishing boys' school, administered by the Mariste Brotherhood. There are a good many miners in and about Ville Marie, and a floating population which makes it at times resemble the small towns over the Ontario border.

Five miles inland, in the same township, is Lorrainville, the centre of a farming district. I was told that there were here forty or fifty farms worth over five thousand dollars apiece, sending their products not only to Ville Marie, but as far as Cobalt, New Liskeard, and Cochrane. Another five miles south, and you are at St. Placide, and there are other nascent villages scattered here and there. At the head of the lake is the Rivière des Quinze, which flows eastward, connecting Temiscaming with the Lac des Quinze. This latter lake leads on to Lac Expanse, and this connects the traveller again with the Ottawa River. In fact, all this chain of lakes is merely the Ottawa embellished and amplified until the traveller ascending to its source has crossed Lake Victoria and is back again in the same latitude as the capital of the Dominion. This is a great experience, the ascent of the Ottawa from its mouth to its source.

If New Quebec has not yet enjoyed the good fortune



VILLE-MARIE



NORTHERN QUEBEC ESKIMOS

of New Ontario in its mines and the universal attention directed to them, it is merely because her resources have not been exploited to the same extent, and not that they do not exist. A large portion of Pontiac-Nord, south of the Transcontinental, is of a geological formation which always yields minerals, and must therefore possess silver, nickel, and cobalt in large quantities. Systematic and persistent research will—nay must be—rewarded.

So deeply impressed has the Government been with Temiscaming's advantages that, after a visit from the Hon. Mr. Devlin, it has been decided to build a great public highway running from Ville Marie north-west as far as Harricana River and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. Already work on this road has been pushed forward, and surveyors and others declare that the Harricana Valley itself is another Temiscaming, larger, and even more suitable for colonisation. Thus a very alert surveyor, Mr. O'Sullivan, writes :

“As to the soil, it is a vast clay plain, slightly undulating, resembling the north-west prairies, if the latter were wooded. One sees no stones, save in the beds of the rivers, and I have not seen a single mountain. Other districts are subject to summer frosts, but in the Harricana Basin we have not seen any sign of frost before late September, and the end of September was generally as hot as the middle of summer.”

No one may reasonably doubt that this country north of the Quinze will be one day the scene of great prosperity. To Nedelec Canton has recently been added the Algonquin reserve of 38,400 acres, ceded by the Indians.

Land can at present be bought in hundred-acre lots for about sixty cents an acre, but not more than four hundred acres by one person. A fifth of this sum is payable at time of sale, and the balance in annual instalments with interest at six per cent. If cultivation has not been begun in six months, and continued during three years, the land reverts to the Government.

At the head of the lake is North Temiscaming, which bids fair to rival Ville Marie as a mining and farming centre. It was for long only an Indian mission, and now has a population of nearly a thousand. Its situation at the head of nearly a hundred miles of lake navigation, and at the mouth of the White River in the adjoining province, lends it exceptional advantages. The adjacent rapids, too, of the Rivière des Quinze will shortly be exploited industrially, while a bridge is in process of building over the Quinze.

In Guérin township one sees a fertile country into which colonists are beginning to pour in large numbers, as well as into Latulippe and the townships bordering Lake Expanse. With the advent of the New Grand Trunk Pacific Railway all this country, and that far to the north, is bound to flourish, even as the far North-West has flourished.

“Why,” asks one of the priests, addressing his compatriots in the east, “why go west? Why not enlarge and enrich the domain of your own native province, augment its population *et par suite votre représentation au parlement fédéral?*”

This is a consideration not often pressed upon pro-

spective colonists, but pray bear in mind that voting power is a vital thing to Quebec. He goes on :

“ Here you will live only in the midst of your charitable compatriots, you will speak your beautiful French tongue, and your children will be sure of learning it, as well as their religion in schools directed by Catholic teachers. Our lands are as good as, if not better than any in Saskatchewan, and you will enjoy what you cannot always have there : pure drinking water, soft water for washing, wood to build your house and your barn, and trees to break the monotony of the plain, and, above all, to protect your cattle from the summer heat.”

It is now “ up to ” Saskatchewan to retort. I fancy she would have difficulty in answering these arguments. Perhaps she will not try. And the Poles, Armenians, Czechs, and Doukhobors are so little *exigeant*.

CHAPTER X

UP THE ST. MAURICE

"The country is colossal and you but a microscopic speck on the hem of its garment ; yet there's nothing else like you, take you all round, for we see you complacently, with the naked eye ; whereas there are vast, sprawling, bristling areas, great grey 'centres of population,' that spread, on the map, like irremediable grease-spots."—HENRY JAMES, *The American Scene*.

WE have now travelled to the far western extremity of Quebec Province. Let us return again to the St. Lawrence.

Three Rivers is one of the oldest settlements in New France, and to-day in point of size it ranks fifth in the Province. There are here not really three rivers. Jacques Cartier, when he planted a cross in 1534, called it Rivière de Foie, after a Breton family. But a couple of generations later Pontgravé, noting the islands at the mouth of the St. Maurice—and the trifluvial appearance they lent the river—gave the name Three Rivers to the settlement. Champlain made this point a rendezvous for the Hurons who joined him against the Iroquois, and traces of an old Indian stockade along the river front were uncovered some years ago.

At the present time candour compels me to say that Three Rivers should always be approached by river if one desires to get a fair impression of the town. On its northern side, and close to the railway, the prospect of cheap hotels and

stores, built of wood and covered with tin painted to imitate brick, is anything but alluring, and has prejudiced more than one tourist against the place. Yet every reader knows that it has both history and dignity. Lately, alas, Three Rivers has been swept by a cruel conflagration, and the part near the river has been largely rebuilt in a somewhat tasteless ultra-modern style. But the Boulevard Turcotte is charming, especially on a summer evening, when the band plays and young men and maidens promenade its length. And such characteristic long shaded avenues as La Violette have been spared, and also the imposing cathedral.

Seven miles or so above Three Rivers, on the right bank of the stream, are the oldest smelting-furnaces in all Canada—the St. Maurice Forges. Long ago, in the very early history of the colony, the habitants about Three Rivers found, between beds of sand on land which had defied tillage, quantities of dark red spongy stone of unusual heaviness. They showed it to the learned Jesuits, who found it to be bog-ore containing 40 per cent of iron. For some reason or another an unfavourable report concerning the practicability of working the bog-ore was given to Talon, the Intendant, in 1668, and it was not until 1737 that a company formed to work it was granted an extensive tract in the neighbourhood of the present Old Forges. It erected furnaces, but in three years its capital was exhausted and the Government stepped in and proceeded to conduct the works at a profit. Between two and three hundred men were employed, and a stout château for the director was built on a bluff overlooking the river,

which is still extant. Below the château is a stream which supplied the water-power for the old works. The original blast-furnace, or cupola—a huge block of granite masonry, thirty feet square at the base—is still in service, the fires having hardly ever been extinguished during a century and a half. In a deep recess one sees the “dam” from which the molten metal is drawn into beds of sand to cool into “pigs” or bars, which were sent to France. The principal articles made then, as now, were stoves, which were of excellent quality and workmanship. The head workmen learned their trade in Sweden, and the stoves one sees to-day in many a habitant’s dwelling are of antique Swedish pattern. During the great war shot and shell were cast here. When, after the Conquest, the English soldiers came to demand keys of château and forge they were confronted by a Mademoiselle Poulin, the sole occupant of the place, whose defiant retort took the form of throwing the said keys into the river. She was herself a fiery creature, this Mademoiselle Poulin, and tradition and poetry have done something for her. In time the works were leased to various private persons. Their present owners, I find, deal largely in car-wheels, upon which, as might be expected, the speeding chariot of Canada’s destiny is mounted just now.

We leave the hamlet of St. Maurice Forges in its amphitheatre of wooded hills, and move on northward to Shawanegan, which beckons to us from the Shawanegan¹ Mountains. This river of St. Maurice, with its broad reaches, its many falls and rapids, its wooded and high rocky banks,

¹ May I appeal to the Shawinigan Company not to persist in their unlovely and incorrect spelling of this Indian name?

is indeed a remarkable flood, the fourth great river of the Province. It takes its rise two hundred and twenty miles north of the St. Lawrence, to which it is tributary, in the same watershed that gives birth to the Ottawa and the Saguenay, in a country long known only to the fur-hunter and the lumberman.

Its stream was the great carrier of timber from the northern fastnesses to civilisation, and many fortunes have been made on its banks by the old lumber kings. But these lumber kings, who sent their axe-bearing battalions hacking and felling without stint or mercy, are growing fewer, and both big timber and the small timber for pulp are felled under different conditions.

Quebec's great and most characteristic product still is timber. Greatly as the primeval forests have been invaded and denuded in the past, there is still an enormous reserve to draw upon, and by far the larger part of the forests is still the property of the Government.

Quebec has grown very careful of its timber supply. The private woodlands of the Province include, of course, those owned by the farming community and those forming part of the various seigniorial domains. As a rule, these individual forests are of small extent, rarely exceeding fifty acres each, except in the case of Anticosti Island, and of certain seigniorial domains, such as those of the Quebec Seminary and of the Joly de Lotbinière estate. The whole of these private forests do not exceed six millions of acres. About half of the timber on these properties is hard wood, the other half soft wood. The total value of the privately owned forests in Quebec is estimated by the forestry service

at £5,000,000 sterling, and they produce an annual revenue of about £600,000. The maple sugaries alone produce nearly half of this, and private owners of wood lots sell each year more than half a million cords of pulp-wood, which usually fetches eight dollars a cord.

Those forests that have been leased to lumbermen are known as timber limits. Their total area is 70,058 square miles, or 45 millions of acres, and they constitute the richest and most accessible forests of the Province. The first timber limits were leased in 1825 by private sale, for nominal sums, and these leases were only good for a single year. In 1841 the leases were made renewable from year to year.

⁶ To obtain these timber lands, lumbermen were originally required to pay, as a guarantee, only one-quarter of the estimated stumpage dues for the year. Later on a bonus was substituted for this payment for the privilege of obtaining such leases. It was only in 1868, after the Government of the Province had taken possession of its forests, that the leases of these valuable concessions were put up at auction. Bonuses varying from eight to a thousand dollars a square mile have been obtained on these sales. From 1867, the date of Confederation, up to 1906, when Sir Lomer Gouin decided to dispose of no more timber lands belonging to the Province, successive Governments leased 51,000 square miles of forest lands, in addition to the 19,000 which had previously been leased by the Government under the Union of the Provinces. The premiums, or amount of "bonus," as they are now called, on the leases of timber limits between 1867 and 1906, represented a sum



THREE RIVERS—THE LANDING PLACE



TYPICAL OVEN NEAR PORTNEUF

of 3,250,000 dollars, or an average of about 63.74 dollars per square mile.

In 1851, an annual tax payable at each yearly renewal of a timber-cutting licence was imposed, and is known as ground rent. In 1868 this amounted to two dollars per square mile. In 1887 it was increased to three dollars, and in 1910 to five dollars per square mile.

In addition to this ground rent or rental, the holders of timber licences have to pay stumpage dues to the Government for the timber cut by them upon their limits. These dues are fixed for a term of ten years, and vary according to the class and size of the wood cut. At the last revision of these dues, in 1910, they were almost doubled. The amount of timber cut in the forests is not only reported by lumbermen to the Government, but is also measured by officials of the Crown Lands Department.

From 1867 to 1909 the timber limits of the Province of Quebec brought to the Government in bonuses on price of sales, in ground rents, in stumpage dues, in penalties, in fees upon transfers of leases or licences, etc., the sum of 29,300,000 dollars. The industry furnishes employment to over twenty thousand lumbermen in the woods all through the winter season, and to thousands of log-drivers in the spring, and of saw-mill men, railway and schooner men and ship labourers during the seasons of milling and navigation.¹

¹ Last year the Quebec Government had throughout the Province 70,138 square miles under licence. The production in lumber from these limits, which represents only a part of the total output from Quebec timber lands, amounted to 736,790,594 feet board measure.

Besides this, there were marketed 345,206 cords of pulp-wood, 180,803

In absolute possession of the Government there still remain 80,000,000 acres of forest lands in this Province (exclusive of Ungava), upon which no timber whatever has been cut, though some sections have been swept by forest fires, as in the case of many private lands and timber limits. No other country possesses such a large and valuable reserve of forest area. Its growth is chiefly of resinous trees, spruce and jack pine being the most abundant. This region alone is able to furnish at least a hundred million cords of pulp-wood. Many of the best of these lands, which have hitherto been practically inaccessible, are now being opened up and made immensely valuable by the construction through their midst of the Transcontinental Railway. Whenever the Government chooses to open up any of these rich forests for lumbering operations, their immediate vicinity will witness the construction and operation of pulp and paper mills, whose motive power, in the shape of the "white coal" of innumerable water-powers has been running to waste in the far north for countless ages.

To assure, as far as possible, the continuance of forest growth, no trees can be cut of less than certain specified diameters, varying from 7 to 13 inches, according to the class of timber; and in order to facilitate Canadian industry, it has been provided by Sir Lomer Gouin's Government that all timber cut on Crown lands must hereafter be manufactured in Canada. This wise provision, cords of which were shipped out of Canada; 44,000 posts and rails, 109,000 pickets, 608,429 railway ties, 3808 cords of firewood, 9278 poles, 109,406 cubic feet of square timber. The Government received a revenue of 1,126,907.70 dollars from the Crown land licences. Besides the above production was the cast cut from privately owned lands.

which prevents the export of pulp-wood cut on Crown lands in this Province for the purpose of feeding factories in the United States, has had its natural result. The existing pulp and paper mills have been enlarged, and many new ones have been established.¹

For the protection and perpetuation of its rich forests, which have been valued at no less than 450,000,000 dollars, the Government has recently established an efficient forestry service, headed by forestry engineers of the highest standing, whose staff is to be hereafter recruited from the students of a forestry school recently endowed by the Province.

The prevention of forest fires and the re-forestation of its wild and denuded lands are also receiving prominent attention at the hands of the Government, and an interest-

¹ The American manufacturers resented the rivalry of the Canadians in establishing paper factories, and induced President Taft to insert in the tariff of 1910 a duty of 3.75 dollars a ton on the Canadian product. This was a little too much for the Quebec Government, which immediately responded by a law prohibiting the exportation of wood for pulp-making. The Americans appealed to Ottawa to rescind this law, but the only response was that the Quebec authorities were quite within their rights in enacting such legislation, which, in effect, has resulted in curtailing the American supply of timber and the creation of numerous new pulp factories in the Province, many of them, like that at La Tuque, mere feeders of American paper mills. As time goes on more of these are bound to be established, and the Americans will no doubt shortly see the wisdom of manufacturing their entire supply of paper on the spot where their pulp is made. This will be enormously to swell Quebec's industries and her revenue. American buyers of pulp-wood are now paying 8 dollars a cord for peeled wood, of which in 1911 about 900,000 cords were exported. In 1912 this had dropped to 600,000. Last year 41,700,000 dollars was the capitalisation of the nineteen pulp and paper companies in the Province.

ing illustration of the importance attached to forest preservation is furnished by the creation in recent years of a large number of forestry reserves. The only one in the entire Province in 1905 was the Laurentides National Park, and this, properly speaking, is rather a fish and game than a forestry reserve. Since its advent to power the Government of Sir Lomer Gouin has successively created the following reserves: The Gaspé Park, containing 2523 square miles; the Rimouski Reserve, 1250 square miles; the Chaudière Reserve, 156 square miles; the Temiscouata Reserve, 227 square miles; the Bonaventure Reserve, 1783 square miles; the Labrador Reserve, 110,000 square miles; the Bacheois Reserve, 113 square miles; the St. Maurice Reserve, 21,121 square miles; the Ottawa Reserve, 27,652 square miles; the Rivière Ouelle Reserve, 340 square miles; making a total of 165,115 square miles. Including the Laurentides National Park, the reserves above mentioned contain 107,767,253 acres, which not only exceeds the amount of similar reserves in all the other provinces of the Dominion, but also places the Province at the head of the North American continent, since it has set apart more territory for forest reserves than the entire American Union has similarly reserved.

Some four and twenty miles up the St. Maurice the river is narrowed by two rocky projections and an island divides its deep channel in twain. Then comes the drop in level, and a swift rush of foaming waters; fall after fall, leap after leap, the whole mighty flood dashes down, hurling itself against barriers of adamant, and finally sweeping majestically into a calm, broad basin which also receives

the waters of the Shawanegan River. Such are the famous Shawanegan Falls, which, since 1897, have been the property of the Shawinigan Company. They have a total height of 200 feet, and a capacity of 250,000 horse-power. The Company has spent over 5,000,000 dollars in the development of the water-power for machinery, works, transmission, and railway lines.

Their coming, and that of other subsidiary concerns, have given birth to a manufacturing town of considerable and expanding proportions. Shawanegan is now a town of six thousand souls, with waterworks, sewerage, electric light, and a fire protection service.

Yet Shawanegan Falls, for all the beauty of its site, might be one of those settlements in the Far West, planned out of Euclid and built by the local carpenter. The population seemed to me singularly untutored in the arts of civilised life, and the town seems faithfully to reflect their rude carelessness of the amenities. Even at the pretentious hotel it was impossible to procure a cup of afternoon tea for a lady. The buildings are, for the most part, mere shacks, whose character receives painful emphasis from the tall, showy "stores" of red brick or imitation stone, run up at ungrateful intervals in each block. As for the streets, they are unpaved, uneven, and rocky. I have a vision of a saloon whose doorway was filled with frowsy-headed men, smoking cigars and jeering at the passers-by.

I do not say that there is anything unusual in this picture of any brand-new town in the West, whether the magnet which drew the folk thither was gold or silver or asbestos or pulp. I was at Cobalt at the beginning of its wonderful

“boom.” Long before that I sojourned in Rossland. I knew Sudbury and Thetford and Glace Bay. It is the sort of thing one expects in a brand-new town. You would be surprised if you found anything else.

And that is precisely why Grandmother¹ surprised me. I was not prepared for it; and yet, somehow, I ought to have been prepared, for the man who discovered Grandmother, and located the great pulp industry there, is a man who knows and loves and cultivates the arts of life—who is literally an artist. I might at least have suspected that anything Sir William Van Horne had to do with would be out of the common—this man who, when the Canadian Pacific Railway rolling stock was being built, insisted on the interior woodwork of the cars being carved by hand, and imported a company of Bavarian wood-carvers on purpose.

“We can’t have veneer,” said he to the assembled Board of Directors, “it’s too expensive. Every foot of imitation carving will affect the opinion and their attitude towards us of the Company’s employees. We want them to have confidence in us—we want every clerk, conductor, and brakeman to regard this Company as above all mean pretence. So everything must be of the best material and be exactly what it pretends to be. Otherwise, their attitude and their service to us will not be what it ought to be.” That is the new spirit, the twentieth-century spirit of

¹ It is not really Grandmother. There are some simple French names which are to us a little too naïve and intimate for civic nomenclature. Grandmother is one of these. I recall a street in Marseilles, the Rue de Quatr’ Sous, which a recent American traveller has translated *more Gothico* as Four Cents Street, an effective way of exposing it to Transatlantic derision. But Grand’ Mère is accepted on the spot, and awakens no smile.



LUMBERING ON THE UPPER OTTAWA.

reciprocity between employer and employee, the spirit of mutual good—the spirit, yes, let us say, of Grandmother!

It was a beautiful June afternoon when the train drew me into the station on the outskirts of the town, and I had, before alighting, my first shock. A man, presumably the station-master, assisted by a youth, doubtless the telegraph operator, was taking up tulips from a flower-bed and substituting geraniums. I rubbed my eyes—was this the new “boom” town of Grand' Mère, or was it a village in Surrey? No, there it was—there was no mistake—“Grand' Mère” inscribed over the waiting-room door.

“Laurentide Hotel, sir?”

I stepped into the station fly, and my portmanteau and fishing-rods followed, and thereafter ensued rapid visions of trim cottages and green lawns, an English country church, young men and young women in white flannels, carrying tennis racquets, others apparently off for cricket and boating. We passed a handsome two-story white building, with a wide sweep of beautiful turf, embellished with clumps of lilac.

“That's the Laurentide Company's offices,” indicated my driver. “That rustic summer-house is the Company's pay-office. Here we are, sir, at the Company's hotel.”

The Company's hall-porter greeted me smiling, and took my rods and portmanteau. This, I was told, was where the staff boarded and lodged. Everything was neat and comfortable. My bedroom had a bathroom—hot and cold water—adjoining. From my bedroom window my eyes met flower-beds and lawns and creeper-clad cottages. The roadway was smooth and macadamised: upon other roads gangs

of men were engaged in labour. There were a steam-roller and a smell of tar. It was very like England.

I went out. I strolled about the streets. There were rows of tennis courts, filled with players. Yonder was a bowling-green. Everybody seemed busy—but they were busy with play. Apparently nobody did any work in Grandmother.

“This is a holiday, I suppose,” I remarked to a young man I met with a butterfly net.

“Oh, no,” he answered. “It’s after four o’clock. Everybody is off duty at four in Grand’ Mère—I mean everybody of the Company’s staff.”

“That must be pleasant,” I said.

“Well, it gives a man time to do things. It’s a splendid plan. Of course, we start at seven, with an hour for lunch.”

“You seem to have some good tennis players.”

“We ought to have. The Company encourages tennis and all sports. Free tennis courts, free bowls, free boating, free gymnasiums, free library, free billiards.”

“Not free billiards?”

“Oh, yes; we have several tables. Then the Company presents trophies for sport and encourages social improvement. All the bachelors live at the hotel, and when one gets married the Company builds him a house. Personally, I’m not very keen on athletics. I like trout fishing, and I go in for entomology. The treasurer of the Company is a keen ornithologist. Some of the fellows take up geology, and we have two or three literary geniuses.”

“May I ask where you come from?”

“Manchester. We have men from all over England and



A PRIMITIVE BRIDGE (GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC)



A RAILWAY BUILDING GANG

Scotland, as well as Canadians and Americans. But when I look back on my life in the shop in Manchester, with no prospect of a rise for years, living in lodgings in a dark back street, I tell you this seems like heaven. Here I am my own master for the best part of every afternoon and evening. I belong to a club, and have plenty of fishing. I read all the best books and periodicals, can follow my hobby, live like a fighting cock, and can save a hundred pounds a year."

Under such circumstances is it any wonder that Grandmother is popular ?

The principle adopted by the Laurentide Company, and carried out so successfully by Mr. Chahoon and his fellow-officers, is not wholly new. It has been adopted elsewhere in Canada and America. But in few places has it such a setting as in Grand' Mère. And that it pays is shown by the Company's balance-sheet—for on the stock of seven million dollars a dividend of eight per cent is paid.

As one of the directors said to me, "It sounds like philanthropy, but it is really first-rate economics."

Wondrous indeed are the Falls of Grand' Mère, as are all the falls on the St. Maurice, and all have been or are about to be harnessed to the service of man. The Laurentide Company controls over 50,000 horse-power and some 10,000 square miles of pulp-timber lands. By a scientific system of growth and conservation it hopes to preserve its timber supply in perpetuity, cutting only the spruce of a certain girth, and thereby avoiding the blundering wastefulness which had denuded whole tracts of every stick of timber, leaving hundreds of miles of pitiful stumps in place of

the primeval forest. At Grand' Mère the mills are equipped with all the latest devices for the manufacture of pulp and paper. The processes employed are mechanical, as opposed to the chemical ones used at Shawanegan and La Tuque, and turn out a very good quality of paper.

After the success of this experiment at Grand' Mère, what excuse can there be for the hideous "pulp towns" one sees in other parts of the Province? Not that Grand' Mère has, in its own opinion, done more than make a beginning. For, not only is it going to have faultless roads, but they are to be bordered—a thrilling enterprise this, in these latitudes—with thorn and cedar hedges! Then there is to be a look-out park in the neighbourhood of the falls, and everything is to be tidied up—so that none of their æsthetic charm is to be spoilt as other falls, especially those, alas! of Niagara, are spoilt.

I was interested in hearing from a habitant after I had left Grand' Mère for La Tuque whence the place derived its name.

"She was a ver' old woman—a Montagnais *sauvage*—an' she sat dere h'on de rocks hall de day singin'. An' de *chanson* dat she sing was h'all about her leetle grandson what was drowneded an' what she love ver', ver' much. An' she wave her hands and shake her body—so—all while she sing; an' one day she climb up an' go over de fall herself—to look for him, I guess. Bimebye, dey fish her *cadavre* h'out an' bury it dere, an' dey call de falls after de old woman—Grand' Mère. Some wants to call it Van Horne Falls or Chahoonville, but," added my informant, "I guess dat's h'on account dat dey not know de tale of de poor *vieille*

sawage what lose her leetle boy and is bury by de side of de falls, *n'est ce pas ?* ”

After the foregoing panegyric on the English portion of Grand' Mère, I must reluctantly add that there is a French and a larger portion. And what a difference ! The church is large and tasteless, and nowhere is there any sign of art or even of well-built comfort.

There are artists in Quebec, like Napoléon Bourassa, whose churches and frescoes I have so often admired—what could he not do here ?

If I have any quarrel with the Catholic hierarchy of Quebec, it is on this head. It is not that they have resisted the flood of democracy and moral vulgarity and sophistry. It is not even that they have exorcised Hugo and de Musset and Zola. My complaint as a Quebecquer, as an admirer of the good qualities of my French-speaking compatriots, is that, enjoying one of the finest opportunities that ever fell to a body of men, ecclesiastical or secular, having full means at their disposal, they have done so little for Art. In architecture, in painting, in sculpture, in music—these were the means of expression which the Church of Rome in the height of its glory fostered and brought to the highest pitch these arts have ever attained. Think of what the Church could have achieved in Quebec. Think of what it could achieve to-day. Take architecture, for example. Suppose that, instead of the often tasteless fabrics which have been constructed by scores and hundreds throughout the Province, simulating stone and covered with tin roofs, they had followed the more beautiful practice of the medieval church-builders, and when they reared these

houses of God, put stone upon stone with loving care, and with the thought of posterity constantly before them ! There were the models, there was the material—of stone and mortar and men : and Quebec to-day might have been one of the wonders of the world in the beauty as well as the profusion of its parish churches. Then, again, how, at a word from the Archbishop any time during this century and a half, schools of painting or wood-carving or music could have arisen in the larger parishes, and encouragement been given for proficiency in these arts. There is nothing inimical to religion here. Such seed would, too, have fallen upon congenial soil, for I am convinced the French-Canadian is innately artistic, if there are few manifestations of this quality amongst his people. But the works of Napoléon Bourassa, Hébert, Huot, Côté, amongst others, are evidence of its existence.

If he loves the melody of his folk-songs he also loves the music of Gounod and Saint-Saëns and Beethoven—when he hears it.

This is the great opportunity of the Church. This it is to increase the æstheticism of the people which has, so far, only found expression in its ancient ballads and in the poetry of Garneau, Crémazie, Fréchette, Lozeau, and Chapman.

About sixty-five miles above Grandes Piles is La Tuque, the terminus of the Piles branch of the Canadian Pacific, and a divisional terminus of the new Grand Trunk Pacific. In addition a new link of railway connects the Lake St. John Railway with the St. Maurice. Yesterday it was a profound solitude, save for the camps of the lumber-



ON THE MISTISSINI RIVER



VIRGIN STEEL (GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY)

men. The coming of the railway, and, above all, the existence of a magnificent water-power utilised for manufactures on a large scale, have caused quite a revolution in that hitherto unknown corner of the Province. A town of three thousand souls has already arisen, and is the embryo of a flourishing manufacturing centre. The brilliant prospects of La Tuque, in addition to the railway, are due to the fact that the whole surrounding region is covered with the best of merchantable timber, and that the St. Maurice is one of the most suitable rivers for floating logs. The La Tuque Rapids or Falls have a capacity of 79,000 horse-power, but by damming the river the capacity would attain 90,000 horse-power. At present the American firm established here makes no paper, only chemical pulp. At La Tuque I spent the night at the camp of Mr. Cressman, the engineer in charge of the construction of this division of the Transcontinental Railway, and travelled in a petrol car along the line where soon the thundering expresses from Prince Rupert on the far Pacific will startle in their solitudes the beavers and the foxes.

CHAPTER XI

QUEBEC'S LITERATURE

"Quebec has, no doubt, the most poetic people on this continent ; and she has managed, in spite of all her weaknesses—and she has many—to ennoble and place a glamour upon the land she has occupied as has none other of the North American peoples. . . . There is a charm, a quaintness, an artistic quality, a real love of life and its happiness, among her people, which seems sadly wanting elsewhere upon this continent."

W. W. CAMPBELL, *Canada.*

TOWARDS the close of the last chapter I spoke of one manifestation of the artistic quality latent in the Quebec people. It is something which generally eludes the eye of the passing traveller—the tourist—in Quebec Province ; and it eludes him all the more easily in that it never occurs to him to look for it. The Canadian from the other provinces marks with a keen eye field and flood, priest and parish, newspaper and politician, shop and seminary, but he casts none on that characteristic institution of Quebec, its literature. If, as on the occasion of the recent Language Congress, it becomes truly *saisissant*, a dubious head-shake is all he vouchsafes : he "takes no stock in it." Its quality and significance fail to impress.

Yet is he not confronting the one notable product of the genius of this Laurentian people ? Here perchance is the one flower which the Old World would esteem. Here and not elsewhere, one is tempted to say, is the soul

and essence of Quebec. In its ballads and folk-lore (some of which I have hinted at in a former chapter), its histories and essays and poetry, is marked most clearly the difference between French-speaking Quebec and English-speaking Ontario. It is not merely in the greater cultivation of the literary faculty, which has yielded such works as those of Garneau, de Gaspé, Casgrain, Le Moine, Sulte, and Fréchette: it consists in the more delicate sensibility—a sensibility common to the common folk—of the Quebecquois. Can, for instance, any one picture the Ontarian lumberman, singly or in gangs, in the “bush” trolling out lustily and unashamed almost any one of the old, sentimental ballads of his gentle sixteenth and seventeenth century forefathers, such as, let us say, “The Three Ravens,” “The Nut-brown Maid,” or “I love a lass, a fair one”—English ballads of real quality—each a test of an innate sense of literary form? Yet the least cultivated habitant to-day has dozens, nay, scores of such romaunts to match his Ontarian or American neighbour’s repertoire, so copiously enriched by *morceaux* from the music-halls and the negro minstrel troupe. Mr. Ernest Gagnon, in his *Chansons Populaires du Canada*, pronounces the number of these to be incalculable, but in this delightful collection there figure fully a hundred.

Balladry, from his very cradle, enters the soul of the Quebecquois. He hears his mother chant that ancient lullaby beginning:

C’est la poulette grise
Qui pond dans l’église;
Ell’ va pondre un beau p’tit coco
Pour son p’tit que va fair’ dodo.

Before he is even able to walk to church, as Mr. Gagnon says, the little habitant "hears canticles, psalms, hymns, and the general chaunts of the great Gregorian melopeia. Later, he learns the innumerable chansons which are sung in his parish; and when, at evening, at the close of a hot summer's day, he returns from work in the field one may hear him murmuring some of the phrases, some of those cherished names which recall his ancient Motherland. In the forest or in canoe, he will chaunt *La Belle Française*, or the plaint of the unhappy traveller drowned in the rapids. Or, it may be, the sweet Kyrie as sung to-day by his kinsfolk in the parish church and by those dear ones who went before. . . . One thing is certain," adds M. Gagnon, "these chansons, monuments in themselves more solid than monuments of bronze or granite, have the faculty which these latter have not, of planting themselves on the very hearths of the people, of following the missionary and the pioneer in the forest, of recalling an event a thousand leagues from the spot where it occurred and commemorating it simultaneously many times."

Of the quality, sentimental and artistic, of these songs of Quebec bequeathed to its people, for the most part by their Norman and Breton ancestors, much has been written; but they must be heard, in their *milieu* of the field, the bush, or the river, to show at their best. Translations, such as those of Mr. M'Lennan, while frequently giving a good notion of their spirit, have usually this cardinal fault, they do not match the melody and so are unsingable in English. To imagine an Ontarian farmer or lumberman attempting to sing the following verse, the opening of

"A la Claire Fontaine," is to imagine a thing grotesque :

Unto the crystal fountain
For pleasure I did stray ;
So fair I found the waters
My limbs in them I lay.¹

Yet once, in a camp, half French and half English, I—*moi qui vous parle*—was intrepid enough to transpose words so as to march with the melody of this, the best-known of the Quebec ditties. They were paltry enough, but at least I had the satisfaction of hearing them roared forth with gusto by a male choir of some twenty voices, and also to hear my friend Joe Perry, of Kingston ("Big Joe"), characteristically declare it was "a blasted good song and ought to be annexed." A staunch Orangeman, he, like the worthy English divine, probably failed to see why the enemy should "have all the best tunes."

I should seek other illustrations than "A la Claire Fontaine" if I were intent to plumb the living literature of the Province *au fond*. Rather would I quote such examples as :

Descendez a l'ombre, ma jolie blonde,
Descendez a l'ombre d'un bois.

Or the touching :

Faut-il, pour une fille,
Mon joli cœur de rose,
Que mon fils soit noyé,
Joli cœur d'un rosier ?

¹ A la claire fontaine
M'en allant promener
J'ai trouvai l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné.
Lui ya longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

Some of the best-known and most-sung ballads spring straight from the soil of Quebec, as, for instance, that commemorating the life and death of Cadieux, "*voyageur, poète et guerrier*," beginning :

Petit rocher de la haute montagne,
Je viens ici finir cette campagne.
Ah, doux échos, entendez mes soupirs ;
En languissant je vais bientôt mourir !

Such as these come from the common people, not the professed *littérateurs* ; and of them it may be said, with the anonymous author of the spirited "Jacquot Hugues" :

Qu'en a composé la chanson
C'est un garçon de gloire ;
Il ne vous dit son nom :
Ça vous reste à savoir.
Il espère que ses amis
Chanteront tous avec lui :
Romaine, sauvage, peau noire !

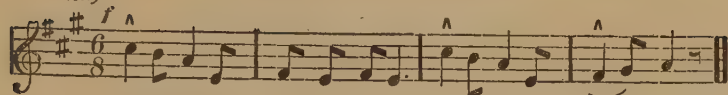
It is in these numerous and everywhere prevalent folk-songs, then, that we have the basis of the French literature of Quebec.

Somewhat more than a century ago saw the birth of Quebec journalism. The newspapers, such as *Le Canadien*, *Le Courrier de Québec*, and *Le Spectateur*, were (as the Abbé Camille Roy points out) "for our poets, as for our prose-writers, an invitation to write and to submit their works to the public." Of the earliest to respond to the invitation were Quesnel, Mermet, Bibaud, and Denis-Benjamin Viger—who may be called the fathers of Quebec literature. Besides the effusions of these poets, the political quarrels of 1806 to 1810 and the war of 1812 provoked the

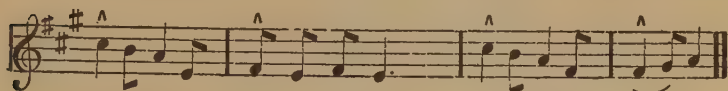
EN ROULANT MA BOULE

(A French-Canadian Folk-song)

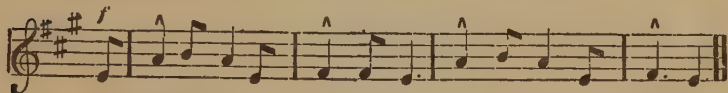
Lively



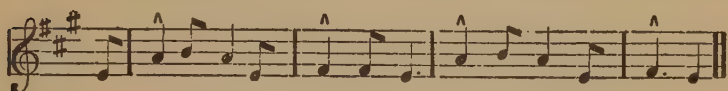
1. En rou-lant ma bou le rou-lant, En rou-lant ma bou - le



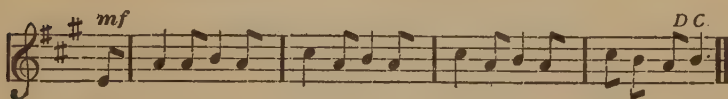
En rou-lant ma bou - le rou - lant, En rou-lant ma bou le



Der - rier', chez nous ya t-un é - tang En rou - lant ma bou - le



Der - rier', chez nous ya t-un é - tang, En rou - lant ma bou - le



Trois beaux ca-nard s'en vont bai-gnant, rou - li, rou-lant, ma bou-le rou-lant.

2
Trois beaux canards s'en vont
baignant,
En roulant ma boule.
Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant
En roulant, etc.

3
Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
En roulant ma boule,
Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

4
Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
En roulant ma boule
Visa le noir, tua le blanc,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

5
Visa le noir, tua le blanc,
En roulant ma boule.
O fils du roi, tu es méchant!
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

6
O fils du roi, tu es méchant
En roulant ma boule
D'avoir tué mon canard blanc,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant
En roulant, etc.

7
D'avoir tué mon canard blanc,
En roulant ma boule.
Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

8
Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang,
En roulant ma boule. [mantis,
Par les yeux lui sort'nt des dia-
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

9
Par les yeux lui sort'nt des dia-
En roulant ma boule. [mantis.
Et par le bec l'or et l'argent,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

10
Et par le bec l'or et l'argent,
En roulant ma boule. [sant,
Toutes ses plum's s'en vont au
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

11
Toutes ses plum's s'en vont au
En roulant ma boule. [vent,
Trois dam's s'en vont les ramas-
sant,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

12
Trois dam's s'en vont les ramas-
En roulant ma boule. [sant,
C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

13
C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,
En roulant ma boule.
Pour y coucher tous les passants.
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule.

cacoethes scribendi of a host of small Juvenals and aspiring Tyrtæans, now forgotten. After a lull came the popular seething agitations between 1825 and 1838, when the national conscience waxed strong, and with it the national literature of the French-Canadians. It was then that the literature of the Province felt its wings and took its first real flight. The poetry produced by Garneau, Lenoir, Fiset, and Crémazie about this period still lives in Quebec, and will continue to live. But excellent as is much of this verse, the best works are in prose, such as the histories of Michel Bibaud, of Garneau and of the Abbé Ferland, and the romances of de Gaspé. I have seen these in many a European library.

One day in 1855, for the first time since the British conquest, a French vessel of war, *La Capricieuse*, sailing up the St. Lawrence, anchored off Quebec. The incident kindled a flame of Francophile enthusiasm, which is the subject of some famous stanzas of Fréchette, whose poetry, by the way, has been crowned by the French Academy.

Tu l'as dit, ô vieillard, la France est revenue,
Au sommet de nos murs voyez-vous dans la nue
Son noble pavillon dérouler sa splendeur ?

From this period—when Frenchman and Englishman were fighting shoulder to shoulder in the Crimea—dates the renewal of Quebec's relations with France. French literature now began to circulate in the Province, to fire the imagination and stimulate the productiveness of the native writers. The past half-century has seen a notable literary activity, and though but a small percentage of this French literature of the Province of Quebec may be known

to England or France, and but little more to the other Canadian provinces, it constitutes the chief merit and the chief living glory of Quebec. It has a flavour, a charm, and individuality of its own. If to it we dare add the achievements of Quebecquers writing in another tongue—and who denies their right to figure in that galaxy of talent?—we only increase the lustre of Provincial literature.

One might easily fill a page with the names of those who in the last twenty years in Quebec have penned volumes of verse or prose. But my aim is not that of a review of Quebec literature: it is merely to demonstrate that the French literature in this Province is a living, breathing thing, which every traveller who visits the country or who desires to have some acquaintance with it should know something of. On the shelves of a Quebec book-store last summer I counted no fewer than ninety volumes by Quebec authors. Think what this means: ninety volumes from nearly half as many different pens—history, poetry, romance, travel, *belles-lettres*, actually in process of being sold over the counter in a single shop in a community which, after all, numbers only two million souls! How many Ontarian authors are there, and what proportion of their total number of readers is to be sought for within the confines of Ontario?

For this is really the impressive fact—the writings of Casgrain, Fréchette, Legendre, Sulte, Routhier, Chapais, Gosselin, Dionne, Gérin-Lajoie, Arthur Buies, L. O. David, Roy, and even of Fréchette, may be said to be hardly read outside Quebec. It is the same with the members of the newer “Ecole littéraire” of Montreal, amongst whom

Messrs. Albert Lozeau, Charles Gill, Emile Nelligan, Albert Ferland, and Charles Dumont deserve mention. And the reason for this limited appeal one may seek in the character of the works produced. They lack general power. Sir Gilbert Parker may, I suppose, be claimed as an Ontarian author, and his appeal is universal. He is capable, in his numerous romances, wherever the scene be laid, of thrilling his readers. Mr. Stephen Leacock is a Quebec author writing in English, and his appeal also is wide, because he writes frankly as a humorist. But French-Canadian literature is not often either thrilling or humorous. It is patriotic, reflective, introspective, hortatory; and let me hasten to add, it is none the less good literature because the popular demand for works of this character is, in this twentieth century, everywhere slight.

"Le roman et le théâtre," admits Mr. Camille Roy, "sont les deux genres qui s'acclimatent le plus difficilement dans notre pays." De Gaspé still remains Quebec's best novelist, and his *Anciens Canadiens* contains some passages of great charm and power; Gérin-Lajoie, de Boucherville, Marmette, Laure Conan and Hector Bernier have penned romances full of interest. But it is in its histories, its poesy, its descriptive literature, in its *livres de fantaisie*, its critical essays, its memoirs, that Quebec literature is truly rich. Moreover, there is evidence of a renewal of zeal so marked that one confidently looks forward to the advent of a writer in French as distinguished in romance as Fréchette was in poetry, or Casgrain in history.

"I do not despair," said a talented Montrealer to me, "of seeing a Daudet, a Victor Cherbuliez, or a Renée

Bazin arise amongst our people, and if he does, he will come sooner than a Meredith, a Hardy, or a Barrie amongst our English writers."

Nor is this innocent emulation to be discouraged. One has only to read certain of the Quebec journals to-day to see evidences of both wit, keen observation, and descriptive power amongst the writers which suggest the imminence of a first-rate novelist.

Twenty years have passed since Mr. Arthur Buies, one of the most gifted of Quebec's writers, could say :

"It is a lot little enviable in our country, that which devolves upon literary workers. There is no place for them. This land, still in its infancy in all things, where all is yet to be created in order that it may attain the rank in civilisation it will yet occupy, has need of everything at this moment, woodmen, labourers, artisans, mechanics to give it a frame and a body before it can dream of furnishing and garnishing its mind. *Aux littérateurs, il ne faut pas songer encore.*"

But even at that date more than one French critic of distinction, such as M. Gailly de Taurines, was ready to demonstrate that the brain of Quebec, the French half of it, was developing conjointly with its frame and its body, and that it could, at the same time, "*marcher, agir et penser.*" How much truer to-day ! The Instituts Canadiens of Quebec and Montreal, the literary clubs that have been created in the principal centres of the Province, the public lectures at Laval University which are thronged by auditors, are all testimony of the hold which literature has taken on the people.

When we come to consider the English half of Quebec's brain, we find the literary faculty equally active and industrious, but less introspective and less indigenous. Quebec and Montreal, especially the former, have always had a group of *littérateurs* writing in English, and sometimes, as in the case of Sir James Le Moine and George T. Lanigan, alternating English with French. There has been some excellent work produced in Quebec by these groups, but with one or two exceptions it, too, has been limited in its appeal. It was, like the poetry of Charles Heavysege, not Canadian at all in spirit or else it was like the labours of Le Moine, almost too local and desultory to gain a very wide currency elsewhere. But in William McLennan, a romancier of singular charm appeared, whose tales met with an enthusiastic reception in America and whose lamented death left his early promise unfulfilled. Miss Dougall wrote several novels (the best of which was *Beggars All*), which were widely read. Then came W. H. Drummond, perhaps Quebec's first great humorist, whose volumes of dialect poetry have gone through edition after edition. Of him Fréchette, the "Laureate of Quebec," wrote :

"Si jamais quelqu'un, chez nous, a mérité le titre de *pathfinder of a new land of song* (dont le grand poète américain Longfellow eut la flatteuse bienveillance de m'appeler) c'est assurément lui."

Drummond, in fact, took the habitant and "presented him as a national type, putting into his mouth a language which was not his own and which he but half knew ; making him a good, sweet-tempered, amiable, honest, and

intelligent, even a witty, personage, his heart full of a native poetry and patriotism, and this in such a manner that the most subtle critic could detect no stroke of caricature." Familiar from one end of the continent to the other is the picture of young Jean-Baptiste Trudeau, who has left his father's farm to become a factory hand in the States and returns on a brief visit utterly metamorphosed in a new suit of Yankee clothes, beaver hat, gold watch-chain, and with waxed moustache. He has even forgotten his mother-tongue.

He say, "Oh yass dat's sure enough—I know you now firs' rate,
But I forget mos' all ma French since I go on de State ;
Dere's noder t'ing kip on your head, ma frien' dey must be tole,
Ma' name's Bateese Trudeau no more, but John B. Waterhole."

But a time came when Bateese's heart yearns for the land of his fathers ; he is miserable in his new *milieu*, misfortune overtakes him as it overtakes many self-expatriated Quebecquois, and the magnificent "John B. Waterhole" comes back ignobly on a freight train, very contrite and humble indeed, and asks to be taken back on the farm.

Bateese is lose his Yankee clothes—he's dress lak Canayen,
Wit' bottes sauvages—ceinture flèché—an' coat wit' capuchon,
And spik Français au naturel, de sam' as habitant.

And withal, as the poem shows, he is much happier amongst his own people.

To-day, in Montreal, owing largely to the stimulus and the example of Dr. Macphail, the editor of the *University Magazine*, several excellent writers are obtaining a hearing who, if they are not withdrawn too exclusively into other professions, ought to win renown outside the Province

In Mr. Stephen Leacock English and American critics have discovered a new humorist of merit. Mr. W. D. Lighthall is a graceful historian and essayist, and Colonel William Wood, of Quebec, author of *The Fight for Canada*, and other well-written works, has already built up an international reputation. Colonel Wood frankly acknowledges the inspiration he received from Dr. Arthur Doughty's monumental work (it is in six quarto volumes) on *The Siege of Quebec*, a labour which established the literary renown of the then Archivist of Quebec and now Archivist of the Dominion. In poetry, in English, Mr. Frederick George Scott, of Quebec, is perhaps now the leading figure, a poet whose works are published and read in England. Quebec has had many poets in English, but it cannot be said that their work is alive to-day, as is the work of the poets who wrote in French.

With one or two exceptions English journalism in the Province is hardly equal in merit to that of the French. But I do not pretend to deliver judgment. Of journalism in general I would rather quote the words of a friend, the Professor of French Literature in the University of Laval.

"The proprietor of a great Montreal newspaper," writes Mr. Roy, "dared recently to write on the thirty-sixth page of a number swollen with advertisements, of reproductions, of cheap illustrations and bad reporting, that the issue of this number was 'twice as large as that of the same day last year; the success which had crowned his efforts was unprecedented in Canadian journalism.' He added modestly, 'We believe, without undue pride, we can say that to-day's issue is an honour to Canadian journalism.'"

“When one considers a newspaper as a thing of commerce, when one measures its value by the weight in packages and on the number of these carried daily to the four quarters of the country, when one esteems its worth by the number of dollars that it brings into the counting-house, one can well experience those joys which delighted the soul of Euclion or Harpagon. But when one has some solicitude for the formation of the national intelligence, and of the rôle which journalism should play in the education of the people, one cannot suppress a regret that the literary and artistic malefactors of our daily Press should indulge in such self-laudation. Our daily journal is decadent. It is decadent because it has too many pages and too many pictures ; and because, having so many pages and so many pictures, it can only fill its columns with mediocre writing and cover its double and triple façade with designs of dubious artistic value. In ideas there is even a greater poverty than of words. *On demande des idées !*”

Another professor, M. Arnould, expresses himself in like manner in a French review :

“The truth must be told, though it draw upon one implacable enmities : the Press is one of the principal obstacles to intellectual progress in Canada, the greatest newspapers being, with their from sixteen to thirty-two pages, mere bundles of advertisements. Amongst them there are indeed some well-edited and interesting, but these find themselves swamped so irremediably in oceans of Yankee rubbish that they only inspire discouragement.”

This criticism is, of course, general. As I have said, there are several ably and soberly conducted daily newspapers

in the Province, but even in these the technical production is far from perfect, both type and paper used being a great drawback from excellence. Three daily newspapers—two in Montreal and one in Quebec—are professedly not conducted with a view solely to commercial profit: *The Witness*, *L'Action Sociale*, and *Le Devoir*, the former two being published “in the interests of temperance, public and private morality and the welfare and betterment of the masses,” and the latter is the organ of the Quebec Nationalists. Their propagandism apart, these journals are entertaining, well informed, and well written. The *format* and make-up of Mr. Henri Bourassa's journal, *Le Devoir*, is borrowed straight from Paris; the articles are all signed, and some of them in wit and *verve* would do no discredit to *Figaro* itself.

CHAPTER XII

THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS

“The French-Canadians have never, since they were allowed the rights for which, simultaneously with British-Canadians, they contended against an arbitrary government, given occasion for political umbrage. They have always heartily acquiesced in British institutions, obeyed British laws, and been faithful to the British Government. To expect that they should renounce their national character, their feeling for their mother country, their language, their ancestral religion, or their popular flag would be absurd.”

GOLDWIN SMITH, *Canada and the Canadian Question*.

UP to the close of the Napoleonic wars the English-speaking immigration into Quebec Province, and, indeed, into Canada, was almost exclusively from the bordering American States. When, as a result of the social and industrial conditions which followed Waterloo, the exodus from the British Isles began, the opportunity for settling the new immigrants in Quebec was, owing to the short-sighted land policy which then obtained amongst the Government officials, all but lost. Instead of throwing the unoccupied lands open freely to the industrious settler these lands were granted to favourites who would only part with them at a price far exceeding the resources of the would-be colonist, and the natural consequence was that he pressed forward to Ontario, where he was welcomed with open arms, and so laid the foundation of the industrial and agricultural prosperity of that province.

Although the main stream of British immigration was thus diverted, as it still continues diverted to-day, yet many hundreds of families—English, Scotch, and Irish—did find a footing in the territory between the head waters of the Chaudière and the Richelieu, then settled in part by some hundreds of hardy pioneers, United Empire Loyalists from the American Republic and discharged British soldiers of the Napoleonic wars. These had already carved from the forest their homes and laid the foundation of that part of Quebec Province known as the Eastern Townships.

Thus we find, in these counties, a distinct and clearly defined territory upon the map of the Province, but racially far less distinct and defined within recent years than it was, say, twenty or thirty years ago.

The very names of these eleven counties tell the story of their origin : Brome, Compton, Drummond, and Arthabaska, Megantic, Missisquoi, Richmond and Wolfe, Shefford, Sherbrooke, and Stanstead. In area this district comprises some four and a half million acres, or larger than Kent, Surrey, Sussex, and Hampshire together. Its centre is about one hundred miles east of the city of Montreal and about the same distance south-west of the city of Quebec. South and east are the States of Vermont and New Hampshire.

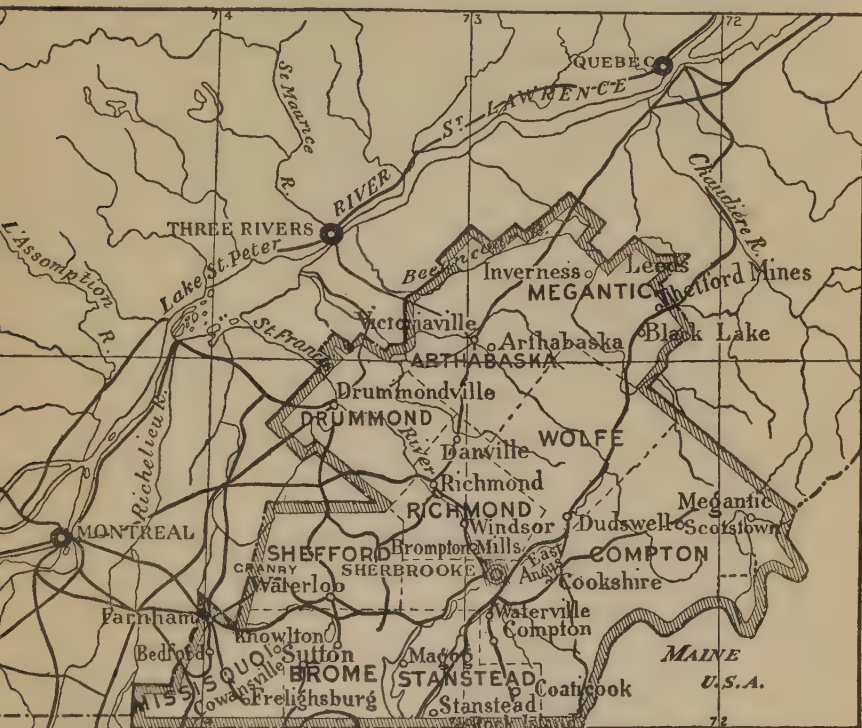
The first settlers in 1784 made a home for themselves on the shores of Missisquoi Bay. By the close of the century a steady stream of immigration had set in from Vermont, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, shrewd, intelligent men with keen eyes for good "locations" in the wilderness,



BARN AND STOCK OF FARM, NEAR WATERLOO, QUEBEC

and who were themselves the descendants of the still earlier pioneers who had opened up New England.

To-day what was then virgin forest, broken only here and there by the "clearing" of the settler, we find this



great and flourishing district, traversed by railroads in all directions and supporting a richly diversified life in commerce, in manufacturing, in mining, and, above all, in agriculture. Towns and villages have arisen everywhere as commercial and manufacturing centres.

This country—the Eastern Townships—is, topographi-

cally, one of the most pleasing sections of the Province. Annually, during the summer season, it attracts thousands of city dwellers, who come from even the southern sections of the United States to enjoy their holiday outing among the lakes, rivers, wooded lands, and cultivated meadows, with which the townships abound. Of its lakes, the most important as to size is Memphremagog, thirty miles long, lying between the counties of Stanstead and Brome, and extending into the State of Vermont on the other side of the boundary line. During the summer season a steamer makes daily trips from its American terminus, Newport, to its Canadian terminus, Magog, while its banks are dotted by summer residences, pleasant farm-houses, and three or four flourishing villages. Its outlet, the Magog River, expands into the "Little Magog" a few miles above the city of Sherbrooke, and then continues down to turn the wheels of many industries before it joins with the St. Francis, in the St. Francis Valley. For rugged and striking beauty Lake Memphremagog is notable. Along its shores rise the highest of the many hills, extension of the Green Mountain range of Vermont. Mount Orford, Owl's Head, and Mount Elephantis are the delight of mountain climbers and scenery lovers, while the rugged rocks and deep bays make the lake worthy of the admiration which it receives from its many summer visitors.

As a summer resort, Knowlton, on Brome Lake, is really a charming place. Here the late Dominion Minister of Agriculture, the Hon. Sydney Fisher, lives upon his admirably-managed estate and takes a keen interest in the whole locality. Brome County is noted for its fine



Photo by Presby

TYPICAL VIEW IN MELBOURNE, COUNTY OF RICHMOND, QUEBEC

scenery, including the "Bolton Pass." The village itself contains a fine library, and even boasts a Brome Historical Society.

Lake Megantic, on the borders of Maine, is a favourite resort for sportsmen. Hunting and fishing, particularly the former, are enjoyed to a great extent, and there is a small population of professional guides always on hand to take the searcher for big game into the deepest recesses of the forest. Indeed, lakes and smaller bodies of water abound all through the Eastern Townships.

The greater part of the Eastern Townships is at a much higher level than the plain of the St. Lawrence. The elevations in general run from about 300 feet to over 1000 feet above sea-level, and form a portion of the Appalachian range. The highest peak is Mount Orford, which is 2860 feet above sea-level, and is situated in the north-west end of Lake Memphremagog. Owl's Head, on the western shore of the same lake, is 2484 feet. It is the wide troughs between these ranges which form the great agricultural areas of the Eastern Townships, which have been called the "Garden of Quebec," just as Kent is termed the "Garden of England."

One finds the typical Eastern Townships farm of, say, 250 acres, divided into three nearly equal sections, cultivated land, pasturage, and woodland. The pastures sustain through the summer the cattle and sheep and such horses as are turned out to graze. An average farm will have forty head of cattle and perhaps fifty sheep. The woods furnish fuel for the house fire, cordwood to sell at the village, and, what is more important, the sap for the maple sugar very

development in the Eastern Townships was recognised, but the expectation was confined to two or three centres like Sherbrooke, possessing very exceptional water-powers. While cheap power has proved a great attraction to these centres, other advantages and circumstances, including proximity to raw material, have tended to establish manufacturing industries in nearly all of the smaller and larger towns of the district. The expansion in this respect during the last dozen years or so has been, indeed, beyond the expectation of the people themselves, who had regarded the Eastern Townships chiefly from the agricultural point of view, and it has had several important results. One of these has been the extension of railway facilities. Every manufacturing town has proved to be a good local market for the surrounding farmers for the whole range of their production. Not less important to the farmer has been the extension of the railways. There is now practically no farming section of the whole district which does not possess, in addition to the local markets, good transportation facilities.

Nearly a century old is the city of Sherbrooke. It was in 1816 that Sir John Sherbrooke, then Governor of Lower Canada, visited this hamlet in the wilderness and in his honour the village of those days received its name. It grew and developed with the settlement of the surrounding country. The first railway constructed was in 1852. In 1875 Sherbrooke received its charter as a city. Its advancement during the next twenty-five years was slow, as, indeed, was the industrial growth of all Canada during that period. The closing years of the last century and the

first decade of the present century, however, witnessed a new order of things. No other city in the Province save Montreal has shown such progress. Many new and substantial business and public buildings have been erected; city squares have been opened and beautified; electric power, light, gas, and water systems have been taken over by the city and improved and extended; street railway lines have been built and important extensions and power developments in this connection undertaken; new and important industries have been established; schools have been improved and libraries enlarged; churches and new public halls have been built and many beautiful homes erected. And the secret of Sherbrooke's progress lies in the wonderful water-powers furnished by the St. Francis and Magog rivers at her very doors—nay, within her very bosom.

It is in this respect that Sherbrooke stands foremost among Canadian cities of her size, for she is still under 20,000 population. Power in almost unlimited quantities is available for new industries, and at prices which cannot be equalled in the Niagara peninsula. The Magog River is the outlet of Lake Memphremagog, and its course is from Magog to Sherbrooke, where it joins the St. Francis, after falling some 120 feet within the city limits.

Some of the river views are truly superb: one in particular, from a Sherbrooke garden, will long linger in my memory for its panoramic perfection.

A short distance from Sherbrooke—a tram-line connects them—is the quiet village of Lennoxville, famous for its school and college. So few know anything of the good

work in the making of Canadian manhood which is being done here that I cannot forbear giving a description of it in these pages.

The idea of Bishop's College, when it was founded about 1840, was the education of young men for the Anglican Church. That of the school which followed soon after was to provide Canadian boys of the better class with a liberal education on the lines of the great English public schools, and both in the past seventy odd years have, on the whole, admirably fulfilled this intention. The school was first opened by the Rev. Lucius Doolittle, Rector of the parish of Sherbrooke and Lennoxville. The fact that a great many old-country settlers and half-pay officers were taking up land in the townships made the selection of Lennoxville a suitable one. Yet the good Bishop Mountain wanted the school to be at Quebec, or near the college at Three Rivers, where the Rev. Samuel Wood had a few students for the ministry.

The early history of the school is bound up with that of the college, and its third or fourth master, Miles, was one of the college faculty. In 1860 substantial new buildings were erected on the present site, and the school removed from the village to the college grounds. From this time forward it attained a high degree of prosperity, sharing with the Collegiate School at Windsor, Nova Scotia, and Upper Canada College the distinction of being the best-known institutions of their kind in Canada.

A great feature of the school is the cadet corps. The uniform is the regulation khaki with puttees, and the boys are armed with the Ross rifle. The corps drills one hour a

week during the autumn and winter, and with the summer term three hours a week for some time previous to inspection by the officer commanding the 53rd Regiment at Sherbrooke. One of the boys said to me proudly: "You know, sir, this is not altogether an ornamental corps. We have seen active service." School cadets who have seen active service are certainly a novelty, and I was interested in learning how. In 1861 one Captain Rawson lived in Lennoxville, at the time when the *Trent* affair threatened trouble between Britain and America. He thought he saw trouble ahead and promptly organised a company in the village, called the Bishop's College Rifle Company. Two of his sons, then at the school, became recruits, and all were put on picket duty. The eldest, afterwards Admiral Sir Harry Rawson, was at the beginning of the present decade commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean Squadron. The second son, Wyatt, at one time the youngest boy in the school, was in his lifetime an officer on Queen Victoria's yacht, and died a glorious death in the trenches at Tel-el-Kebir. The last words of this old Lennoxville boy were, "General, did I not lead them straight?" He had guided the army across the desert by the stars the previous night. One of the Rawson sisters married Sir Francis de Winton, equerry to King Edward when Prince of Wales.

The Joly de Lotbinière brothers—who have distinguished themselves in the British army in India—were educated at Lennoxville.

Once, the boys were anxious to have a kind of Zouave uniform; but this request was refused by the Government,



RIVERSIDE DAIRY FARM, NEAR SHERBROOKE



[Photo by Presby]

A FAMOUS MILCH JERSEY AT MELBOURNE,
QUEBEC

and they were fitted out with the ordinary rifle uniform of dark, "invisible" green, faced with red; the buttons black and marked "Royal Canadian Rifles," while the head-dress was a black round forage cap, with three narrow red stripes. In 1866 this uniform was changed when the corps became a company of the 53rd Regiment.

In the spring of 1866 occurred the first Fenian Raid. There was a rumour that the miners at what was then known as Hervey Hill intended to raid the school, seize the arms, and join the Fenians; so the company was ordered out for active service, its orders being to guard the bridges in the vicinity of Lennoxville and to arrest all persons who could not give a satisfactory account of themselves. The company was on this duty for about a fortnight; then it was learnt that the Fenians who had been on the neighbouring frontier had passed on to St. Albans, and the boys went back to school congratulating themselves, it is believed justly, that they had been the cause of the enemy changing their course!

Many vicissitudes have overtaken the company since then up to the time when it became a cadet corps. Twice its arms and accoutrements were destroyed by fire; but for the past twenty years steady progress has been made, and to-day the boys make a fine soldierly appearance on parade, and even on one recent memorable occasion acting as military escort to a Governor-General, Earl Grey.

Close by the large school *campus* runs the Massawippi River, wherein the swimmers take their delight, although, alas, with too rapid a current for boating. In "footer"

and cricket Bishop's College School has always possessed an excellent record. In cricket they have frequently played Montreal and McGill ; but, unhappily, as the headmaster bewailed to me, cricket can only be played for about one month a year, for the school term ends in June, and, besides, there is a want of players with whom to compete. As a result, this finest and most manly of old English games is being sacrificed to the American form of rounders, known as baseball.

The headmaster, Mr. Tyson Williams, who takes the heartiest interest in his work, conducted me proudly through the class-rooms and dormitories, and I am bound to say that in no English public school I know of are there better domestic arrangements. Everything was spotlessly clean, light, and airy, and the boys seemed a fine, wholesome lot of fellows. It was a thrilling thing to hear them roaring out lustily their school song, beginning :

“Lennoxville vivat disimus
Honor !
Amore juncti canimus.
Decor.”

A few years ago their numbers fell as low as sixty-five, but the circumstances were exceptional, and I was glad to find they are now well past the hundred mark. The school is to be completely separated from the college, and put on as individual a foundation of its own as if it were situated miles distant, which seems for many reasons to be wise policy. For the school is not really a feeder to the college, hardly any of the boys ever go on to the higher institution, and it would be better if it were emancipated

from the control of the college governing body altogether, which tends to cramp its work.

Not far out of the college ground is the preparatory school, which, with better reason, is affiliated to the senior school. But it has its own grounds and its own *campus* and keeps its own hours.

Whatever else is happening in the Eastern Townships, there is nothing the matter with Lennoxville. Not long ago in the city of Montreal there was held a most enthusiastic meeting of the "old boys." The wants of the school were discussed and a quarter of a million dollars was raised to place the institution upon a sound financial basis. When we consider the large number of old boys who occupy important positions, not only throughout Canada, but in the United States and Great Britain, Lennoxville should not go begging outside for support.

Besides Sherbrooke, other important towns in the Eastern Townships are Richmond, Victoriaville, Drummondville, and Thetford.

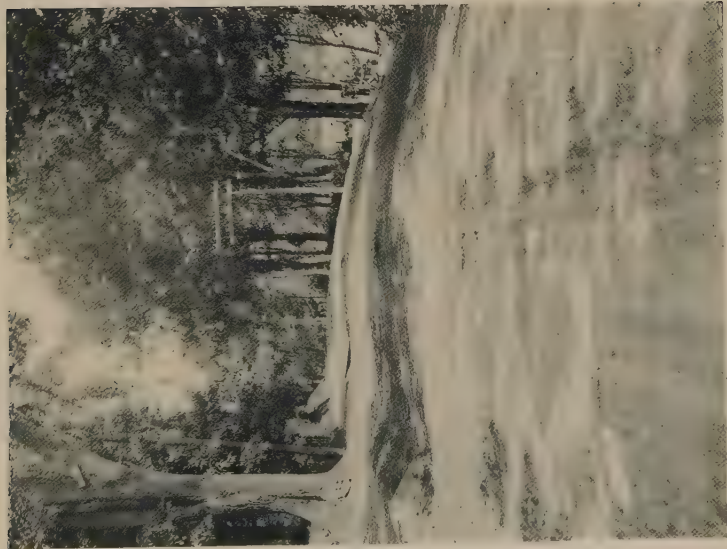
It was when, some thirty years ago, the Thetford asbestos mines first began to achieve prominence that another stimulus was given to the incoming of miners, artisans, and operatives generally of French origin into the Eastern Townships. The other day when I visited Thetford, it was to find, not a peaceful little English-speaking hamlet, but a busy town, little differing from other French-speaking towns in the other parts of the Province save, perhaps, in being larger, newer and untidier.

Hitherto, the Eastern Townships of Quebec have never posed before the world as a mining community, such as

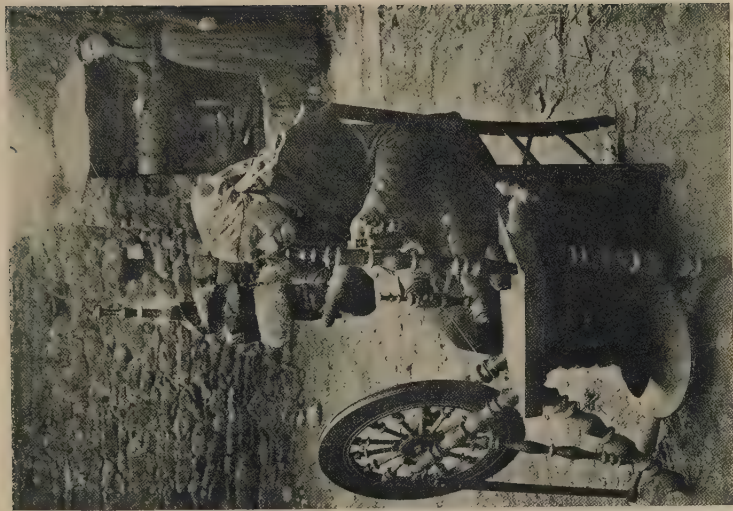
British Columbia, the Yukon, New Ontario, or, perhaps, some other parts of the Dominion. A deep, rich soil, rather than mineral-producing rocks, was considered the region's sole asset, yet now that this part of the Province has begun at Thetford with asbestos, it is difficult to say where it will stop. These asbestos mines are the richest in the world and form the total Canadian output. The mineral occurs in the "serpentine" belt extending in a broad line through the whole district. The dominating rock of the belt is serpentine, but it carries, at different points, large deposits of asbestos, chromic iron and copper, and there are also occasional occurrences of antimony and nickel. The asbestos is regarded as an altered serpentine, being of much the same chemical composition. Besides fire-proof stage curtains, it is used for fire-screens, boiler-covering, fire-proof roofing, and insulating material generally. It occurs in veins and is of a silky fibrous appearance. At first only the long-fibred quality was considered valuable, but within the last few years the short-fibred is used in the manufacture of an excellent house plaster.

Connected with these mines and the mills, and, indeed, with the very prosperity of the Eastern Townships, is the great grievance of this whole district—so far as the descendants of the original English-speaking settlers are concerned—the fact that their racial monopoly has disappeared.

Very pathetic pictures have been drawn of the English-speaking depopulation of the Eastern Townships. We are asked to weep at the plight of the perfervid and patriotic Orangeman who sees the adjoining farm (which its owner has sold for a good round sum in order to take up a con-



AN EASTERN TOWNSHIPS ROAD (NORTH HATLEY)



AN ANCIENT GRANDMOTHER

cession in Alberta) invaded by a descendant of the original inhabitants of the country.

“Here,” we are told, “a few decades ago in each home was heard the kindly speech of the Lowland Scot; here another where Highlanders predominated; another where Irish Catholics and Protestants dwelt in neighbourly helpfulness. . . . To-day approach one of those homes, and with polite gesture madam gives you to understand that she does not speak English.”

Think of it! The intolerable nature of such a situation! The kindly Gaelic gone, the gentle Doric vanished; and in exchange, what is it greets our outraged ear? Only the incomprehensible accents of the speech of four-fifths of the Provincial population. Do not these others—these English, Scots, and Ulstermen—one wonders, ever indulge in “polite gesture” when they give the chance caller to understand that they do not understand French? Yet the understanding of French would be the most effective means to a *rapprochement* between the two races that the best wisher of both could devise.

But the eloquent jeremiad from which I quote does not stop here.

“Here is the school the first settlers erected, which they and their successors kept open with no small denial. Draw near to it and you hear the scholars calling to one another in French. The descendants of the men who cleared these fields of forest and brought them into cultivation have disappeared. The meeting-house where they met for worship stands there on a knoll, with broken windows and boarded door, dropping to decay. The surrounding

gone further and fared worse. But they have gone and none have come, in thousands of instances, to take their place. The grievance is that in the Eastern Townships of Quebec the descendants of the early nineteenth-century English, Irish, and Scotch pioneers have departed, and that the descendants of the seventeenth-century French pioneers have come to replace them—paying a good price for these newly acquired farms. That is the grievance. Let us survey this so-called "Tragedy of Quebec" impartially and from an Imperial standpoint.

The Quebecquois have a certain pride in and love for their own Province. Here they are accorded privileges they can obtain in no other part of Canada, of which Quebec is but a part. Rightly or wrongly, they have a religion to which, foolish as it may seem, they are deeply attached. They even have a language which has a glory, an antiquity, and a beauty so great that some absurd zealots, including a large number of famous Englishmen, Germans, Russians, and others, have even esteemed it above their own mother-tongue. All the distinctive nations in the universe are now endeavouring to preserve their own historic individuality, their own ancient speech and language and faith, which it was the old policy of predominant races to crush out. Amongst these are the Quebecquois. Once we might have crushed out this spirit of solidarity in the French-Canadians: we might have proscribed their language, banned their religion, and endeavoured to assimilate them in all their habits, customs, and modes of thought to ourselves. We might have done so: but it is doubtful if the mutation would have been permanent; and in the process we should

have built up a fabric of hate and rancour and violence resembling that which our ancestors somehow or other managed to build up in Ireland. But a beneficent Providence stayed our hand : and to-day every reasonable man must agree that it is no part of the mission of the British Empire to do violence to the smaller racial or national groups under the flag and attempt forcibly to assimilate them to the standards of East Ham, Glasgow, or Winnipeg. Let us rather thank God that there exist these differences : that in the vulgarisation and secularisation of the race there are some communities which hold to other standards and other ideals, and that in the general onrush towards Socialism and Negativism there are a few compact bands of laggards on the way.

At all events it is clear that the right of the French-Canadians to be themselves has been conceded too long for it to be denied now, nor could I discover in my travels through the Eastern Townships that the land, or its industries, have suffered by being "invaded" by farmers and artisans from other parts of Quebec.

When I asked, as I frequently did, whether the French-Canadians in the agricultural districts make good neighbours, the answer was direct and convincing. The English declare that their French-speaking compatriots are the most cheerful, the most honest, the most obliging, and least quarrelsome race in the world. Although their form of religion is different they never quarrel or exhibit the least intolerance over it, in which respect they offer a striking contrast to the dwellers in Ulster, South Africa, New England, and Ontario.

What Stevenson wrote of the Cevennes I should like to apply here. "Here, after a hundred and seventy years, Protestant is still Protestant, Catholic still Catholic, in mutual toleration and mild amity of life. But the race of man, like that indomitable nature whence it sprang, has medicating virtues of its own; the years and seasons bring various harvests; the sun returns after the rain; and mankind outlives secular animosities, as a single man awakens from the passions of a day."¹

Perhaps the school question, in so far as it relates to the Eastern Townships, also merits a word of explanation.

In the first year of the nineteenth century, when the Townships were being settled, the Government set about establishing a school system for the whole Province. They consulted Bishop Plessis, who agreed to co-operate only provided the French could be granted confessional schools, a plan which the English Governor would not agree to, and so nothing was done amongst the French population. With the English it was, of course, different. The Eastern Townships accepted the offer; already the farmers had organised schools at their own expense. Between 1820 and 1841 several educational Acts were passed, with grants for scholars; one provided for half the cost of new school-houses. But still the priests and habitants held aloof. On the union of the Provinces Lord Sydenham, eager to spread education amongst the habitants, persuaded his ministers to propose a Bill to establish public schools in the Canadas; afterwards the Government, in deference to the objections of the Quebec members, in-

¹ R. L. Stevenson, *Travels with a Donkey*.

serted a declaratory clause giving permission to Catholics to dissent and form schools of their own. Then came the Act of 1844, which made definite provision for sectarian schools and authorised a compulsory tax for their maintenance. This was too much for the habitants, who rose against the rate-collectors, resulting for years in the virtual inoperation of the Act.

At this time there were schools in every English-speaking settlement: an average of one school for every twenty families in the remoter rural districts, where the farms range in size from one to two hundred acres each and cover a radius of a couple of miles. It was too much to expect more than one school to be supported within this area. With the arrival of a few French families their priest naturally advises them to dissent and demand a separate school. Of course, the loss of their rates lessens the revenue of the old school, and after a time, with the influx of other habitants to take up the farms, the English migrate, the old school closes and the children have to walk farther to the next district. I saw several of these closed schools, and was hardly surprised to hear that between four and five hundred had gone out of existence.

“The beginning of every school year,” says Mr. Sellar, “sees more doors unopened. No matter under what pretence separate schools are introduced into farming sections, the result is to destroy the original schools. It is different in towns and cities, where sufficient support can be got for both.” He adds, with his accustomed animus: “In the country, where there can only be a limited number of families to the square mile, the man who establishes a



"GOD SAVE KING GEORGE!"
YOUTHFUL TROOPER AT ST. HYACINTH



A NEW MACADAM ROAD (STANSTEAD)

separate school does so with the design of breaking down the one already in existence. In her invasion of the Townships Rome planned to destroy the schools of their founders, and she is killing them slowly and surely."

Recently the Protestant Committee of the Council of Public Instruction have adopted a motion asking the Legislature to levy a small tax on the assessable property of Protestants to assist the non-Catholic schools of Quebec. It was shown that such property amounted to one hundred and thirty million dollars, and that a tax of five cents per hundred dollars would yield 65,000 dollars per annum, which would be a great help to the Protestant schools.

But this complaint about the priests, that they show a zealous desire to settle their flock in the townships originally colonised by the English, and even assist them to purchase farms, is there anything astonishing in this? Were the lands to lie fallow? And might it not be held that French Catholic expansion ought reasonably to obtain within the limits of Quebec, which was discovered by the French, founded by the French, and is to-day chiefly governed and peopled by the French? For my own part, I deplore these racial and sectarian distinctions: the men of Quebec Province should join hands, link their interests, and, like the people of other bi-racial, bi-lingual and bi-religious countries, strive to achieve a common destiny.

There is ample room in the fertile Eastern Townships for thousands of British settlers and hundreds of thousands of pounds of British capital, whose coming alone will restore the balance disturbed by the westward migration of the original settlers from this "Garden of Quebec."

CHAPTER XIII

AGRICULTURE AND ROADS

“I say—if the members of the House of Assembly, instead of raising up ghosts and hobgoblins to frighten folks with, would turn to heart and hand and develop the resources of this fine country, promote its internal improvement, and encourage its foreign trade, they would make it the richest and greatest, as it is now one of the happiest, sections of all North America.”

HALIBURTON, *Sam Slick*.

THE habitant has never been a scientific farmer : but he is at last awakening. He is learning the value of rotation in crops, and not too soon, for many fertile areas in the Province have been well-nigh “run out” through his ignorance and improvidence. For a long time he practised very little fertilising. His live stock was of poor quality, though now dairying and poultry farming are making a strong appeal to him. Horses are, however, his pride, and even the poorest habitant generally keeps two. These animals are astonishingly strong and hardy. Being a handy man—a Jack-of-all-trades—a born carpenter, Jean Baptiste, in the remoter villages and hamlets, still buys little that he can make—his wagon or sleigh, and the harness of his horse, he makes himself : both he and his steed are homeshod. He grows his own tobacco (of which he smokes an amazing amount) and produces his own maple sugar, a delicious confection scarcely known in Europe.

All this being understood, no surprise need be expressed that he has little need of ready money. He is not troubled by landlords, and but little by tax-collectors, so that were it not for the demands of the Church, our rural Quebecquois could almost make shift to get along without cash from one year's end to another.

The last ten or fifteen years have seen a great advance in the agricultural education of Quebec. Slowly but surely, responding to the efforts of a small and zealous band of reformers, the habitant is getting out of the old grooves. In every part of the Province I saw evidences of the new spirit in farming, which in a few years promises to put Quebec more on a par with Ontario and New England. At each station one notes agricultural machinery, brilliantly decorated in greens and crimsons, ploughs, harrows, harvesters, binders, threshers of the latest pattern, piled up on the platform. If you penetrate behind the barn on many hundreds of farms you will see the old-fashioned plough and harrow, which were esteemed good enough a few years ago, to-day rusting in obscurity. Moreover, the habitant has latterly been importing improved stock, horses, cattle, pigs, and sheep ; he sends his milk to local cheese and butter factories, and he has tackled the problem of poultry-farming already with marked success.

To the Hon. Louis Beaubien and the late Father Montmigny, of Beauce, amongst others, is due great credit for their efforts in spreading the new agricultural gospel in Quebec, which has brought back many hundreds of self-exiled habitants from the States to try again their fortunes in their native land by a more enlightened system.

Districts which were supposed, under the old methods, to be barren are now filled with a prosperous farming population.

It is really inspiring to see at the Oka Agricultural Institute, which is affiliated to Laval University, the zeal and industry with which nearly a hundred students annually go through a thorough agricultural course. How it must astonish the old type of habitant to see his sons cheerfully tackling rural engineering and economy, botany, chemistry, bacteriology, and entomology ! Not that these subjects exhaust the list of those taught at Oka. Never layman was more impressed with the intricacy of modern farming than was one visitor who read on the school notice-board that classes would be held in mineralogy, geology, agricultural geography, the sciences applied to agricultural industries : dairying, butter-making, cheese-making, milling, bread and sugar making, canned foods, wine-making, cider and vinegar making, distillery, soap-making, leather tannery ; in chemical fertilisers, phosphates, nitrogenous and potassic.

And when the successful student passes triumphantly through his examinations he is granted the degree of Bachelor of Agricultural Sciences. That is elevating the dignity of agriculture ! There is a degree which means something : I can conceive of Jean Baptiste being really proud of such a degree as that.

“ You see,” said Father Martin, the enlightened director of the Agricultural School of Ste. Anne, “ many young people come to us fondly imagining that to be a farmer all they need to know is how to drive a horse or run a

furrow straight. We show them that farming is a science and that it is the noblest calling in the world.

“ I never tire of telling them that the land is the nursing mother of the world and of every one in it. Consequently agriculture concerns every one more or less directly, and all, in the spheres in which they move, should take an interest in it, at least to some small extent. If, generally speaking, more attention were bestowed on the noble profession of the farmer, which is only thought of in certain quarters with contempt, it would be better known, and, in knowing it better, it would be better regarded and liked. Within the farmer’s field of action there is perhaps less brilliancy than in the financier’s office, less noise than in the factory, but the work done there is good and it is by it—remember—that the world lives.

“ Both the theory and the practice of raising crops must be known to the farmers ; for, in the school as on the farm, we endeavour to instruct our pupils with regard to all the crops which can possibly be raised in our Quebec region. Cereals, leguminous and root plants have received special attention and the students applied themselves to them during most of the summer.” This does not mean to say that the study of bee-keeping, poultry, or the orchard was neglected or set aside. Here, as elsewhere, the importance of these studies is appreciated more than ever, and all gave themselves up to them with zeal and interest.

“ The felling of timber,” said Father Edouard, “ in the forest, the estimation of values, the division and classification of woods, their cutting in the saw-mill and

their use in carpentry and joinery offer also to the students precious occasions to perfect themselves in the practice of the forestry science learned in the class-room."

Afterwards, by the shores of Temiscaming, I met a graduate of Oka, and I shall never forget the astonishment of a gang of lumbermen at the miraculous powers of a youth who could tell what wood grew in a certain district by being shown a specimen of the soil and the girth of an unknown tree by merely looking at a fragment of its bark !

To the Trappist Monks at Oka belongs the credit of "L'Union Expérimentale des Agriculteurs de Quebec," designed to encourage co-operation and the exchange of ideas amongst the farmers of the Province.

This is why, from the first year of its existence, in order to develop certain industries which were dying and to provoke an initiatory movement in the creation of others, it set aside a generous proportion of its revenues for the distribution of encouragement prizes or premiums. The amount which the society can devote to prizes being necessarily limited, it was forced to restrict their number and also to award them only in the regions where the industry to be benefited by the prize was suffering, or, at least, in need of encouragement.

For instance, the society will not offer prizes for the planting of apple or plum trees in a district where the cultivation of these trees is already prosperous. On the same principle, for example, it would not grant new prizes for modern cold poultry houses in a parish where (thanks to the work of the society) there were already some twenty.

Last year the prizes were offered to favour, encourage, or make known tile draining, destruction by sulphate of iron of wild mustard and other analogous weeds in grain fields, destruction of the ox-eyed daisy and couch-grass ; tomato canning, co-operative or domestic ; forest-tree planting for re-forestation ; planting of apple, plum, or pear trees along the Lower St. Lawrence ; ventilation of stables according to an approved system ; green fodders for a herd of not less than ten milch cows ; successful attempts to grow lucerne on a superficies of not less than an acre ; construction of economical cold poultry houses in the regions where these are still unknown ; methodical fattening of chickens in the fall (not less than twenty-four chickens) according to an approved system ; experiments for the extirpation of foul brood, test of wintering bees in the open air with large Dadant hives ; and construction and use, under specified conditions, of the road levellers called "split log drags."

Might not even many European countries take profitably a leaf out of this part of the book of Quebec ?

Thanks to the lectures and instructions given on the spot by its officers and lecturers, thanks to its premiums and its poultry bulletins, and thanks, above all, to the care taken to keep constantly before the public the poultry question, the Union has witnessed, since its foundation, a marked development in that industry. It is easy to see that, with a little more active propaganda, poultry-raising will soon become one of the important branches in the working of the farm, as well as a source of revenue to Quebec villagers, small proprietors and tenants.

Believing in the maxim that agriculture cannot be taught at too early an age, the Gouin Government has started primary-school gardening classes. School gardens have been established in forty-five counties, and 5945 pupils, who distinguished themselves by their goodwill as well as by their success, have been duly rewarded.

Many of the school boards strive to emulate each other in supplying the teachers with more spacious grounds. Some offer prizes for competitions between the pupils, while others get the land set apart for horticulture ploughed and manured, and others, again, furnish chemical fertilisers to show the good effects of these to the youthful friends of agriculture, or give special prizes at the end of the year examinations. In fine, the habitants everywhere are delighted to see their sons and their daughters devoting themselves in this way to the cultivation of the soil.

But not to masculine farming alone are the enterprise and benevolence of the Quebec Government restricted. It has initiated and given its patronage to housekeeping and dairying schools, by which the young womanhood of the country are to benefit. Perhaps the idea was suggested by the McDonald Technical Schools and their classes on domestic science, which are already doing an excellent and much-needed work.

The Council of Public Instruction has ordered a trial of this programme in the higher primary schools for young girls. This is a victory for those who have advocated house-keeping education, the effectiveness of which was problematical in most minds a few years ago. Last year I was

told the nuns from different communities came to the school of St. Hyacinthe to study its methods.

The housekeeping schools, which are really family schools, have for their object to make girls excellent household mistresses. They learn there woman's rôle as a wife, mother of a family, and a teacher.

"These housekeeping schools are not alone schools of carving and cookery," writes M. Delaire, "but really institutions in which the woman of to-morrow receives an education and a training, which are complete and suited to all classes of society. In fact, is it not the simplest common sense that women should be first of all instructed in their duties as queens of the household before becoming savantes? The young girl learns in the boarding-school what she would have learned in the way of good at home, and then she should enrich her intelligence with the things that render her accomplished in all respects.

"I have great satisfaction," he adds, "in stating that the programme of housekeeping or family education combines well with the programme of classical education, so that the one helps the other by a skilful combination."

I cannot resist quoting a sensible letter from the sister in charge of the normal housekeeping schools at Roberval.

"The woman," she says, "who learns her duties as the mistress of a house after she marries, educates herself very often at the expense of her husband, who may lose considerable sums when he has most need of all his resources. The conclusion is inevitable that classical and family teach-

ing is the only one absolutely normal and complete for the education and training of girls."

Although the housekeeping schools are only in the first year of their existence, this introduction of manual labour in the ordinary course has proved an excellent thing. The directresses of these educational houses are convinced through experience of the great importance of such teaching, and everywhere the pupils have shown themselves enthusiastic. At Roberval the housekeeping school is attended by some three hundred pupils. The classical and housekeeping courses are followed with zest and emulation even by the little ones of five to eight years, who are trained, while playing, for more serious studies.

While on this topic of the fair sex, I may mention a noticeable thing at harvest-time—the number of women in the Province at work in the fields, with their skirts of blue *étouffe* and huge-brimmed straw hats. Many young girls hire out for the harvest; but a large number of those you see are domestic servants or mill-hands who have come home at this season of the year to help their families. A Quebec lady told me that it was an understood thing that her housemaid and kitchenmaid always went home for harvest. No offer of extra wages would tempt them. They had left the family roof, it is true, but when they were needed, back they went, put on the homespun dress, donned the coarse straw hat, seized a pitchfork, and went into the field with the rest.

Good farming is closely connected with good roads.

Everywhere throughout the Province is seen an awakening of interest on the part of the municipalities in matters

relating to the rural highways. There are one thousand and three rural and local municipalities in the Province. Three hundred and thirty-four of them took advantage last year of the new law in one way or another. Already the total amount expended annually in furthering its “good roads” policy approaches 4,000,000 dollars.

Lectures are delivered in the winter in all the counties of the Province in order to draw the attention of the farmers to the necessity of improving the roads.

The Government now sends out to each municipality a complete road-making equipment, including steam-engine, stone-crusher, steam-roller, sprinkling wagon, and road plough, and pays half of the working expenses. Nearly all the new plants were wholly manufactured in the Province, and consequently the money spent in their purchase remains in the country.

The rollers are being made at Montmagny, the crushers at Sherbrooke, the road ploughs and half of the road machines and watering carts at Plessisville, Megantic, and the steam-engines of the crushers at St. Hyacinthe. A new industry has been created which will afford work to hundreds of hands. The steel, which was formerly cast in Pennsylvania, is now obtained at Joliette, where a new steelworks has been in operation since the close of last winter. Quebec for the Quebecquois!

The result of the “good roads” movement is already visible in the miles upon miles of macadam, where formerly the highway was a reproach and a byword—especially to motorists. As to the cost of road-building it is found to vary within very wide limits, say, from 3,500

dollars to 5,000 dollars per mile, taking all expenses into account.¹

Great use could be made of the stones picked from the fields. For the roads generally between Laprairie and Saint Philippe, stones would probably have to be sought in the adjacent counties and conveyed by rail to the neighbourhood of the road at different points. St. Jacques, Napierville, and Lacolle are especially stony districts, and in most municipalities there are quantities in the fields on either side of the road. For economy's sake alone, the necessary stones might be collected by local labour in winter. The presence of loose stones in the fields and by the roadside constitutes the greatest scenic disfigurement of the rural districts of the Province.

Road improvement also involves a multitude of costly special works, such as the lowering of hills that are too steep, the embankment of gullies, the widening of highways that are too narrow and dangerous, the raising of the levels of certain roads flooded every year in the spring and fall, at which times they become impassable; the blasting away of rocky points across the roads, wharves filled with stone along roads skirting rivers or brooks to prevent undermining; improvement of water courses to promote the flow of the water and obviate inundations or to better drain the roads in low grounds, the re-making of small bridges of more than eight feet in wood and the concrete improvement of the approaches to large bridges. There is much to do: but it is well worth doing.

¹ In the State of New York, I am told, the cost of macadam is at least 8,000.00 dollars per mile for fourteen feet wide.

All these works of a permanent character are necessary and no complete improvement of the highways can be carried out without them. They represent considerable work and money, which is inevitable ; but they certainly increase the value of the country from an economic standpoint. Money, no matter how much, spent upon roads must therefore be capital well invested.

CHAPTER XIV

LAKE ST. JOHN AND THE SAGUENAY

“About thy head, where dawning wakes and dies,
Sublimity betwixt thine awful rifts,
’Midst mists and gloom and shattered lights, uplifts
Hiding in height the measure of the skies.
Here pallid awe forever lifts her eyes,
Through veiling haze across thy rugged clefts
Where, far and faint, the sombre sunlight sifts
’Mid loneliness and gloom and dread surmise.

Here Nature to this ancient silence froze
When from the deeps thy mighty shoulders rose.”

W. W. CAMPBELL, *Cape Eternity*.

ON a faultless June evening I stood knee-deep in the scented shrubbery by a sort of lagoon at Roberval and looked out upon Lake St. John. Roberval!

I asked a little brown maiden whom I saw carrying a basket of eggs if she knew who was Roberval.

“Mais oui, M’sieu,” she answered shyly; “c’était un grand explorateur, compagnon de Jacques-Cartier. Il y a quatre siècles, presque, depuis cela.”

And they say the French-Canadian habitants are benighted! Go into a Sussex lane and ask the first board-school urchin you meet who James Wolfe was or Sebastian Cabot, and if he answers you rightly and tells you in what century either flourished—well, it is an intelligent child and a fair type of those millions of intelligent English

children who have made English manhood and the English race what it is—that's all. Only, I warn you, it would be far wiser not to expect an answer on these lines oftener, say, than once in a hundred, or you will be bitterly disappointed. The average English farmer's or artisan's child to-day knows and cares very little about the past, religious or secular; the little French-Canadian knows and cares a great deal. *Et voilà la différence!* Perhaps the looser English sense of nationality and a sort of historical myopia are responsible for this noticeable lack of hero-lore which the Scotch, Welsh, and Irish, together with the Quebec-quois, possess.

Islands in the distance, lit by the setting sun, met my eye. On the glassy surface of the lake a canoe, containing a pair of returning fishermen, sped noiselessly. I was in the latitude of Paris—perhaps some day the fertile shores of this beautiful lake, one hundred and fifty miles in circumference, would boast large cities and an opulent population—yet to-day the entire number of inhabitants scattered through the Lake St. John region does not exceed fifty thousand souls. Yesterday it was a solitude.

Out of nearly twenty millions of acres contained in the Lake St. John territory only half a million acres are cleared and under cultivation. All the remainder is covered with forests. White, black, and red spruce constitute more than three-quarters of the timber. Outside of the timber suitable for saw-logs, it is estimated that there are over 90,000,000 cords of pulp-wood in this region, taking only the product of the first cut.¹

¹ A cord and a half of wood is required to make a ton of pulp.

The coniferous forests of the Lake St. John country exceed in extent those of Norway, are nearly equal to those of Prussia, and to half those of Sweden. Quebec pulp commands a higher price than the Scandinavian article, and if the requisite capital be devoted to it, there are enough wood and enough motive-power in the Lake St. John territory to keep half of Europe supplied with wood pulp.

Besides the fertility of the soil, the salubrity of the climate, the excellence of the means of communication, there is perhaps nothing more important to settlers in a new country than the possibility of finding employment during the period when there is nothing to do on the farm and of disposing at a fair price of the timber cut down in the clearing of land. From this point of view no new land is more advantageously situated than this. At almost every station along the Canadian Northern Railway are saw-mills, pulp factories, or industries of some kind employing a large number of men, and purchasing all the saw-logs, pulp-wood, and other timber cut by the settlers in clearing their land. Any of the farmers wishing to earn a little ready money in the winter season can generally find employment in some of the lumber camps. It is reckoned that these different industries and lumbering operations furnish employment during the winter to more than six thousand men.

Fruit-growing in the Lake St. John Valley has been called a rash undertaking, but so far the attempts made have not always been based on the scientific or supported by good cultivation according to the climatic conditions. I was told at the Convent farm at Roberval that an apple tree



INDIAN ENCAMPMENT (POINTE BLEUE)



HUDSON'S BAY POST (POINTE BLEUE)

was in full bearing here for some years and that it only perished through want of care. "This fact," said the Convent gardener, "encourages us to go on with our plans for an orchard."

Pointe Bleue, the home of the Indian and half-breed guides and hunters, is about midway between Roberval and the Chamuchuan River. It used to be the starting-point for all expeditions into the northern country. But the opening up of the region beyond Lake St. John for settlement, and the building of colonisation roads and bridges, have greatly shortened the old canoe route. To-day passengers, equipment, and provisions can be driven as far as the mouth of the Poplar River, fifteen miles above St. Felicien. That this is a signal advantage may be judged from the fact that the road journey avoids seven portages and twenty-four miles of strong river currents.

At Pointe Bleue, in company with Mr. Tessier, the agent in charge, I visited the Indian encampment and fraternised with some of the returned hunters. I have also the pleasant memory of the hospitality of Mr. Hamilton, the factor at the Hudson's Bay Company post at Pointe Bleue.

To the fur trade and to the fur-traders was due nearly all the early knowledge of the topography and resources of the vast interior or "hinterland" of the Province. Fur-trading licences, granted to individuals as indemnity for the expense of their expeditions, were always issued by the French Government on the understanding that their holders would seek to discover new nations of Indians and make treaties with them, and would take formal possession of distant regions in the name of King Louis and oppose any pretensions of the

English. The Catholic missionaries, too, were adventurous and enterprising, and suffered much hardship in their labours of spreading their religion in these distant and inaccessible regions.

Hudson Bay was, of course, the great objective of these early pioneers. While the English invariably went by sea, the French reached the great bay overland.

In addition to the two overland routes by the Saguenay and Temiscaming, others seem also to have been used; and from Lake Superior the French had several routes, notably by the Michipicoten River and Lake Nepigou, to the Moose, Albany, and Nelson rivers, and thence to Hudson Bay. This history of the exploration of the Lake St. John region begins with the discovery of the lake itself by Jean de Quen. He, in company with two guides, started up the river "Sagné" (Saguenay) on the 11th of July, 1647, and after a five-days' trip from Tadousac arrived at Lake St. John. A mission was shortly afterwards established here, but the wars with the Iroquois, assisted by the ravages of the smallpox, almost exterminated the settlement, and the mission was abandoned in a few years.

The Chamuchuan River (an abbreviation of *Ash-wap-mus-wan*, "the watching-place for moose") empties into the north-west corner of Lake St. John. Nine miles from its mouth is St. Felicien, reached without difficulty by a small steamer from Roberval, in those seasons when the river is copious, but in July and August you must make the ascent with caution.

Lake St. John, by the way, shows unusual variation of

level—as much as twenty-seven feet at the extremes of high and low water. This variation is probably due to the vast area drained by the Saguenay and its tributaries (over 35,000 square miles), and the relatively contracted discharges of the lake being unable to carry off the water during the spring freshets. Moreover, the mouths of some of the rivers are obstructed by constantly shifting sand bars, through which a shallow, winding, and ever-changing channel has to be cut. All this adds greatly to the difficulties of navigation.

St. Felicien is one of the gateways to the northern regions of the Province of Quebec, notably Chibougamau.

Most of the vast northern country beyond the 49th parallel has long been shrouded in mystery. For centuries the early explorers, fur-hunters, and missionaries vied with one another in depicting in vivid colours the dangers and difficulties of the route.

The earlier narrations tell of the deep, turbulent, and powerful rapids rushing through steep-walled, rocky cañons where it was impossible to make use of the paddle or tracking line, in some cases even to obtain a foothold for the poles. There were the long and wearisome climb of narrow portage trails across yawning, abysmal depths, and over high and precipitous mountains, the dangerous traverses across wide and stormy lakes, where gigantic waves arose without warning. Nature, always in her angriest mood, was determined to guard for ever the secrets of this “great lone land.” Even the guides and natives to-day, who know the district well, love to magnify the length and difficulties of the road, seeking to impress on all intending travellers

or explorers the many awful dangers to be met. Veterans repeat this to the tyros around the camp fire, with blood-curdling tales of hardships, the starvation and death of whole families, or their survival by the practice of cannibalism. Abject conditions of want are certainly on record, these aided by the unusual severity of some winters, and the lack of any harvest. But starvation is commonly the result of laziness and improvidence.

The very names given to some of the most interesting of the physical features around Chibougamau have helped to spread superstition and dread. The Sorcerer Mountain and the Juggler's House are examples of this. A magnificent spring of water, at the south end of the portage from McKenzie Bay towards Wakonichi Lake, is said to enable travellers to feel the heart-throbs of the Great Being who makes this peculiar-shaped mountain his home, and, indeed, a stick pressed into the ever-moving quicksand at the bottom does undoubtedly transmit a certain vibratory motion. The powerful local attraction of the magnetic needle due to abundantly dispersed magnetite, is, it must be admitted, rather uncanny.

But Dr. Low's expeditions into the interior, and, in particular, his survey and description of Mistassini Lake, largely discredited most of the fairy-tales. And Dr. Low has recently been followed by Professor Gwillim and others. No experienced traveller with a knowledge of canoe navigation need now be deterred from undertaking a journey to Chibougamau. True, the canoe route, especially that portion of it along the Chamuchuan and Chigobiche rivers from the Pimouka Rapids to Lake

Chigobiche, involves some hard work and the almost continuous use of poles in ascending the many rapids and long stretches of swift water. Some of the portages, too, are long, and a few of them are difficult on account of their swampy, rocky, or hilly character, but with the assistance of some of the skilful and willing canoemen, who make Pointe Bleue their home, there is little danger or hardship in the undertaking.

One thing at least is certain : this part of Northern Quebec will never be a farmer's paradise. The scarcity and at times complete absence of soil in the Chibougamau region, and its prevailing sterility when present, seems to preclude it ever being developed agriculturally, even if the usual range of its climate permitted extensive farming operations. The mean temperature of the three summer months (July to September) is 52.5° , while that of Moose Factory on James Bay, over a hundred miles further north, is 57.2° . Difference in altitude, rather than latitude, seems to have a much greater effect in the production of this great lowering of the summer temperature ; while, in addition, the Chibougamau region, being on the borders of the Labrador plateau, seems to share in its undesirable climatic conditions. Frost occurs in every month of the year, except July, and even this month is not always free from this deterrent effect on agriculture. In these circumstances very few determined or well-directed efforts have been made to carry on extensive farming operations. At Mistassini Post, probably the most favourable locality, both as regards soil and climate, in the whole of the surrounding country, the factor in charge every year experiences the

greatest difficulty in raising a comparatively small crop of potatoes, owing to the annually recurring frosts, more or less severe, about the end of the second week in August. Attempts have been made at this place to grow oats, barley, and wheat, but without success. In one report Low mentions his attempts at a farm garden.

“In the spring, as soon as the frost was out of the ground, I sowed garden peas, beans, corn, and turnips. On August 20th the peas were beginning to fill the pods, the beans were in flower, and the corn only eighteen inches above the ground ; the turnips alone were doing nicely.”

On the latest Chibougamau expedition, Professor Gwillim, on cleared and carefully prepared ground, from which most of the coarser material and roots were removed, sowed radishes, turnips, onions, and lettuce. His favourite garden, to which he devoted great attention when at the head-quarters camp, was sown on July 12th on an area that had not been burnt over. Other seeds, on somewhat similar soil, which had been partially prepared by burning, showed distinctly better growth. But all his attempts were utter failures. “While root crops,” writes Mr. Stupart, “may prove a success in some seasons, there is always a liability of their being injured or destroyed by summer frost. It is exceedingly doubtful whether the clearing of the land near the lake would have any appreciable effect towards lessening the frequency of summer frost, and the change required to ensure successful agriculture is considerable.” He adds a significant fact: “There is, however, substantial evidence that the clearing of the land in Ontario has had some such effect—the



A TEPEE AT MISTISSINI LAKE



A FAMILY GROUP AT HAMILTON RIVER

winters now being somewhat colder and the summers warmer than in the early days of settlement."

Climate, we are beginning to discover, is extremely local, dependent on a great many factors not fully understood or appreciated. One authority has stated that it is almost as easy to regulate the climate, within certain limitations, in a given district as it is to control the temperature of any residence. Thus it is just possible that the clearing up of a much larger area in the vicinity of Mistassini Post would help to ameliorate the present severe conditions. The soil appears to be sufficiently fertile, so that if an additional two or three weeks without severe frosts could be secured, specially selected early potatoes would ripen so fully as to enable them to be kept through the greater part of the winter. This may not seem a great feat, but an abundant supply of this useful vegetable would greatly improve the present condition of the Indians who choose to make the interior of Ungava their home. These natives are very ignorant and, with no wish apparently to better their lot, will still continue to dwell in these wilds.

The district has been spoken of as possibly suitable for grazing purposes, but the great length and severity of the winters, the almost universal presence of mosses and lichens in place of grassy areas and slopes, would prevent its use, except perhaps for caribou. Thus the settlement of even the comparatively fertile slopes of Mistassini, for purposes of agriculture, is hardly encouraging, when there are such wide areas elsewhere in Northern Quebec far more suitable for the purpose.

For fifty years the prevalence of forest fires has been

the curse of all this northern country ; most of the fires have been caused by the culpable negligence of prospectors, some even were intentionally started in order to facilitate prospecting.

In the conflagration of 1870 a large part of the forests south of the height of land, and eastward from the St. Maurice, was almost completely destroyed, and many of the early settlers of the Lake St. John district lost everything. This is one of the greatest fires of which we have any record ; the whole of the region north and east of the lake was swept clean. The territory affected still bears unmistakable evidence of the thoroughness with which the fire did its work, the bare rocky hills and steep slopes being still rather thinly clothed with a small second growth of aspen, poplar, white birch, banksian pine, and spruce, in the midst of which are the charred and blackened stumps of the original forest, forming a scene barren and desolate to the eye.

In the Chibougamau region by far the larger portion of the surface is covered either with very old or virgin forest, as in the area immediately adjacent to Lakes Bourbeau and Dufault, or with second growth of forty years and upwards. Since the time of the fire of 1870, only occasional and for the most part small patches have been burnt over. Perhaps the largest of these tracts of country which have been so desolated by fire extends from the north-east side of Doré Lake, north-east to Wakonichi, passing the east end of Lake Bourbeau, and covers most of the region between the summit of Cumming Mountain and Lake Vert, on the portage route between Chibou-

gamau and Wakonichi lakes. This fire took place during the early part of July, 1910, and all the forest trees in the region were burnt, with the exception of some comparatively small patches in low and swampy lands, over a superficies of about twenty-five square miles. In this season also a small patch was burnt on one of the islands in the eastern portion of Lake Obatogamau. During 1906, especially in 1907, when prospecting seems to have been most active in this territory, there were many, and some of them very damaging, bush fires.

At the east end of Lake St. John are the "Thousand Islands of the Saguenay" and the picturesque Grand Discharge and Little Discharge. These two rapids unite past the Island of Alma, forming the River Saguenay. Between this stream and the long, narrow Lake Kenogami runs the railway. It is a particularly fertile country, and there are some settlements, as Jonquière, of importance.

On issuing from Lake Kenogami, which is twenty-one miles in length, the Chicoutimi River empties after a course of seventeen miles into the great Saguenay River.

The magnificent cascade which ends this river is in the town of Chicoutimi itself, and its hydraulic capacity is estimated at over 30,000 horse-power. A French-Canadian syndicate has here installed one of the largest pulp-mills in the country. At first the mills turned out only fourteen tons of wood pulp daily. The Company has since so increased its plant and the capacity of the mills that it can produce several hundred tons of pulp a day. All this output is shipped to the English and French markets in steamships, which load in the port of Chicoutimi.

Shipments have also been made for some years past to America.

Almost the peer of Quebec city itself in the beauty of its situation is Chicoutimi. Were there bastions and citadel to crown the summit of Chicoutimi or St. Anne, either might rival the capital.

From whatever point, the view is charming and impressive. That from the steamer approaching it on the Saguenay River is the one most familiar to tourists ; but the approach to the city by railway is magnificent. Four miles before reaching the town the picturesque and far-famed river is seen coursing more than 300 feet below, while on either hand and in front are the heights of the northern shore, crowned by the pretty village of Ste. Anne de Saguenay. From the point where the railway first overlooks the river it gradually runs down to the level of the Government wharf at Chicoutimi, with a maximum grade of eighty feet to the mile. A mile and a quarter from its destination the train crosses a bridge sixty feet high, over a picturesque ravine, through which the Chicoutimi River rushes to mingle its laughing, leaping water, by a fall fifty feet high, with those of the River of Death, as Bayard Taylor calls the Saguenay.

Until 1840 Chicoutimi was simply a mission where the Montagnais Indians assembled at the close of their annual hunt to receive religious instruction, and a post of the Hudson's Bay Company, where they exchanged their furs for the necessaries of their simple life. But its name has occupied a place in Canadian history almost from the beginning, and there is little doubt that the Indians of the



DESTINED FOR PULP



MÉTIS FALLS

Upper Saguenay and of Lake St. John were amongst those who swarmed from the north country to Tadoussac to trade with the Basques on the annual voyages of those adventurous sailors and fishermen to the mouth of the Saguenay.

Quebec was not yet nearly half a century old when the Jesuit Father de Quen, who had established in 1635 the first Christian mission at Tadoussac, passed through Chicoutimi, or Checoutimy, as the name was then written, on his way to Lake St. John, of which he was the discoverer. Father Albanel, in 1672, visited Chicoutimi and Lake St. John on his journey to Hudson Bay, which he reached by way of the Mistassini and Rupert rivers.

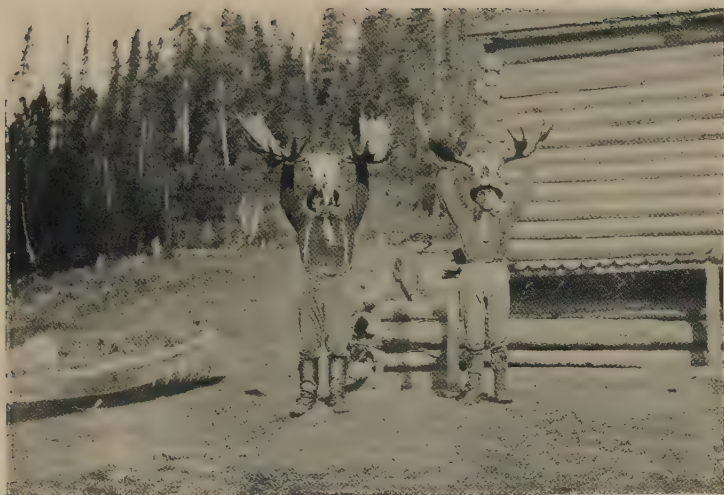
Father Dablon was the first to describe the Saguenay and Chicoutimi country in a letter which he addressed from Tadoussac to Father Lallement, Superior at Quebec of the Jesuit missions in New France, and was by him forwarded to the provincial head of the society in France, Father Etienne Charlet. His voyage up the Saguenay in a bark canoe, propelled by two Indian guides, the precipitous cliffs and the depth of the dismal river, the rapids of its upper portion and the manner and number of its portages, are described with abundant detail and considerable literary skill. By way of Chicoutimi, Lake Kenogami, and La Belle Rivière he also reached Lake St. John, and refers with justifiable pride to the fact that he was the first Frenchman to set foot upon the shores of this inland sea, relating that the Indians encamped there, who had been amongst his converts at Tadoussac, were, to use his own words, "astonished at my enterprise, not

believing that I would ever have had the courage of overcoming so many difficulties for love of them. They received me in their cabins as a man from heaven."

Another Jesuit writer of the same century described Chicoutimi as "a most remarkable place, as well as being the end of deep-water navigation and the beginning of the portages." Bishop Laflèche, who is an authority on Indian languages, says that Chicoutimi's situation near the head of deep water in Saguenay is the origin of its name, which is composed of two Indian words signifying "Up to here it is deep."

As early as 1670 a little chapel was built at Chicoutimi at the cost of Sieur Hazeur by Paul Quartier, carpenter. Father Laure built a new chapel in 1727. Michaux, the French botanist, who ascended the Saguenay about the end of the eighteenth century, described the chapel as having been in a good state of preservation and constructed of white cedar. In 1850 the remains and site of the old relic were carefully fenced in by Mr. Price. When the foundations were being dug for the new chapel in 1892, the remains of a coffin and human bones were discovered by the workmen beneath the site of the chancel of the old chapel. With these remains were found interred a number of curious relics, including an arrow-head, an iron socket, the point of a sword, plates of metal, and the teeth of bears and beavers that had apparently been used as ornaments. It is conjectured that these remains may be those either of some missionary to the Indians or of an Indian chieftain or other prominent convert to Christianity.

The first regular *curé* of Chicoutimi was appointed in



A PAIR OF TROPHIES (ETERNITY BAY)



A LANDING ON THE SAGUENAY

1846, and by 1863 the place had a population of 3254 souls. In 1911 it numbered 5880 inhabitants.

The chief factor in the early growth of Chicoutimi was, of course, the milling and lumbering enterprises of the Price establishment, of which the founder was William Price, senior, who came to Canada in 1810. He had established mills at Tadoussac and other points on the Saguenay and Lower St. Lawrence before Chicoutimi could boast of a single industry. For many years the history of the business operations of the Price family was that of the settlement of the Saguenay Valley. After Mr. Price's death, successive heads of the family bore the popular title of "King of the Saguenay." On a lofty hill close to the town a great stone shaft stands inscribed :

In Memoriam

WILLIAM PRICE

died in Quebec 14th March, 1867, aged 78 years.

"Le Père du Saguenay."

It also records the memory of his son, W. E. Price, who died in 1880, after having represented Chicoutimi and Saguenay for some time in Parliament.

Latterly, however, the connection of the Price family with Chicoutimi has dwindled. The great forests are further afield and their new interests are at Jonquière, where the water-power is much greater. The French-Canadian concern, the Chicoutimi Pulp Company to whom they granted water rights for a song, has thriven, and has contributed largely in recent years to the development

of the city and its surroundings. Other manufacturing establishments and wholesale and retail trading houses have sprung up about them, but the name of Price, the great lumber "king," will always be associated with Chicoutimi, where they still possess some 4000 square miles of timber.

Although one may wax enthusiastic over the site and surroundings of Chicoutimi, it was not a town worthy of its site. Its architecture seemed to the traveller flimsy and gaudy where it was not rough and ramshackle. Consequently it fell an easy prey to the terrible fire which overtook it a few days after my visit. Most fervently, then, do I hope that the new Chicoutimi will be no slavish copy of the old.

Make pilgrimage, Messieurs, to Heidelberg or Coblenz if you would learn how Chicoutimi should be built !

From Chicoutimi I sailed down the broad, majestic flood of the Saguenay in the wonder and silence that the first European traveller must have felt when he ascended it. The railway has been extended as far as Ha Ha Bay, where, rounding Cape West, we made our first stop to admire that delightful sheet of water, which runs seven miles inland. The early explorers thought it was the main river, and broke into laughter when they discovered their mistake ; hence the name.

We had, by the by, a youthful bridegroom on board who was addressed as Alphonse by his devoted bride, and addressed so often that "Alphonse" grew to be a sort of merry *consigne* amongst the company.

As we drew near a picturesque village,

“ Qu’est-ce que c’est que ça, Alphonse ? ” asked the lady tenderly.

“ Saint Alphonse.”

“ Oh, Alphonse ! ” she protested, shocked, but nestling yet closer. “ Eh ben, qu’est-ce que c’est que ça, Saint Alphonse ? ”

A commercial gentleman from Boston declared he had overheard these intimacies ; but I suspect he had a wit nimble enough to o’erleap the purely matter-of-fact, like the rest of his tribe.

Into Ha Ha Bay empties the Ha Ha River, flowing due northward, from the Ha Ha Lakes, just bordering the forty-eighth parallel of latitude. Eastward from the bay the scenery of the Saguenay magnifies, a succession of solemn precipices at the water’s edge looms up, varying in tone according to perspective, as far as the eye can reach on both sides of the river. It was a favourable time of the year for the torrents, which dropped sheer and dazzling from a vast height as we held our way in midstream. Occasionally a fog or mist descended on the river, hiding the bordering summits from our view ; then it would lift and the sun would dart its rays upon the desolate and deserted forest-land or grey boulder-rock. I shall never forget one of these sudden *éclaircissements* and the enchanting revelation of Le Tableau, a little village with its red-roofed church, its cottages and farms, nestling against and at the foot of a perpendicular rock, like a canvas stretched for painting.

But the culmination of the scenery are Capes Eternity and Trinity, perhaps in sheer majesty the culmination of all scenery on this continent. Mountains and precipices

higher there may be, but my eyes have never rested on anything so awe-inspiring as the stern promontory of Cape Trinity, lifting its sombre mass nearly two thousand feet in three successive heights from the gentle waters of a little bay. Grey and serene at the base, mysterious in mid-height, with cavernous shadows where areas of rock have fallen and where the bald eagle builds its nest, and then far upward, just as Cape Trinity seems about to melt into the pale grey of the sky, the radiance of the setting sun crowning its triple brows with gold.

Near to the steamer as the towering mass seems the strongest thrower cannot reach it with a stone. For, as was long ago observed, the rock is so enormous and towers so above you that you get the impression it is much nearer than it is. "There is an astonishing discrepancy between what the eye reports and what the hand finds out."

We are now arrived at Tadoussac, a village set on a low terrace. Below it stretches a fine harbour; its background is formed of mountains. From the natural escarpment of a neighbouring height one looks out upon a noble view embracing the immense St. Lawrence River, the dark mist-enshrouded mountains, and the Saguenay.

What is called the "North Shore" comprises a vast area of land between the Port Neuf River, 146 miles from Quebec, and Natashquan. East of that, to Blanc Sablon, forms what is now known as the Quebec Labrador. The latter is a continuation of the land north of the St. Lawrence; altogether the distance is over seven hundred miles.

The whole wealth of the North Shore and of the Quebec Labrador consists in rivers, forests, fisheries, and iron



CAPE ETERNITY ON THE SAGUENAY



TADOUSSAC

mines; immense hunting territories, innumerable water-powers, and forests of white and black spruce, which is, as we have seen, the best wood for making pulp. There are over one hundred rivers, some of considerable size, and nearly all broken by splendid waterfalls.

Although to-day this region is barely known, we are not far distant from the time when industry in all its branches will begin availing itself of all these powers which have lain so long idle and unsuspected.

The Pentecost River, fed by the waters of a number of small lakes, is 300 miles from Quebec and 9 miles from Egg Island, where Admiral Hovenden Walker's fleet was destroyed in 1711. One of the largest rivers on the North Shore of the St. Lawrence is the Manicouagau, with a length of 350 miles, broken by numerous cascades. The height of the first falls, 12 miles from the mouth of the river, is 85 feet, and from the estimate made these fine falls could produce a motive-power of 331,000 horse-power. But the capacity of the second falls is larger, estimated by Mr. Rouillard at more than 500,000 horse-power, and that of the third falls, 65 miles from the sea, at 265,000 horse-power. It would be comparatively easy to utilise these immense water-powers. In 1906 a French syndicate leased the first falls, but they are not yet operated.

In this portion of Quebec Province, so much nearer to Europe, the forest is almost inexhaustible, consisting of white birch, white spruce, aspen, black spruce, poplar, balsam fir, balm of Gilead, black and yellow birch, banksian pine, and white pine. On the distant Romaine River there are four falls, which are small Niagaras, and

with all the power needed for manufacturing pulp and paper and for working the iron mines with which this territory is so richly dowered.

North of the sources of the Romaine we reach the famed Hamilton River, which, flowing eastward, falls into the Atlantic Ocean, long forming the dividing line between the Province of Quebec and the immense territory of Ungava, which has lately been annexed to the Province.

This stream is about 700 miles long, and its falls are the most majestic and considerable in all North America. Yet only a faint idea of their majesty is imparted when I inform the reader that the waters of the Grand Falls drop in a straight line from a height of 312 feet, while the series of falls altogether have a height of 700 feet. It is estimated that this immense cataract, far more powerful than Niagara, whose reputation is so world-wide, can furnish a motive-force of 9,000,000 horse-power!

As to the territory of Ungava, that vast country well deserves a volume on its own account. Bordering on Ungava, within the Province proper, at the south-eastern extremity of James Bay and within a radius of a hundred miles, there are waterfalls capable of supplying manufactories with motive-force exceeding four million horse-power, which, either in our time or in the time of our children, will serve as a notable source of Quebec's wealth and of the wealth of the whole world.



TWICE THE HEIGHT OF NIAGARA
GRAND FALLS, HAMILTON RIVER, P.Q.

CHAPTER XV

THE LAURENTIDES NATIONAL PARK

“ When 'mid the grand old Laurentides, old when the earth was new,
With flying feet we followed the moose and caribou,
And backward rush sweet memories, like fragments of a dream,
We hear the dip of paddle blades, the ripple of a stream.
The mad, mad rush of frightened wings from brake and covert start,
The breathing of the woodland, the throb of nature's heart.”

W. H. DRUMMOND.

SOME forty miles from Quebec begins a great stretch of forest land which has been set apart since 1895 by the Government. Originally about two thousand five hundred square miles was set apart as “ a forest reservation, fish, and game preserve, public park, and pleasure ground.” Since then additions have been made which make the present total extent some three thousand seven hundred square miles, or as large as the English counties of Northumberland and Cumberland together.

This great park, which embraces the major part of the three counties of Montmorency, Charlevoix, and Quebec, can be approached on the west by the Lake St. John Railway, on the south by the old Jacques Cartier Road, and on the east by the St. Urbain Road. The Government has done much to assist visitors, otherwise an individual equipment of tents and canoes in each case would be necessary. Expense and labour are saved by the erection and maintenance of

lodges and rest-houses, where accommodation may be had at moderate charge, and an outfit obtained for further excursions. So it is to-day possible without undue preparation to shoot and fish within this preserve or travel through it for the mere delight in its matchless scenery and its health-imparting air.

The object of the Government in erecting this forest reservation and fish and game preserve was, at the time of its opening, officially stated to be, firstly, to furnish an example to the rest of the Province of the good results obtainable by preserving a natural forest at the head waters of important rivers, and thus securing an even and well-maintained water supply ; secondly, to demonstrate that by intelligent cutting of the mature forest, the same can be made to last in perpetuity ; and thirdly, to provide a good-sized area within our borders where fish, game of all descriptions, and fur-bearing animals would be allowed to propagate, and thus ensure against extinction any variety of game indigenous to the country.

Of the Park, the larger portion is free to any one who takes out a licence and complies with the regulations, but at certain points threatened by poachers and the *commerçant de truites*, five-year leases of moderate areas are wisely granted to individuals and to clubs. The first requirement of these grants is that the lessee shall appoint a guardian approved by the Minister of Lands, and shall cause the conceded territories to be protected in an adequate and satisfactory manner. With a direct and personal interest in the results, the club or individual is careful to see that the guardian does not fail in his duty, and he is able to form a correct

judgment upon the point from his observation of conditions from year to year. The guardian, for his part, is immediately answerable to the club or sportsman, who pays his wages and allows him perquisites for building camps, cutting trails, making punts, and supplying firewood. Naturally, therefore, the man's increased earnings and security in a livelihood tend to keep him honest, and he becomes a faithful servant, both of the Government and his employer, and a really effective factor in the protection of the Park. Naturally, too, the lessee himself will hardly practise or wink at any infringement of the laws which might imperil his lease or deplete of fish and game a country he intends to revisit. It was different in the old days, when he entered the park casually and considered nothing but his own sport or pleasure for the time being. So all those concerned in conservation are seen to have an identity of interest.

At first the eastern part of the Park was much exposed to attacks by poachers, who spared neither fish nor game. But one by one the clubs came into being, until to-day nine of them form a cordon stretching along and guarding the boundary, more than justifying their formation and the privileges accorded them. The guardians co-operate with one another under the general guidance of a most competent inspector, and the striking increase in fish, fur, and feather is apparent, not only in the region immediately protected and in the interior of the Park, but also beyond its boundaries. At first trappers resented bitterly being excluded from this part of the public domain, but they now find that the overflow of wild life into the sur-

rounding country enables them to bring more pelts to market than they did in the old days, and they have come to see the wisdom of the plan. Guardians, gillies, carters, porters, and canoe-men live in whole or part on providing fishing and shooting for about one hundred persons, who leave each year not less than ten thousand dollars in their hands. Never under the old regime could the enclosed lands afford sport and a living to so many, and that is why the present arrangement is popular with all save those whose sole law are their transient interests and caprice.¹

The Park was not created too soon, for the moose were almost exterminated. Now that the hunter may not shoot a moose, you may meet two or three cows in the course of a day's tramp in this region, so that in a few years, at the present rate of increase, Quebec will rival New Brunswick as to moose-shooting, except that the antlers are much smaller, fifty-five inches being a big spread for Quebec. In the Far West they often attain a width across of seventy-five inches.

Owing to the vast supplies of edible moss here caribou make the Park their great rallying-ground. Herds numbering hundreds are commonly seen on the mountain slopes in winter. Colonel Wood, of Quebec, showed me a remarkable series of photographs of these herds of caribou in winter, when they are perhaps too easily stalked. It has even been suggested that the present annual slaughter is still too great, and that more stringent regulations

¹ See the excellent article on the Laurentides National Park by Mr. W. H. Blake in the *University Magazine*.

would prove beneficial, such as reducing the allowance from two caribou to one, and prohibiting the shooting in December and January, when the bulls shed their horns. But it may be that the decrease of their numbers in one part of the Grand Jardin may be due to the incursions of the great timber wolf, or even to the increase of the moose, for moose and caribou dwell not in that perfect amity which must have been so essential in Noah's Ark.

Then, when the Park was inaugurated, bear was almost extinct—now Bruin roams about in large numbers. It is the same, only more so, with beaver. This animal is now only too plentiful, and may be seen following his peculiar occupation on every stream—much to the disgust of the trout and of many trout anglers. Steps will soon have to be taken to limit the fecundity of our national animal.

I was greatly interested in hearing of an experiment made some years ago, of introducing a small herd of wapiti into the Park. It was thought that, strong and hardy, this species of deer would soon adapt themselves to their environment. But, alas, having been bred in captivity, they were tame wapiti so introduced, and having been accustomed to the care and oversight of man, they were helpless without him. It was all right in summer, but in winter they were quite as pathetic as a herd of gazelles in an English park would be when bereft of fodder. When spring came, some of them wandered out to the settlements and damaged the habitants' crops, for which exploit the finest bull in the herd got a bullet in the head from an indignant farmer. And so, to save them, the rest were

transported whence they came, and the wapiti scheme was abandoned. Perhaps if the animals had been wilder the result would have been different—but wild wapiti are awkward customers to manage.

Of the fifteen hundred lakes in the Park (and it is said that there are quite that number) nearly all carry trout, and the only complaint is that the fish come too readily to the fly. Five or six dozen trout an hour is quite a common performance, and it must be conceded that a fortnight of this might pall. But when you come to three- or four-pounders the angler has all the exciting sport he wants. The very thought is enough to make ordinary English trout-fishing seem tame, not to mention the trout of eight or nine pounds weight one frequently comes across.¹

Amongst the entries in the visitors' book at La Roche, under date of September 9th, 1911, there is the following: "I desire to thank the Provincial Government of Quebec for having given me the opportunity of visiting, as their guest, the Laurentides National Park, and to acknowledge the great pleasure which I have derived from all I have seen and done; and my regret that I cannot stay here longer.

¹ The licence fee for fishing in the Park for non-residents is 10 dollars for the season, and 1 dollar per day in addition, except at Grand Lake Jacques Cartier, where the tariff is 4 dollars per day. The hunting licence for the season is twenty-five dollars for non-residents and a per diem charge of 1 dollar, except in the Barrens, where the tariff is 2 dollars per day, privileges of the lodge thrown in.

The law allows one bull moose, and two caribou, to each sportsman. No limit is placed on feathered game or trout, except at Grand Lake Jacques Cartier as regards the latter, each sportsman being allowed five fish of 3 lbs. and upwards, but as many more smaller ones as may be necessary for all reasonable camp requirements.

I also desire to congratulate the Government on their good fortune in securing as their Chief Ranger Thomas Fortin, whose attractive character, unrivalled experience, and personal charm make him a delightful companion. I would also like to congratulate them on the wisdom of their policy in establishing so large a reserve, as a protection for various breeds of wild animals which would otherwise be in danger of extinction, and as a place of rest, refreshment, and recreation for those who love the quiet of the 'Wilds.' "

Such is Earl Grey's handsome tribute to the Park, the Government, and the man on the spot to whose hands the chief care of this great preserve has been entrusted.

Yet after what has thus been written about the Park, will it be believed that as regards the sporting, and especially the fishing opportunities in the Province, I heard many complaints about "exclusiveness" in favour of millionaires? I was informed gravely that the Provincial Government had "created a monopoly in respect to all the valuable lakes and rivers by leasing them to a few wealthy non-residents for a nominal rent, and thus kept away thousands of sportsmen who would gladly come to Quebec to angle for trout in the lakes and rivers of the Lake St. John and Saguenay district if permitted by a licence fee."

Of course, it is the railways and tourist-agents who make these charges, and as they are sure to be heard by the visiting sportsmen it may be as well to give them here for what they are worth. I heard that some years ago the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, under its former management, spent over 100,000 dollars to advertise the

fishing and hunting along its line, which attracted thousands of sportsmen. Since then, however, there are no fishing-grounds to advertise, as they have all been seized by the octopus of monopoly in the shape of a few non-resident millionaires. If any resident of the district, let alone a stranger, dares to attempt fishing in these lakes and rivers, he is arrested, brought before a magistrate, and fined !

“The lakes and rivers along Quebec and Lake St. John Railway are teeming with fish, but apart from the preserves leased to a Mr. Rowley at Lake Edward, and open to his hotel customers and friends, they are all under lease from the Government to a few rich individuals of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia.” The H. J. Beemer Estate, pursued my informant, owns by lease from the Government over 1000 miles of rivers running into the Lake St. John, which have not been fished in for several years by any person, and still tied up so that no one without a permit can go near them. The Amabilish Club, composed of a few rich American members, have 150 miles of fishing preserves, and this season only a few gentlemen from the States have come to Quebec to reach the club grounds for a few days’ fishing.

In the same way the La Roche River Club are stated to have 200 miles of preserves, and only a few members to enjoy the privilege. The Nomonteen Club with 100 miles, and the Pennsylvania Club with 300 miles in fishing preserves, are two clubs run by rich Americans, and up to the present only a half-dozen members have sought a few days’ fishing. There are also the Metebilchoun Club, boasting 200 miles ; Triton Club, 300 miles ; and the Tour-



A FINE MOOSEHEAD (TRINITY BAY, SAGUENAY)



A GOOD CATCH (TEMISCOUATA)

ville Club, 300 miles, in fishing privileges to which not more than thirty members went this season.

There is also cited the Trinity Club, which has under lease over 400 miles of territory, which is visited by not more than six persons to fish each year, hundreds being deprived of the privilege who would be glad to take out a special licence each year, which would give more revenue in the end to the Government, and at the same time "bring multitudes of sportsmen to Quebec who would circulate a large sum of money, instead of the few millionaires now coming, who spend their money very sparingly." Even the National Park, it is declared, "is under monopolistic influence, the Provincial Government having leased over a thousand miles of its territory to a half-dozen New York millionaires, who come and go as they please," which is very seldom.

Now, there is a very ready answer to all this, and I have already ventured to give it. If fishing were free, if there were no preserves and no restrictions—if the Government were to think of only how much it and the railways and hotels could squeeze out of the fisheries and game tracts in a year, how long would Quebec Province be a sporting country? Turn a million wild American trippers loose into the forests and streams—let in even every Quebecquer who can fire a gun or hold a rod—and you would soon have as many trout, salmon, and game as there are buffalo in the city of that name. Oh (you are told), but the supply is inexhaustible! Yes, and so were the millions of buffalo inexhaustible—so were the forests of New England inexhaustible. Nothing is inexhaustible,

not even cod and herring on the Grand Banks, or lobsters on the Gulf shore. It is not a question of "undemocratic exclusiveness"—it is a question of prudence, and the Government is doing the right thing, and its policy is backed up enthusiastically by all those who have the interests of the Province at heart.

CHAPTER XVI

TEMISCOUATA AND THE SOUTH-EAST

“Petit rocher de la haute montagne
Je viens finir ici cette campagne
Seul en ces bois que j’ai eu de soucis
Pensant toujours à mes si chers amis.”

Chansons Populaire du Canada.

FROM Murray Bay let us cross the great St. Lawrence River southward to Rivière du Loup.

A far different place is Rivière du Loup, or Fraserville, from that day, three-quarters of a century ago, which saw young Donald Smith, afterwards Lord Strathcona, land fresh from his native Scotland upon its quay. Originally named Fraserville, after old Simon Fraser, comrade-in-arms and fellow-seigneur of John Nairne on the other side of the St. Lawrence, it is now a prosperous town of seven thousand inhabitants, picturesquely situated on elevated ground close to where the Rivière du Loup pours its waters into the salt flood of the tidal St. Lawrence, here fifteen miles wide. The town is fast becoming an important manufacturing centre, with pulp and furniture mills, and is also a railway and sporting centre. A little above the railway bridge the Rivière du Loup descends nearly two hundred feet in a series of beautiful falls. The steamers land passengers at what is known as the Point, three miles

distant, where is established a favourite holiday haunt, called Notre-Dame du Portage.

The town is the county-seat of Temiscouata, a county, or, more properly speaking, a region which for the past dozen years has occupied an important place in the agricultural and industrial development of the whole Province. It has to-day about forty thousand inhabitants, but with the completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific, which traverses it not far from the American border, it will quickly double and quadruple these figures. Very few travellers along the Intercolonial, or holiday-makers in the Laurentian watering-places close at hand, such as Cacouna, ever think of penetrating into the heart of the country southward. Yet it would amply repay them to do so. True, Temiscouata has a mountainous aspect calculated to repel at first view. But even these mountains, as well as the valleys beyond, are fertile, many of them being under cultivation for three-quarters of their height. In certain places here, as elsewhere, one finds sandy and rocky soil, but such are the exception to the general rule of fertility. The whole county is dotted with lakes and small rivers. Temiscouata Lake, the largest, is a sheet of water twenty-two miles long, the Grand Trunk Pacific running close to its south shore. It is hardly necessary for me to say that this region, like the adjoining ones in Maine and New Brunswick, is a sporting country *par excellence*. Game and fish abound, moose, caribou, and deer—although some of the lakes are in the privileged hands of American clubs.

But let me hasten to declare that the most impressive thing, as far as I was concerned, at the capital of Temis-



FALLS AND RAPIDS (RIVIÈRE DU LOUP)



AT GASPE. CROSSING THE FERRY

couata, was not the great parish church, with its lofty steeple, or the falls, or the railway, or the crowds of sportsmen, but Fraserville's seigneur, Malcolm Fraser, the great-grandson of Simon Fraser, who fought at Louisbourg and Quebec, under Wolfe. A mild-mannered man, with a wistful look in his Highland eyes, Fraser is the great man in these parts, a seigneur still exacting dues from his *censitaires*, living with his numerous family in the spacious manor-house with stables and farm buildings adjoining, which I was sorry to note no longer contained any cattle. He speaks French, and his family speak French, and Scotland is far, far away. I have seen Russian Scots, and German Scots, and French Scots, but somehow—I scarce know why—the sight of those romping Highland lads and lassies at Fraserville manor-house, who knew nothing of Bruce or Bannockburn, bagpipes or heather, affected me curiously. I still hear their shrill “Bonjour, m’sieu; au revoir, m’sieu!” as I parted from them, and strode back along the white dusty road.

Eastward lies the famed Matapedia Valley, which owes much of its importance to its situation, for it occupies a position between the two provinces of Quebec and New Brunswick, of which it serves as the uniting bond. Along its territory passes not only the Intercolonial Railway, but also that other which joins up the numerous prosperous settlements on the littoral of Gaspé. In this district not only is the soil especially fertile, but the climate is favourably affected by the Baie des Chaleurs. Snow disappears in April, and in the first week of May the ground is ready for sowing. During April the mean temperature is from 30 to 36

degrees Fahrenheit, and in May from 40 to 50 degrees, after which vegetation develops with great rapidity. Yet the heat is never great—even in July and August the mean temperature is only from 65 to 70 degrees. Autumn begins in September, which is perhaps the finest season of the year in these parts. Then the harvest is made. With the first days of October the root crops are gathered. During this month the temperature averages about 40 degrees. In winter there is generally less snow than in the district around the capital of the Province.

There is no scenery in all Canada surpassing that of the Matapedia Valley, culminating in the village of Matapedia itself, where the waters of the Matapedia join those of that far-famed salmon river the Restigouche. For a distance of sixty miles the railway hugs the fast-flowing stream, crossing it several times. On either hand are precipitous forest-clad hills, often approaching each other so closely as to cause river, railway, and high road completely to fill the gap. At intervals the river foams and rushes with the violence of its rapids, and in the pools trout and salmon fishers may be seen disporting themselves in all their glory. The salmon-fishing is all taken up by private clubs—largely, and in some cases exclusively American. At Causapscal may still be seen the shooting-lodge in which Lord Mountstephen used to entertain the Princess Louise and her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, and there is another such lodge, this time a fishing one and falling into decay, in Matapedia itself. Both are now owned by the Restigouche Salmon Club, consisting of some fifty or sixty Bostonians and New Yorkers—most of them millionaires.

Salmon-fishing is an expensive sport the world over, and shares in this particular club stand at a high figure.

On a steep hill, which was not climbed without difficulty, close to the tastefully built club-house, I sat one peaceful Sunday morning in June, and gazed at a panorama of rare beauty. Beneath me were flat, green meadows and marsh-land of emerald green; the wide meeting rivers, bordered with willows and poplars, reflected in their iridescent expanse the hue of the summer sky, across which mighty cumulus clouds sailed majestically like galleons. Then came the double vista of shore, hill after hill of varying greens, and behind these the dark mountains. In the foreground were Matapedia village, with its white dwellings and its church, from which the worshippers were slowly issuing, and a coquettish fishing-lodge, from the roof of which a flag flew to the gentle breeze. It was another salmon club across the stream set in the midst of a sloping lawn. The view was as fine and finer, as impressive and more so than the junction of the Wye and the Severn at Tintern Abbey. Only, alas, there was no Abbey—the only sign of architectural antiquity was the Mountstephen lodge, and that was neither very old, very beautiful, nor very significant.

Government has recently here thrown open a reserve of Crown lands, some twenty-five thousand acres in extent. Mr. Lemieux, the late Postmaster-General of the Dominion, was the patron *par excellence* of Gaspé, and while he was in power did a great deal for its development.

The region comprehends some three thousand square miles of fertile territory, well wooded, with numerous rivers, some of which would afford excellent hydraulic

powers, and well stocked with trout and salmon ; nevertheless, to-day Gaspé, like Newfoundland, is little more than a coastline, so far as population is concerned. Until some forty years ago agriculture may be said not to have been practised in Gaspesia. The fishery was the sole occupation of the people, and it never seems to have occurred to them that they could be anything but fishermen. There were no roads, or other than marine communication with the outside world, and the Gaspé folk—men, women, and children—were in the grip of the great fishing firms, such as Robin, and seemed likely to remain so. But latterly the fishing tradition has received a powerful blow—wheat, oats, and barley are being produced in the Gaspé peninsula as good as those produced elsewhere, and I saw with my own eyes, along the border of the Baie des Chaleurs, farms as tidy and as prosperous-looking as I had seen in the more central parts of the Province. Even in the interior it only needs good roads to attract immigrants, and an excellent beginning was made in such a road as the Chemin Mercier.

Matapedia is the starting-point of a remarkable little railway which skirts the eastern shores of Gaspé. This railway has undergone some interesting vicissitudes of fortune since the older part of it was built, and it lately obtained a good deal of notoriety in connection with the Charing Cross “ Bank.”

Heroic efforts have been made to push this line through to Gaspé, and the efforts of the promoters deserve a handsome reward. The accidents—many of them due primarily to a lack of funds—have been frequent and heart-breaking, but the day cannot be far distant when



CHUTE VERMILION

Gaspesia and her railway will come into her own. New Carlisle, the railway's head-quarters, is a pleasant little town of some twelve hundred inhabitants, mostly of English origin. Percé (or St. Michel de Percé) is perhaps the most picturesque spot on the coast, and on account of its famous rock and its excellent beach enjoys considerable favour as a summer resort.

Rising almost perpendicularly from the sea to a height of nearly three hundred feet is the rock, interesting in itself and because of the legends associated with it. Through this huge, elongated mass of red sandstone the waves in the course of the ages sculptured three arches. Two of these have vanished, leaving to-day but a single arch. I found no one in the locality who had preserved the tradition of the triple arches as they existed in 1758, when Wolfe visited this coast. But I have in my possession a drawing by Captain Bell, the General's aide-de-camp, made on the spot, showing Percé rock as it then appeared. To-day it stands like some ruined medieval citadel off the Gaspé coast. Behind the rock rises a dark mountain, whose summit is a broad plateau. On the heights of the rock innumerable gulls and cormorants have made their nests. Those who have scaled it—and egg-hunters go up by means of ropes every spring—say it is a great meadow covered with grass.

Every evening before nightfall the birds make a last adventure into the air before settling down upon their rocky eyrie, a sight which at a distance resembles a spectral cloud. This has given rise to the interesting local legend of the Phantom of Isle Percé.

There is at Paspebiac an interesting agricultural orphan asylum, founded a few years ago by a French lady, Mlle Prévostal. The children received by the institution are taught practical farming, and remain under the roof until they have attained the age of eighteen, when an advantageous situation is found for them. The Government has undertaken to give each of the graduates who desires it one hundred acres of land for his own property. The idea is an excellent one, and deserves to be imitated elsewhere.

There are those who hold Gaspé to be the oldest town on the continent, who believe that the Norse vikings had a fishing station here centuries before the coming of Columbus. The Spaniard Velasco is said to have visited Gaspé Bay in 1506. We know at least that Jacques Cartier was here in 1534, and formally took possession of the county in the name of his sovereign. Nearly a century later a French fleet, under De Roquemont, was destroyed in Gaspé basin by the Kirkes. Wolfe made a punitive visit in 1758, and in the following year but one Commodore Byron captured the place. For a short period it was the capital of the independent province of Gaspesia. Gaspé boasts of what is perhaps the finest harbour in the world—a bay twenty miles long, ending in a basin where a fleet of a thousand vessels might be sheltered.

Forty miles from Gaspé is the great island of Anticosti.¹ This tract of territory in the middle of the Gulf is famous for something besides its situation or its natural features—

¹ Anticosti is a Spanish word—*anti*, before ; *costa*, coast, i.e. off the coast. The final vowel underwent an alteration in the early French maps.



PERCÉ ROCK



PORT DANIEL (GASPÉ)

it is the property of one man, a Frenchman—M. Henri Menier, whom Paris delights in consequence to call “Le Roi d’Anticosti.” Being 10,000 square kilometres in extent, 140 miles in length, Anticosti is larger than Corsica or than any department of France.

Moreover, a certain mystery surrounds M. Menier’s acquisition of the island, and his veritable motives. But whatever these were precisely, it has proved in the end that it is no fruitless undertaking. By reason of its pulp-wood forests Anticosti has suddenly become what financiers call a “sound commercial proposition.”

There are, besides many sheltered havens, two real ports on the island—Baie Ellis and Baie Reynard, at the former of which M. Menier has constructed harbour works and a jetty nearly a mile long.

It was in this vicinity that Louis Jolliet, the famous discoverer of the Mississippi, to whom the whole island had been granted by the King, established a settlement in 1580. Here he built his first modest dwelling for his wife and four children, and his domestics and servitors. He brought with him a couple of cows, for whose pasturage Jolliet at once cleared a few acres. It was from Anticosti that Jolliet and his brother Zachary conducted a great fur trade in the vicinity of Mingan. This first seigneur of Anticosti was an enterprising spirit. He supplied Quebec and the garrison with cod-fish, and sold large quantities of whale oil and porpoise hide, and was in a flourishing way when Sir William Phipps came along in 1690, and, destroying the fishing establishments at Anticosti and Mingan, seized Jolliet and his wife, and brought them prisoners to Quebec.

Afterwards, however, they were exchanged, and returned to Anticosti, and some years later (between 1699 and 1701) Jolliet died. It is believed that the great explorer ended his days on this island, and is buried here. If this is so, it is a fact most interesting, and something may yet be discovered to identify the spot.

The Abbé Ferland says : “ Our registers record nothing of the place of sepulture of Louis Jolliet. It is probable that he died in his island of Anticosti, whither he repaired each year for trade and the white whale fishery.” M. Menier may yet be inspired to erect a monument here to this intrepid man, his predecessor.

In 1725 there was a dispute amongst Jolliet's children, who had jointly inherited the island, and from that time forward the question of proprietorship became more and more complicated, and amongst the various claimants and squatters during nearly two centuries it is difficult to discriminate. But in 1810 we come to Gamache—the half-mythical, wizard Gamache. This personage is found to have been born in 1784, at L'Islet, and came to Anticosti in early manhood, setting up in what is to-day known as Baie Ellis, but then called Baie Gamache. Here he lived an eccentric, solitary life, and in time came to be regarded by the Indians and fishermen as a sorcerer. Weird tales are told of Gamache. Once they saw him standing erect on a plank of his shallop, ordering the devil in a loud voice to fetch along a capful of wind. Instantly the sails of Gamache's shallop were filled, and he was blown along at a terrific rate, while the other craft lay motionless on a still sea. On another occasion, during a voyage that the wizard



CHATEAU MENIER (ANTICOSTI)



ROADWAY TO ST. GEORGE'S FARM (ANTICOSTI)

of Anticosti made to Rimouski, he gave a great supper to his Satanic majesty. Alone with his invisible companions, he set upon the adjacent boats in harbour, and robbed them of their rich cargoes. Hotly pursued by a King's ship, he vanished with his boat at the instant of seizure, leaving behind only a bluish flame dancing on the surface of the waters ! There are many such tales told by the *conteurs* to-day of Gamache, who veritably died at last in 1854, and his grave is to-day at Baie Ellis. Moreover, this sorcerer actually left children, who claimed this part of the island as their own property, disposing of it to one MacGillivray, who in turn left it to a " Captain " Setters.

Meanwhile the Canadian Government had installed lighthouses at various points along the coast, connected by telegraph. In 1874 there was a scheme to colonise the island by settlers from Newfoundland, promoted by the Anticosti Island Company. At this time amongst the few inhabitants were two families named Belliveau and Wright, installed at English Bay, and hither the Newfoundland fishermen came. The scheme was not a success, and most of the new-comers returned home, save a few who fixed at Fox Bay. But other settlers came and remained—they hailed from Gaspé and the Baie des Chaleurs, until in 1881 there were over six hundred residents, more than half Canadian-French, and the rest English, Irish, and Scotch. Yet ten years later these had dwindled to 253 inhabitants.

And now there appeared upon the scene M. Henri Menier, chocolate manufacturer of Paris. Such heirs as could prove a title to the island had for some time wished to dispose of it on any terms, and this coming to the ears of

M. Menier he agreed to take it off their hands at a certain price. I believe this price was about five cents an acre ; in any case, it was absurdly small, even considering the area of the island. On November 16th, 1895, the papers were duly signed and the transaction completed which made of M. Menier one of the greatest landowners in the world, the master in fee simple of several thousand square miles.

A new era for Anticosti began, for M. Menier was not disposed to be a *roi fainéant*. Church, houses, schools, shops, hospital, saw-mills, went up as by magic. The land began to be cleared and farms sown and stocked ; two lobster factories were erected, and regular exploitation of the farm, forest, and fishery commenced. Another feature was a couple of fox-farms for the rearing in captivity of silver foxes, whose fur is so precious. A manager or governor of the island, in the person of M. Georges Martinzédé, was appointed, and a staff, including a naturalist, a surveyor, and a mining engineer, was installed at Baie St. Claire, which thus became the seat of administration. To-day the population of Anticosti is some two thousand souls.

In 1901 Lord Minto, the Governor-General, visited the island as the guest of M. Menier, on his yacht *Bacchante*, and was much impressed by what he saw. Besides its timber forests there is much picturesque scenery, and more than one interesting waterfall, especially that at the Rivière Vauréal. But the most interesting features are, after all, those due to M. Menier. He has built a handsome château, and is rapidly converting the bleak forest prospect into one more agreeably suggestive of civilisation. He has even a

line of railway of his own, in addition to a canal at Lac St. Georges, and several well-built roads between the settlements.

Pulp-wood cut from Crown lands for export to the States being subject to such a high impost, the demand for wood cut on private holdings has reached Anticosti, which can furnish 300,000 cords of this wood annually for export. M. Menier is spending at least half a million dollars in building mills, and other works. There are ten miles of railway built, leading from the lumber camp to the new mill at Ellis Bay. Cod and lobster fishing are other industries in course of development, and the lobsters packed at Anticosti are in special demand in France.

As to the climate of Anticosti, Dr. Joseph Schmitt, after living there in M. Menier's service for some years, has recorded in his monograph on the island that there are but two seasons—a long winter and a very brief summer. Nevertheless, during that brief summer vegetation performs its cycle with an astonishing rapidity.

“Vegetation ordinarily commences,” he says, “at the end of May or in the first days of June. The snow then is not everywhere melted. From the tenth of September, or the fifteenth at the latest, the vegetation is ended. In the fine days which follow certain late flowers may continue to bloom; but about this time the first morning frosts put in an appearance.”

In the course of October the frosts augment in number and intensity, and when in the middle of the following month the lakes freeze, it is to remain in that condition, covered with snow, until the following April. Clearly,

then, with all M. Menier's resources, he will never be able to make an Italian Riviera of Anticosti !

At Ellis Bay there is a steamer waiting to take us across the Gulf of St. Lawrence and up the river once more to Quebec. The next evening at sunset those wondrous heights are discerned

Where flows the Charles past wharf and dock,
And learning from Laval looks down,
And quiet convents grace the town.

If in these pages too much has been said on the material side of this wonderful Province—so much vaster than the British Isles—it is because this aspect has been too long neglected by the European reader and the European tourist hastening through to the broad and bare expanses of the over-advertised West. That great coloniser and patriot, Père Labelle, told his flock that there were “many ways of offending God, but one of the most common and the most grave was to neglect the resources that Providence has put at their disposition.” I am convinced that the resources of Quebec have only to become better known for these everywhere to be utilised as they deserve to be.

No one could desire more ardently than he who pens this that the lines of racial cleavage in Quebec should gradually vanish, and that on this soil should arise a blended race having the virtues of both. Such an amalgamation is now unobtrusively going on. A list of distinguished Quebecquois of French name and origin whose mothers were English or who have taken English wives would astonish not least of all those passionate conservators of racial unity

who do not understand how much of the best blood in Britain is of Norman origin.

But if I thought that such fusion would involve the sacrifice of those traits in the French-Canadian which I most admire, and wherein I deem his superiority most manifest, I would say in all fervour and sincerity—Let the lines be drawn tighter and safeguarded more rigidly. The French-Canadian acquiesces cordially in British institutions, he obeys British laws, and has long been continuously faithful to the British Crown. To expect him to renounce his character, his language, and his ancestral religion is to expect too much from a proud people. Rather than ask him to exchange his courtesy, simplicity, and prudence for Anglo-Saxon vulgarity and materialism, would it not be better to seek to emulate his virtues ?

Quebec—I cannot repeat it too often—can only achieve her destiny through the moral unity of her people : and that moral unity can only be encompassed by a mutual understanding. A language is a precious instrument, and each of us naturally cherishes his own. But it is an instrument only for mutual understanding : and the Canadian of English race who uses the French language to unlock the hearts of his compatriots of Quebec is inviting a *rapprochement* which posterity will with interest repay.

APPENDIX I

BIRDS IN QUEBEC

For the following list of birds seen at and in the immediate vicinity of Grand' Mere in 1912 I am indebted to my friend Mr. J. H. A. Acer.

- | | |
|------------------|--|
| May 4th to 14th. | Fox Sparrow.
Song Sparrow.
White-crowned Sparrow.
White-throated Sparrow.
Blue Jay.
Blackburnian Warbler.
Yellow-throated Warbler.
Myrtle Warbler.
Hooded Warbler.
Unknown Warbler, striped yellow and black.
Unknown Warbler, black head, orange collar.
Redstart.
Flicker.
Woodpecker, downy, hairy and red-headed. |
| May 15th. | Summer Yellow Bird.
Magnolia Warbler.
Scarlet Tanager. |
| May 18th. | Canadian Warbler.
Hermit Thrush. |
| May 19th. | Olive-backed Thrush (found dead).
Rose-breasted Crossbeak.
House Wren. |
| May 21st. | Goldfinch.
Purple Finch. |

May 19th.	Wood Thrush.
May 23rd.	Wood Thrush.
	White-breasted Nuthatch.
	Towhee.
	Water Wagtail (doubtful).
May 24th.	Black and White Creeping Warbler.
	Black-throated Blue Warbler.
	White-eyed Vireo.
May 25th.	Warbling Vireo.
	Cat Bird.
	Maryland Yellow Throat or Ground Warbler.
June 6th.	Brown Thrasher.
June 7th.	Phoebe.
	Purple Grackle.
June 9th.	King Bird.
	Bobolink.
	Grasshopper Sparrow.
	Barn Swallow.
	Cliff Swallow.

APPENDIX II

THE FOUNTAIN CLEAR

I VENTURE to give the following as the very literal version of the popular "A la Claire Fontaine" referred to in Chapter XI.

UNTO a fountain clear
 I strolled one summer's day,
 So cool I found the water
 I plunged into its spray.
*O, a long time have I loved thee,
 Never will my love away.*

So cool I found the water
I plunged into its spray ;
Beneath a spreading oak tree
My wearied limbs I lay.
*O, a long time have I loved thee,
Never will my love away.*

Beneath a spreading oak tree
My wearied limbs I lay ;
I heard far, far above me
A song-bird's roundelay.

(Repeat last couplet.)

Chaunt, nightingale, chaunt on,
Thy heart is ever gay ;

Thou hast a heart for laughter,
Mine weeps, alackaday !

My sweetheart she has left me
My love thus to repay ;

She asked a bunch of roses,
And I did say her nay.

O were each fragrant flower
Back on its bush to-day !

O would that bush and blossoms
Were drowned in yonder bay !

That my love and her lover
Were fondly linked for aye !
*A long time have I loved thee,
Never shall my love away.*



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